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# Modern Screen

FEBRUARY 38  
10 CENTS

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MAGAZINE



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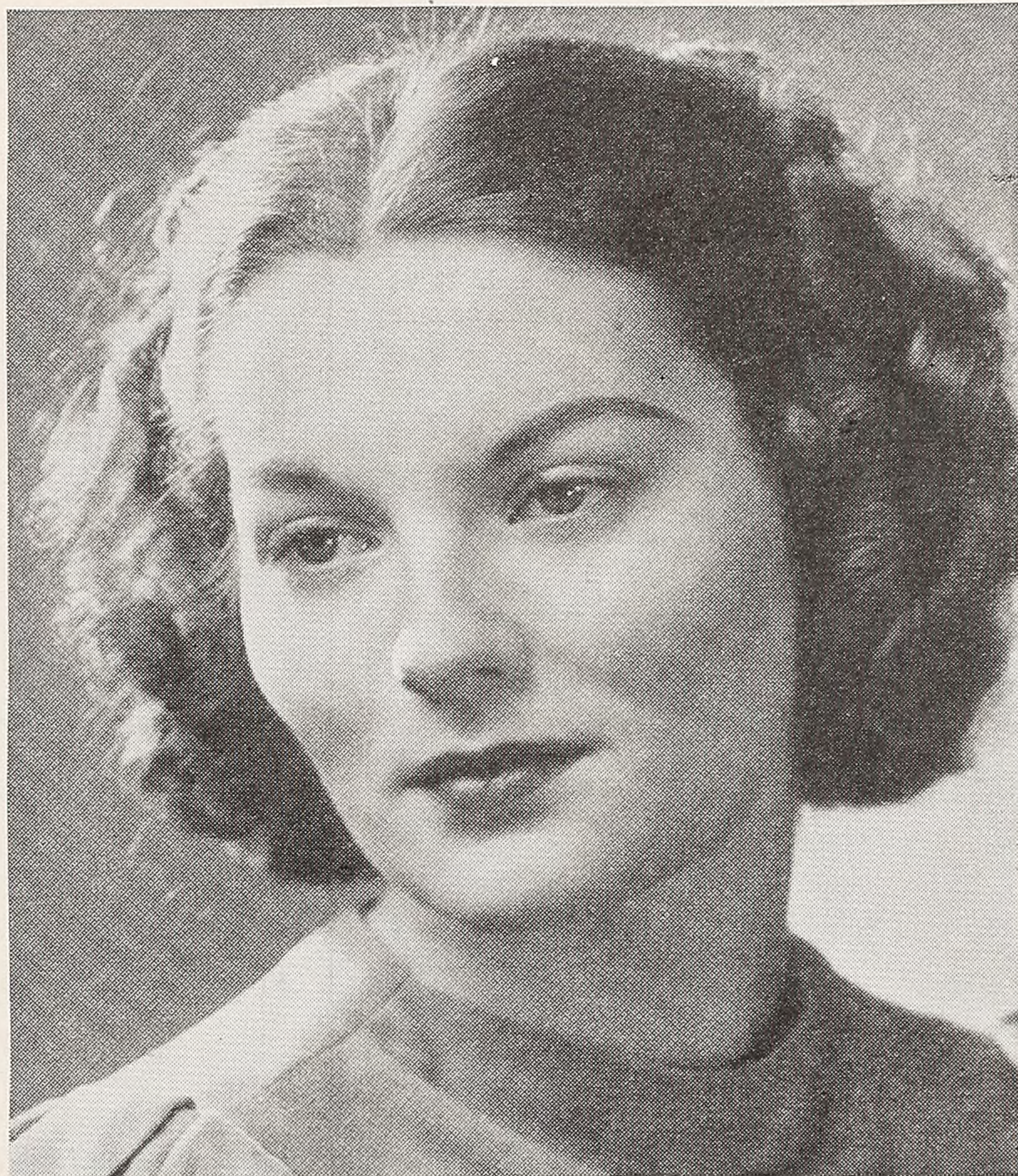


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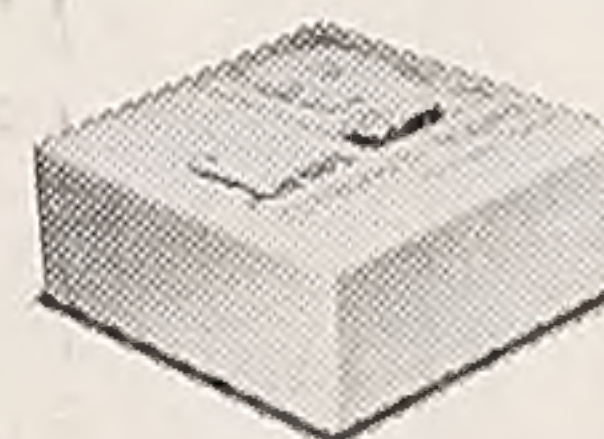
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Ugh! How she loathed that peppless, logy, irritable feeling—those headaches that seemed like 7 little devils pounding on her head. It was hard to realize constipation could cause so many troubles.

## YET HOW QUICKLY THIS NEW IDEA BRIGHTENED UP LIFE!



A friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT—and how quickly the sunshine came back into life! She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! Try this chewing gum laxative. It's delicious, but more important still—

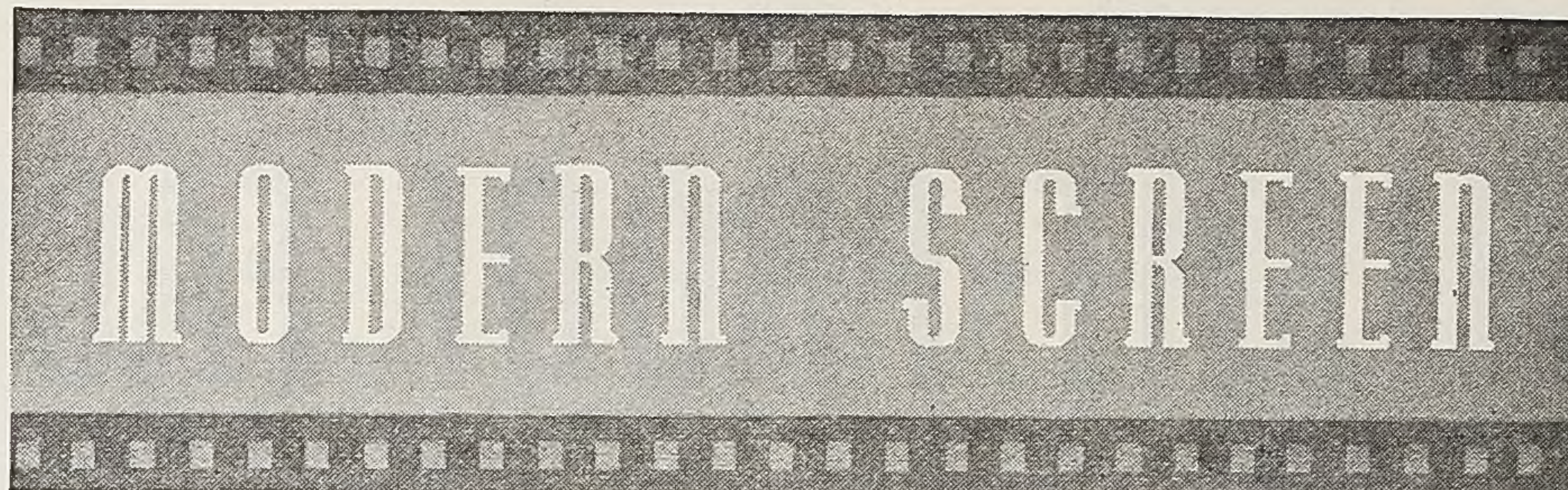
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# Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . “Some day I’ll wear ermine,” she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their “three-room heaven” . . . while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!



“I’ve only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and pent-house don’t interest me!”

**JOAN CRAWFORD**  
**SPENCER TRACY**

IN

# Mannequin

WITH

**ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN**

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

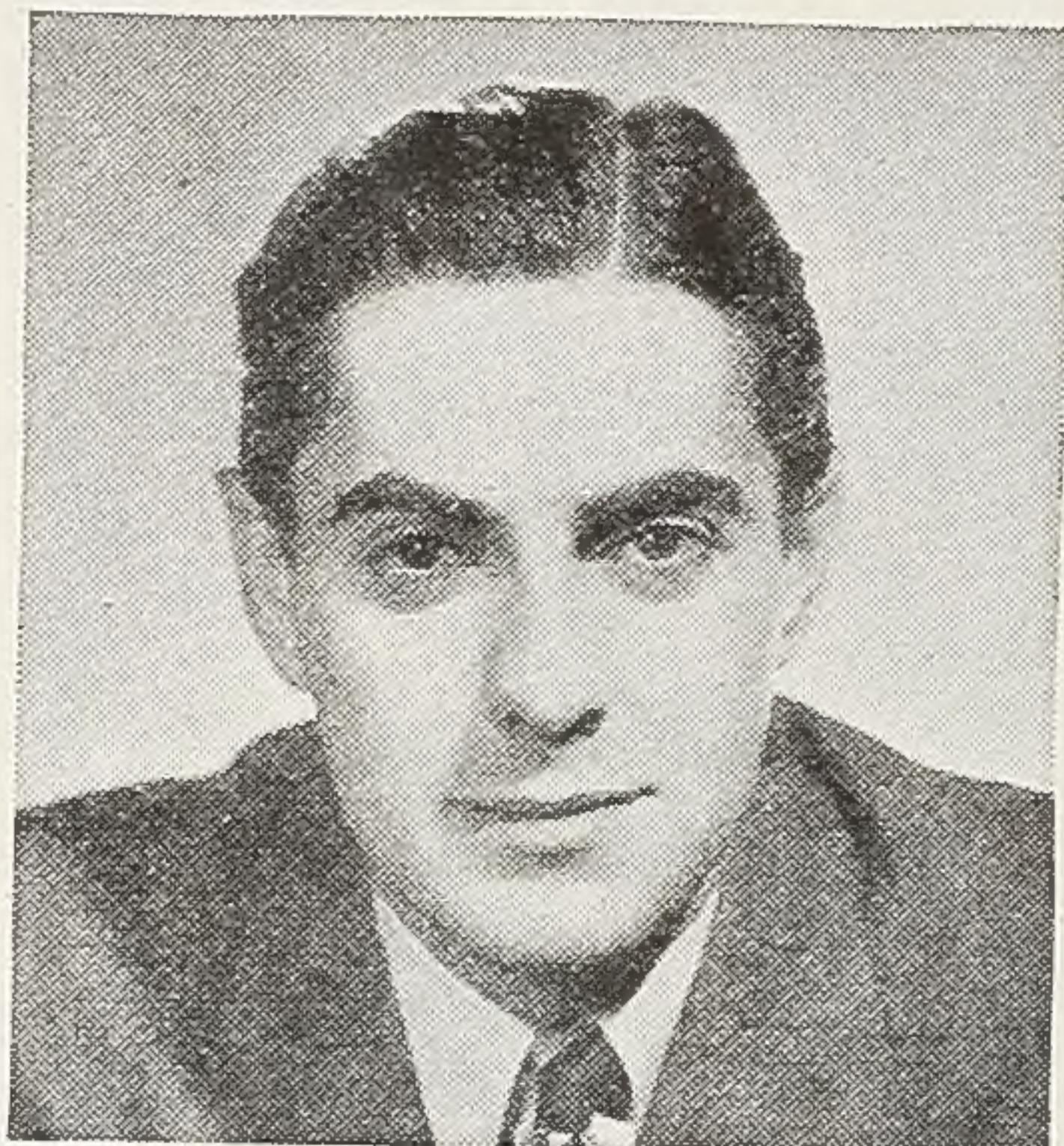
Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

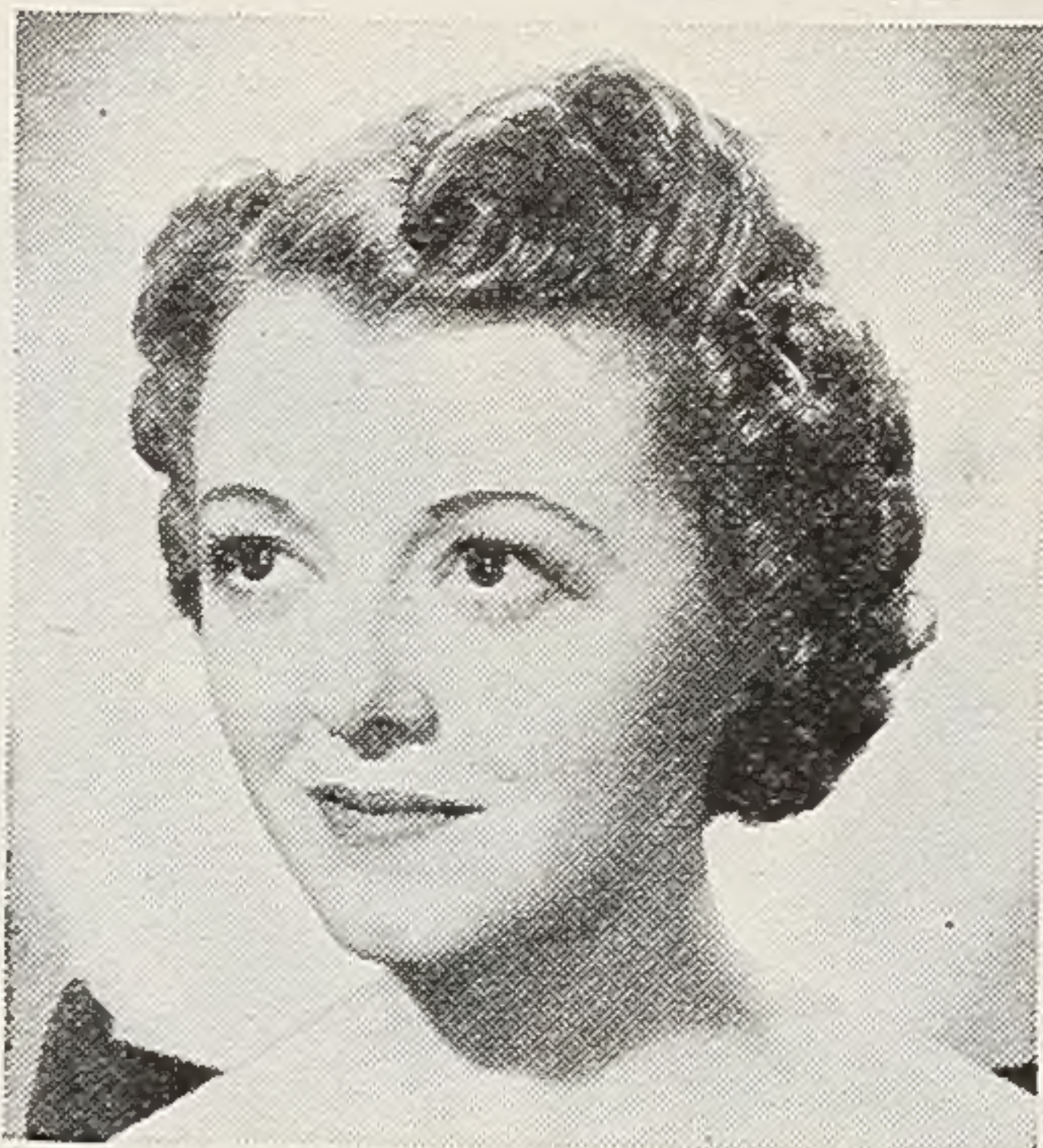
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



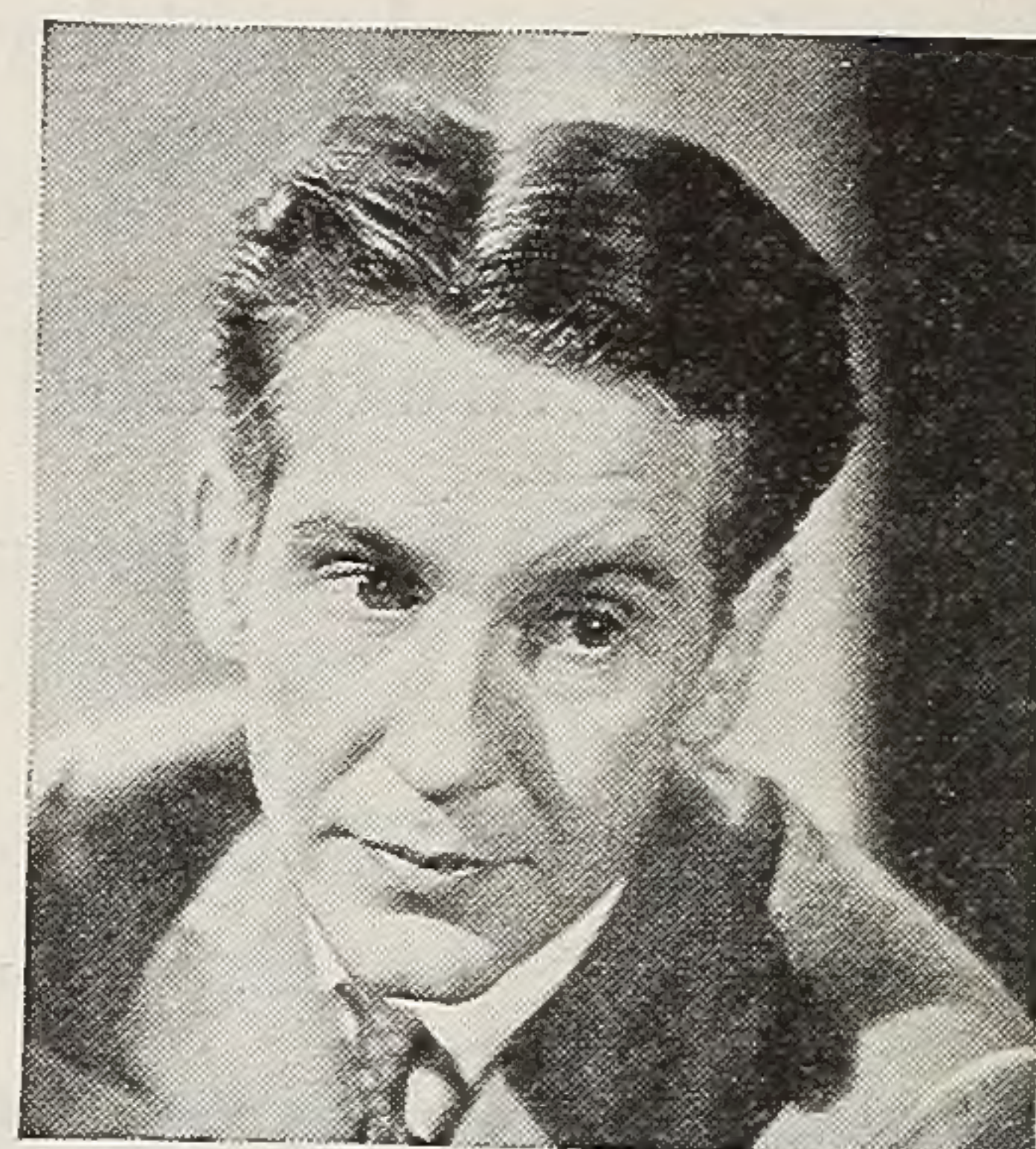




Tyrone Power came East for fun.



Janet Gaynor arrived for a rest.



Burgess Meredith is here to work.

# MANHATTAN MOVIE-GO-ROUND

OUT OF the hills of Hollywood come Movieland's glamorous to join in Gotham's big parade of merry-makers. Whether their leave from the cameras is for a week or a month, they invariably travel across the continent for a whirl in Manhattan.

One of the most recent visitors to create a mild furore in New York was Romance Boy No. 2, Tyrone Power—Bob Taylor still, according to fan mail, holding top honors as a feminine pulse-beat-quickener. However, Ty did all right for himself. In fact, so mobbed was he that the poor lad found it necessary to register at one hotel and live at another. Now, you'll admit that's doing a Gum Shoe Pete on the public! Of course, everyone wanted to ask him about Janet Gaynor. That, he certainly must have anticipated, for he had the answers down pat before the questions were even invented.

"I came East to see about my radio program," remarked Mr. P. with a very straight face. "Janet happened to be here. We're just good friends.

By MACK HUGHES

We've taken walks in Central Park and visited unostentatious places. That's Janet—a simple girl. None of this night life stuff for her. She's too shy to be the center of a mob scene."

A meanie reminded Ty that he had already been on the radio for three weeks and that he had also been snapped dancing with Janet Gaynor at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room. Didn't *that* mean romance?

"Ah, can't you skip it?" he laughed. And when Ty Power becomes ingratiating you're apt to grant a request. However, we'd like to venture that the Honolulu dance locale was instigated by the Gaynor, who has a great fondness for that island.

AT THIS point, Alice Faye drew up a chair. "Now don't heckle Ty," said she. "I like him. We both have the same birthday, which makes us twins or pals or something. I

had a telegram from Tony this morning. Tony Martin. He's my husband—remember? It said, 'We've been married two months today and to think that some people said it wouldn't last!'

"Gosh, he's good for me. Always in a swell humor and taking things easily, as they should be taken, while I'm tying myself up in knots. I've done nine pictures in a row—too much for anyone—and when I was rehearsing for 'In Old Chicago', I slipped and sprained my back. Was in the hospital three days and the only thing that worried me was that they might give the part to someone else."

Alice poured herself a cup of tea, for we were all Orange Pekoe-ing at the Waldorf Towers, way up on the fifty-eighth floor, far, as the saying goes, above the maddening crowds.

Speaking of Janet Gaynor, we later encountered her backstage at the Empire Theatre. She was standing in a corner, a little figure in brown, waiting to congratulate Burgess Mere- (Continued on page 101)

## Pictureland's top people come to Gotham to work and play



# GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...

A BLONDE?

A BRUNETTE?

SURE, if she is  
**MAE WEST**  
in  
**"EVERY DAY'S  
A HOLIDAY"**

A Paramount Picture with  
**EDMUND LOWE**  
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH  
CHARLES WINNINGER  
WALTER CATLETT  
LLOYD NOLAN  
HERMAN BING  
CHESTER CONKLIN  
and  
**LOUIS ARMSTRONG**

Screen play by Mae West  
An Emanuel Cohen Production  
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

The poster features five men in tuxedos and top hats at the top, looking through binoculars. Below them are two panels: the left one shows Mae West in a blonde wig and a dark, floor-length gown with a large white fur collar; the right one shows her in a brunette wig and a light-colored, floor-length gown with a large white fur collar, holding a bouquet of flowers. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hail and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and

glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.





# MIDSEASON PICK-ME-UP

B Y A N N  
W I L L S

Paris predicts dashes of color on solid backgrounds for early Spring. Dorothy Lamour's dark wool daytime dress, with its loose, wide sleeves, lends itself beautifully to this smart touch.



Dorothy chooses a grey cape suit with furred vestee and muff for these brisk winter days. She has a practical tip for you regarding winter suits.

I'VE BEEN working up to an awful let-down!"—so goes the old song. Is that the way you are feeling, now that the hectic holiday excitement has died away? Is your wardrobe suffering from a terrific hangover as the result of frantic Christmas shopping crowds and too many parties?

Do you feel that you've worn each dress just once too often, and hope you won't have to go anywhere, just so's you don't have to wear one of those tiresome old frocks that have become too, too familiar?

Don't let this mid-season slump get you down, girls! It really doesn't take much to cure those wardrobe blues. A small pick-me-up does the trick every time! One new mid-winter frock, a few new accessories for the old ones, will make you feel like a new woman till it's time to go to town on your Spring outfit. And it won't be long now!

F'rinstance, take a glance at the smart, dark wool daytime frock worn by Dorothy Lamour. It's our guess that anyone seeing Dorothy stroll past in this little number will take more than a casual glance, for when this lovely star appears in public, people don't



just say, "Oh, look, there's Dorothy Lamour," and let it go at that. Far from it! "Isn't she stunning!" they gasp, and then they sigh deeply, the men in admiration, the women in envy. For Dorothy's taste in clothes is impeccable. She knows exactly what is becoming to her, what will complement her beauty most perfectly, and she wears it with the assurance of the woman who knows she's well dressed.

Her becoming wool frock proves how smart a simple, straight silhouette with a loose wide sleeve can be this season. The second showings in Paris predicted dashes of color on solid backgrounds for this Spring's fashions. And here's our Dorothy, right up to the  
(Continued on page 89)



# *It took 1,000 ARTISTS THREE YEARS to make it!*

The most anticipated picture in 20 years will be the show sensation of 1938—and for years to come!... The most amazing advance in screen entertainment since the advent of sound!... You'll gasp, marvel, cheer at its wonders as you thrill to an experience you've never lived through before!... Without a human actor, it's more human than all the dramas that ever came out of Hollywood!... Power to make you laugh, cry, throb with excitement!... Music to fill your soul—8 big songs, several as good as "The Big Bad Wolf"!... Romance, adventure, mystery, pathos, tragedy, laughter and beauty such as you must actually see and feel to believe!... Truly the miracle in motion pictures—the new wonder of the world!

## WALT DISNEY'S

*first full-length*

### FEATURE PRODUCTION



## and the Seven Dwarfs

*in the marvelous*

### MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.



# EDDIE KIDS MR. HORTON

BY LINDA STORM



Here's smiling at you, and it's a rare picture that catches Mr. Horton off his guard to this extent. He usually smirks.

Despite the startled expression, Eddie thinks Louise Campbell, with him in "Wild Money," has what it takes.

WHEN I found Edward Everett Horton on the set, an overcoat was draped 'round his shoulders, and he was drinking a cup of hot milk.

"You're not playing a hypochondriac, are you?" I asked him.

"Playing one? I don't have to. I'm a very tragic man," he said, drawing his brows together to stimulate pained earnestness. "I'm always sick or dead or dying or something. Didn't you know? Just dying this time," and he lifted the cup to his lips and eyed me over its rim.

His face wore that faintly harassed expression which is part of his stock in trade. He assumes it off-screen at times for his own purposes, mainly ribbing purposes. His voice with its plaintive overtones goes meandering on, underscoring words in typical Horton fashion, making outrageous statements about himself. You may be taken in for a moment, since the mask is perfect. Then you'll detect

the vaguest quiver of an eyelash, or an expression too seraphically bland, or he may pile it on just a shade too thick. At which point you begin really enjoying yourself and him.

He actually had been ill for three days while at work on the picture. He'd been put on a diet and the coat was necessary protection against a draughty set. Which didn't prevent him from poking fun at the one butt of which he never tires. Edward Everett Horton is a never-failing source of humor to himself.

He had just finished rehearsing a scene for "Wild Money" with Louise Campbell, a stage actress who is now making good on the screen. The girl leaves the room and he stands gazing fatuously after her through the plate glass door, droll and pathetic at once.

"Cut!" called the director.

"Just a fool," sighed Horton. "And the funny part of it is that I get the girl in the end. I sometimes wonder

why people stand for it, with a face and a baby-blue voice like mine. And such a girl! First crack at the screen, and with all the poise of a hardened trooper. Not hardened, that's not the word I want. Something to do with salt, seasoned, that's it. Though it's not much better. Makes you think of a dish of stew," he grumbled, "while the girl looks like flowers with the dew on them. Dear me, I *am* waxing poetic."

He was applying make-up, preparatory to a take with Miss Campbell. "I don't know why I do this," he said, busy with brush and powder. "Can't make any possible difference to my face. Kind of like a circus horse, going out to the ring with a rose behind his ear. Knows it won't do him any good, but sticks it in just the same, through force of habit and feels, 'Well, now I'm prepared.'"

His performance of the scene brought. (Continued on page 102)

## Being goofy's a business with him—and he loves his work



# HOO-RAYE!

BY ALICE GORDON

Is it true that Martha Raye  
has gone high-hat? Here's  
what she says



Martha Raye, minus those facial contortions for which she is famous, can hold her own with the glamor girls.



Martha, being very informal between scenes of "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

MARTHA RAYE has recently become one of the most discussed women in Hollywood. Unknown to movies two years ago, her name is now on the tip of everyone's tongue in Hollywood. She is the center of some of the most unpleasant, the cruelest gossip that has been heard in a long time in Movietown.

They say that Martha Raye's sudden success has been too much for her, that she is stand-offish with reporters, that she has gone on wild spending orgies, and that she isn't saving the smallest portion of the excellent salary she earns.

Well, I met Martha Raye for the first time when she was in New York on a personal appearance tour. The first thing you notice about her is that she is ever so much prettier than she appears in pictures. Yes, her mouth is large, but off the screen her face is not that of a comedienne at all; it has character, and her blue eyes are enormous. She has a svelte figure that would do justice to a glamor girl.

She had just come off the stage. She sprawled on a couch barefoot, while a colored maid massaged her

aching feet. She wasn't wearing maribou feathers and beads, as you might expect from some of the stories about her, but a simple blue and white pair of lounging pajamas.

She said to the publicity woman who was in the dressing-room with us, "Did ——— (naming a famous New York columnist who had been panning her) come to the cocktail party? I had to slip out to make my appearance on the stage."

The answer was "No."

"I don't understand it," said Martha Raye. "I've never done anything to offend him. Yet, when I called him up to invite him to the party, he wouldn't even answer the phone. I had to extend the invitation through a servant."

"What hurts is that we knew each other before I went to Hollywood. We appeared together at Loew's State Theatre in New York. I keep trying to think what I could have done to antagonize him, and I can't think of anything."

"Once he was at the Club Casanova in Hollywood when I was doing my act there. I came over to him and (Continued on page 105)



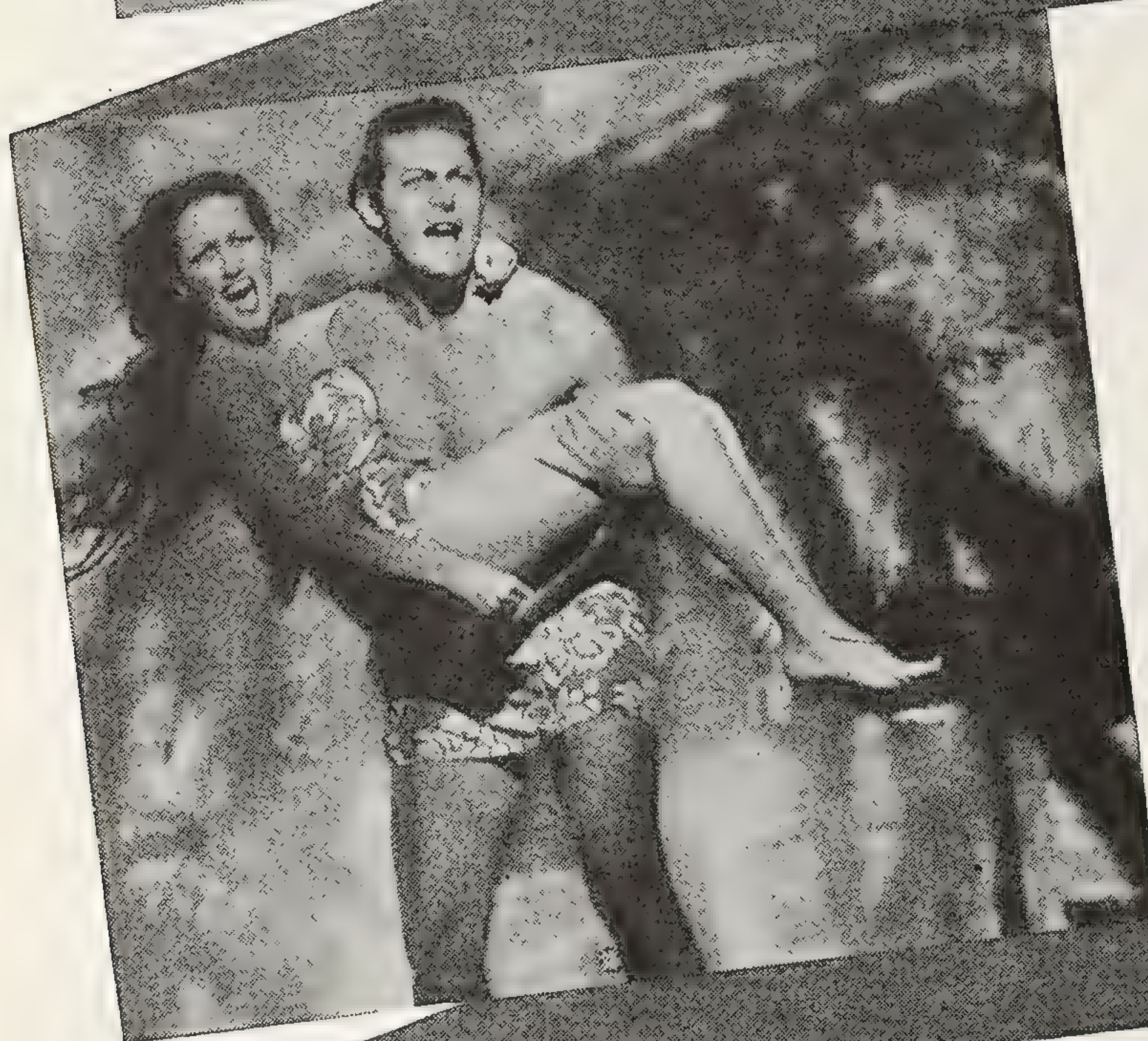


## ★★★ Thoroughbreds Don't Cry

Here's a picture you won't want to miss. But a word of warning—it will probably cost you plenty! For this horse-racing story will undoubtedly get you right in mind to tear out to the tracks and bet your all. "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" can be recommended not only for an excellent story that never lets you down, but for the fine acting of everyone concerned.

Though supposedly Judy Garland's picture, this turns out to be a draw for honors between Mickey Rooney and Ronald Sinclair, M-G-M's newest find. Judy's cute as can be, of course, but Mickey's characterization of a tough jockey and Ronald's handling of the charming English lad's role would be real competition for the most seasoned actor. And there's Sophie Tucker, too, who deserves three cheers herself for coming across with a grand performance.

Though the plot of the story is simple, concerning an Englishman and his grandson, who bring over their horse for the American races and all their subsequent griefs in connection with the venture, the dialogue and situations are all so fast-paced and entertaining that there's never a dull moment. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—M-G-M.



## ★★★ The Hurricane

Although Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour are announced as the stars of this picture, it is the elements, supplied by the technical department, which furnish the film's real entertainment. When the wind blows and the hurricane rises to demolish an entire island the film offers twenty minutes of wild and pulse-quickenning excitement.

The picture tells the story of an island in the South Seas, and of the tribulations of a native, Terangi (played by Jon Hall). Terangi, imprisoned for striking a white man, tries to escape, and with each attempt his capture brings an added sentence. After eight years he makes his way back to his own island and his wife (Dorothy Lamour), arriving just in time to be on hand for the picture's climax, the hurricane.

Jon Hall is a striking figure in his sarong, and will undoubtedly cause considerable flurry among the ladies. His acting needs much polish, but it is forgotten, as are the performances of the rest of the cast, in the terrific onslaught of the wind and the sea. Dorothy Lamour is also attractive in her flimsy garb, and there are good performances by Thomas Mitchell, C. Aubrey Smith, Raymond Massey, Mary Astor and Jerome Cowan. But the wind and the sea are the stars of the picture—in fact, they're the picture. Directed by John Ford.—Samuel Goldwyn.



## ★★★ Nothing Sacred

This seems to be Carole Lombard Month in the nation's theatres. And it's an excellent idea, too, for, as in "True Confession," Miss Lombard finds herself in very good company. This time she has Fredric March for romantic interest, a script by Ben Hecht and direction by William Wellman, whose last effort was "A Star Is Born."

"Nothing Sacred" will especially please the more sophisticated audiences, but it has enough rough-and-tumble in it to win favor with those accustomed to more simple screen fare. It is a satire on New York's love of the sensational and the maudlin. In this case a gal, allegedly dying from radium poisoning, is escorted to New York as an exploitation stunt by a Manhattan newspaper, and paraded around the night clubs while New Yorkers publicly weep as the brave little girl enjoys a "final fling." The fact that her radium poisoning is a hoax is known only to the gal and her doctor, but the two of them go through their paces in Manhattan with considerable gusto, until the truth leaks out.

"Nothing Sacred" is smart comedy, played superbly by Miss Lombard and Mr. March with much aid from Charley Winninger, Walter Connolly and a supporting cast headed by Maxie Rosenbloom and Sig Rumann. Photographed in Technicolor, it is also a directorial achievement for William Wellman.—Selznick-International.



# OF TODAY'S TALKIES



## ★★★★ True Confession

Adult comedy entertainment of top calibre, "True Confession" is, like "The Awful Truth," a prime example of what happens when a first-rank director, a smart scenarist and a good cast get together. In this case the director and writer are Wesley Ruggles and Claude Binyon, the team largely responsible for the success of "I Met Him In Paris." Headliners in the cast are Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, John Barrymore and Una Merkel, and each of them delivers a superb performance.

Story has to do with a well-intentioned wife addicted to lying. Her propensity for fibbing leads her to tell her lawyer husband that she has murdered a man. The little woman believes—and firmly hopes—his defense will free her and win him everlasting fame. The lovely Lombard scores a decided personal hit as the wife, playing her role to the hilt for smart comedy, at which she is tops in Hollywood. Fred MacMurray's lawyer role is the best thing he's had in some time, and he turns in an excellent job.

Una Merkel, as Miss Lombard's girl friend, manages to be attractive and funny at the same time, which is a nice trick if you can do it. And John Barrymore, as a magnificent crackpot who wanders majestically through the whole affair, almost steals the picture. His screen comeback is definitely assured. Of the supporting players, Porter Hall, Lynne Overman and Edgar Kennedy are outstanding.—Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—Paramount.



## ★★★ A Damsel in Distress

It isn't Fred Astaire's fault that "Damsel in Distress" doesn't quite measure up to his previous films, nor can it be blamed on the absence of Ginger Rogers. The fact is that while Astaire and several other capable performers furnish highlights with their specialty numbers, the proceedings are slightly slowed down by too much story.

Story has to do with an American dancer who falls in love with a daughter of the English nobility. The damsel—in distress—is a virtual prisoner in her family's baronial castle, and the plot concerns itself with our hero's efforts to woo and win her.

Many of the picture's bright moments are supplied by George Burns and Gracie Allen. Most entertaining scene is a dance number performed in a Fun House by Astaire and Burns and Allen. Indeed this alone is worth the price of admission. Finest dance number is a complicated and expert novelty tap number by Fred Astaire, with the aid of a set of tap drums. Astaire himself turns in a first-rate light comedy performance, and there are excellent supporting roles by Reginald Gardiner, Ray Noble, Constance Collier and Montagu Love. Joan Fontaine, in the romantic lead, is too self-conscious to be termed one of the picture's assets. Directed by George Stevens.—RKO-Radio.



## ★★★ Portia on Trial

Here is a "Madame X" type of tear-jerker played with such restraint and skill by a good cast that it results in fine entertainment which never allows itself to go overboard on the maudlin side. Main credit is due to Frieda Inescort's sincere and expert playing of the woman lawyer, the film's chief character. With a good script to aid them, Miss Inescort and her fellow players manage to keep the picture interesting and compelling throughout.

The picture's theme is mother love, and the plot is built up around the doings of a weakling son of a powerful newspaper publisher. When the young man is about to become a father, the publisher allows him to marry the girl only on condition that she sign immediate annulment papers. The girl (Miss Inescort) signs them. Years later, a famed lawyer, she is called upon to defend in court another victim of circumstances paralleling her own.

In addition to Miss Inescort's intelligent performance, there are fine portrayals by Neil Hamilton, Walter Abel, Clarence Kolb, Heather Angel and Ruth Donnelly. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.—Republic.

More Reviews on Page 99

Let our reviews be your guide in selecting movie "musts"



# PART OF LILY'S *Past*

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

Madame Pons tells on her famous daughter—and she knows

THE WORLD knows her as a voice. A lyrical half-pint, who has made a million dollars with her high C's.

Hollywood knows her as a hard-working young woman, followed around by a retinue of servants, dogs and trunks.

But of the Lily Pons who had the courage to sing to hundreds of suffering men when her own heart was breaking, who risked her life in order to keep her word, they know nothing at all.

The whole story came out quite by accident, and because Lily happened to be an hour late. The secretary who met us at the door offered profuse apologies. They were doing retakes on this new picture, "Hitting A New High," and Miss Pons was detained at the studio. Would we wait and have tea with her family?



"He is a nice boy," Mama Pons has said of Andre Kostelanetz. "I hope he and Lily will soon find time to marry."

Success and happiness have not always been Lily's, though few know of the times she has sung with tears in her heart.





Sunshine flooded the patio. It fell in bright patterns on Madame Pons sitting near the swimming pool, on Nanette, the younger daughter, playing with her five-year-old Viviane. They have never talked for publication before. They were not conscious of doing so now. But one memory crowded another as they began to talk of "Lilee."

SHE WAS the miracle child of Cannes, because she lived, after being the tiniest baby ever born in that city. "But look, Madame," said the nurse excitedly. "She has a caul on her head. She will be famous!"

But the mother was frightened. She was only eighteen. She couldn't lose this first baby. And so began a desperate fight for the child's life. Every day she covered her with the warm, life-giving sands of the beach and as a result she was walking before she was a year old.

Other children came. Christianne, who has auburn hair like her mother, and blonde Nanette, with her flair for dancing and laughter. But Lily, there was no explaining her!

At four, two widely separated but significant events occurred. Lily heard her first opera. And she discovered the cherry confiture.

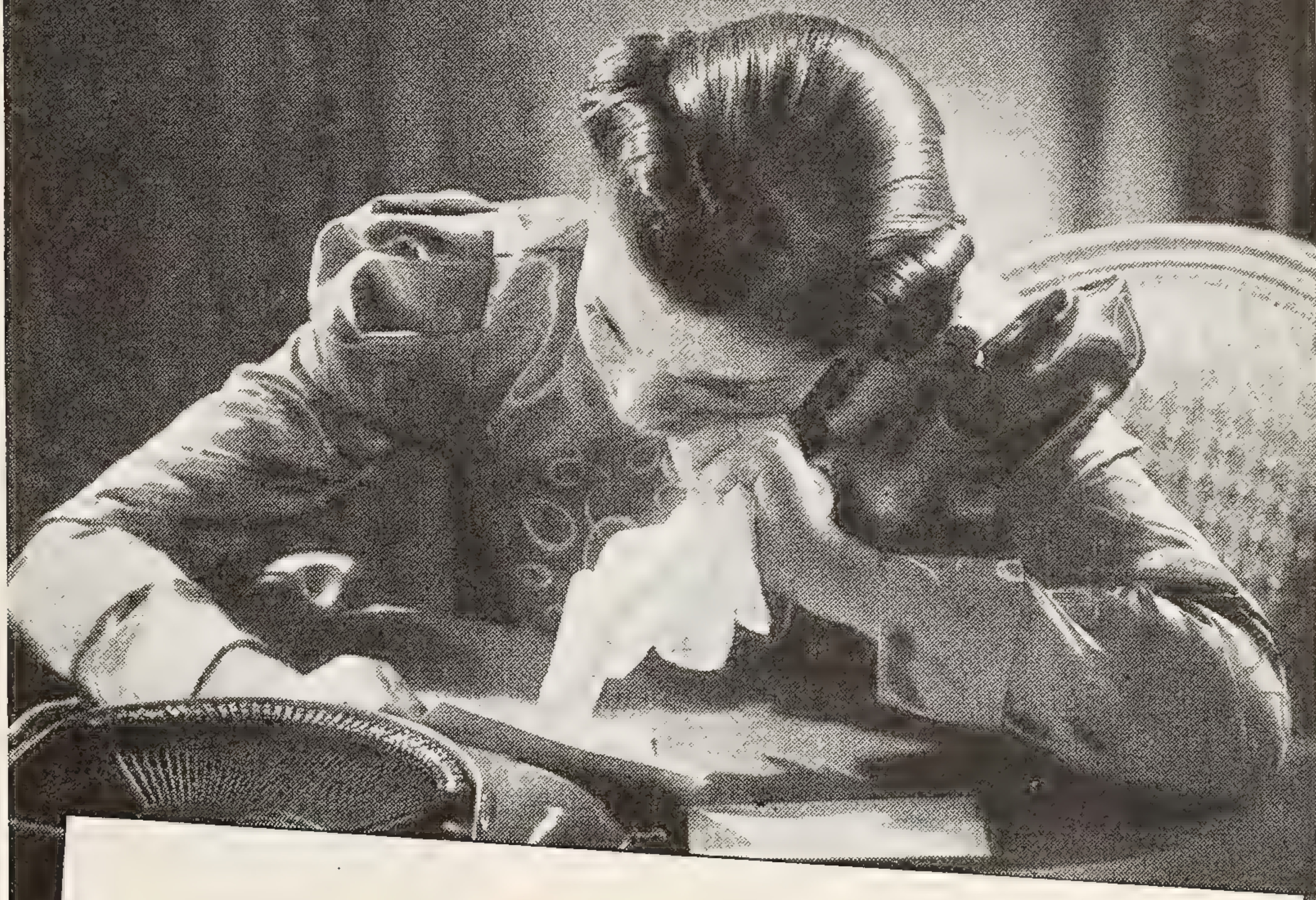
They hadn't meant to take her to the opera. As they pulled up in front of the opera house however, something wiggled under the auto robe in the back seat and there she was! She still had her play dress on but she'd carefully tied a yellow ribbon around her waist. Mlle. Pons was dressed for her debut. Twenty-one years later, she was to make her real debut at the Metropolitan in the same opera she heard that night, "Lucia di Lammermoor."

The next day she created another stir. But for quite a different reason. Lily found the confiture. It was good French confiture, fermenting in proper fashion on the sideboard when she stuck an exploring finger into it. Such bliss! Without more to-do, Lily took the whole jar and literally went under the table. The dining room table that was covered with a voluminous cloth after the custom of those days. Hours later they found her, sound asleep. She slept for three days.

And that is why Lily Pons, internationally known diva and motion picture star, grows faintly ill at the mention of alcohol today!

She was as unpredictable as April weather. Dolls? Pouf! Let the leetle girls play with them. She had her music and her animals. "Nom de Dieu!" Poppa would say, jumping out of his favorite chair. "What is this?" And it would be Lily's pet ferret that she'd taught to sit (*Continued on page 106*)

## Dear Mother, The honeymoon is over!



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,  
Ted's a nitwit and so are you!  
His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did - and go on with your honeymoon!  
Mother

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"  
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

{ P.S. You'll like the  
new Fels-Naptha  
Soap Chips, too! }





# TALKING THINGS OVER

BY ROBERT  
M C I L W A I N E

Fredric March as the dashing Jean Lafitte in "The Buccaneer," Cecil B. De Mille's latest, and some say greatest, spectacle.

FREDRIC MARCH has a habit of picking picture plums. When a nice fat role comes along, he has a way of reaching for it and firmly placing it in his repertoire of nice fat roles. He isn't avaricious. He isn't even aggressive. He is, to hear him tell it, just plain lucky. However, our guess is that it takes more than mere chance to place a man at the top of his profession and certainly more than good fortune to keep him there.

Before Freddie became a movie star, he played in the theatre. Before he trod the boards he was Howard Chandler Christy's most experienced model. Indeed it was Mr. Christy who was the first to congratulate him on landing his first job in the theatre. It was also Mr. Christy, Mr. March avers, who came to see the play opening night and, because he picked up his handkerchief sometime during the second scene, missed seeing his m.e.m. You see, Fred had a big thinking part in "Deburau" with one line somewhere during the evening to make him feel like an actor. He also served as assistant stage manager, script-holder and in any impromptu capacity which might arise. He was determined, you see, to become an actor.

"If studying and watching everything was going to get me there," said Fred, "I was going to study and watch and nothing else but. I'm not so quick on the uptake when it comes to learning lines," he confessed a bit sheepishly. "I've got to go over and over them. And so, even





today, when I run up against some of those directors who like to 'shoot scenes with spontaneity,' I'm thrown for a loss. Some players like it though. Carole Lombard claims she does her best work when she is playing the scene for the first time. Bill Powell never used to like the 'shoot before you learn' method, but even he has come around. That leaves little Freddie holding out for plenty of study and lots of rehearsals."

According to C. B. De Mille, who knows a thing or two about movies, you'll have to admit, Fredric March is one of the best actors it has ever been his privilege to direct. This pair "met up" some years back while making "The Sign of the Cross" and recently during the filming of "The Buccaneer."

IF I SOUND like a circus barker, forgive me," pleaded Mr. March, "when I tell you that this picture is the tops. Remember, I'm not talking about me, I'm telling about it. The color alone is marvelous. It's so subtle. They are certainly getting the process down pat. No more of those vivid prints that get on your nerves. The story matches the print in color, adventure and romance. It's about the swashbuckling pirate, Jean Lafitte, who did his stuff in 1812 and never had a dull moment doing it. Now, I'll step down off the soap box.

"Seriously, I like to work with Mr. De Mille. He does a painstaking job and never calls a thing finished until it actually is. Just having it do, won't do for him. It takes patience to do the things he does, but he has plenty of it and to spare, and if an actor is poor in a (Continued on page 102)

Fredric March tells  
what makes the movies  
tick and why

The Marches enjoy one of their infrequent evenings out.

# No man thrills to the Touch of Chapped Hands

IF HANDS  
COULD TALK  
THEY'D  
SAY:

DUSTY JOBS  
INSIDE! BITTER COLD  
OUTSIDE! BOTH HARD  
ON OUR SKIN...  
WE'RE ROUGH AND  
UNROMANTIC

Dusty jobs, chapping weather, household heat... all spoil the looks of dainty hands. Tender skin gets red, dry, grimy-rough. Not thrilling to any man! What your hands need is Hinds...

Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-soothing to sore, chapped hands. And now, Hinds contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs!

NOW WE  
FEEL GOOD, LOOK  
GRAND...SOOTHED  
AND SOFTENED BY  
EXTRA-CREAMY  
HINDS

THANKS TO HINDS,  
HE CALLS US HIS  
**HONEYMOON  
HANDS**

Copyright, 1938  
Lehn & Fink  
Products Corporation,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

Even one application of Hinds helps chapped hands feel smoother. Every creamy drop goes right to work...soothing "skin cracks" that sting and burn, easing that dry, drawn feeling...putting back softness. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you *Honeymoon Hands*...dainty, feminine, thrillingly soft! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size...fits on the bottle, ready to use.

"NO CHAPPED SKIN FOR US. WE USE HINDS!"—THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

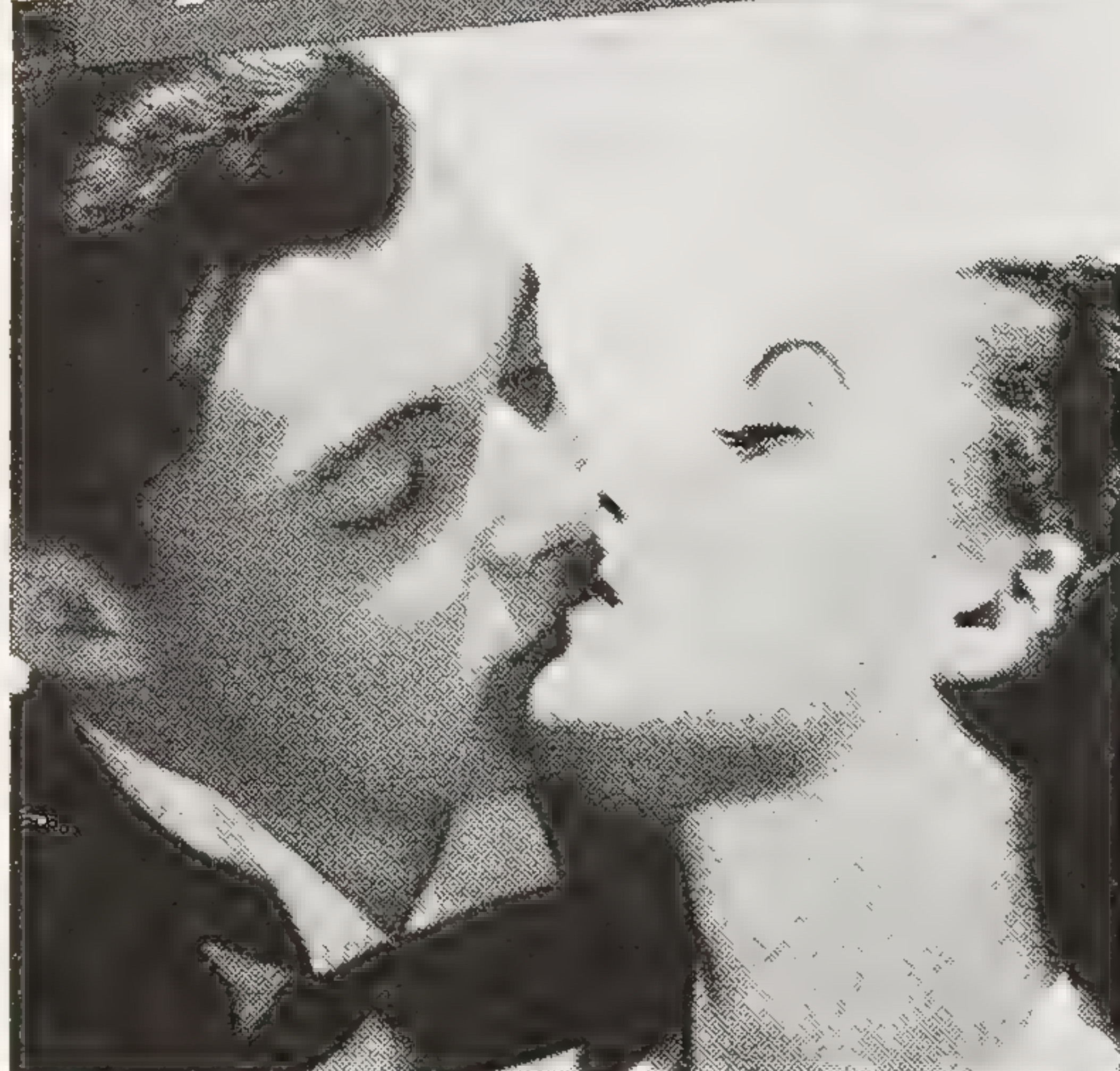


Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

## Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands



WE'LL NEVER FORGET  
THAT KISS!



*Her Rosy Lips,  
Smooth and Tempting*

Different from ordinary "paint" lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your natural coloring—never coats lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

#### Looks Orange—Acts Rose

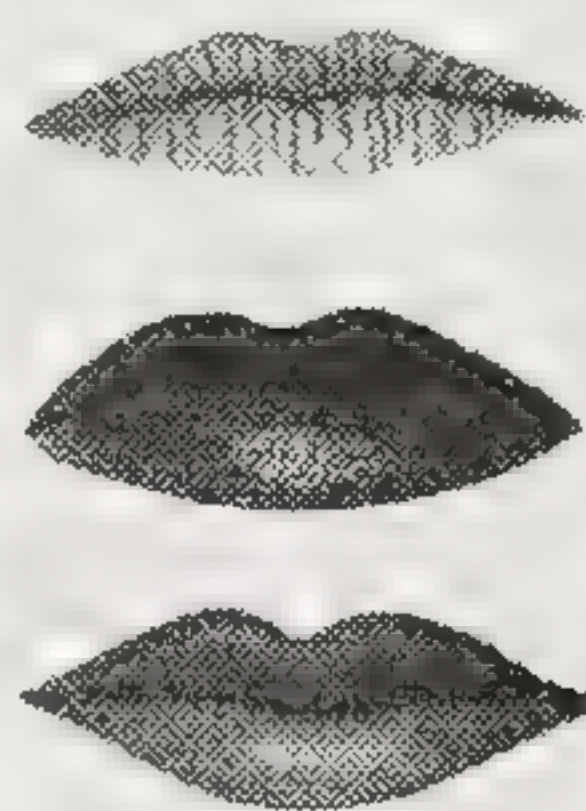
In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer...keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

**Untouched**—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

**Greasy, painted lips**—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

**Tangee lovable lips**—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



**World's Most Famous Lipstick**  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



#### 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.  
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.  
Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel  
Powder Desired

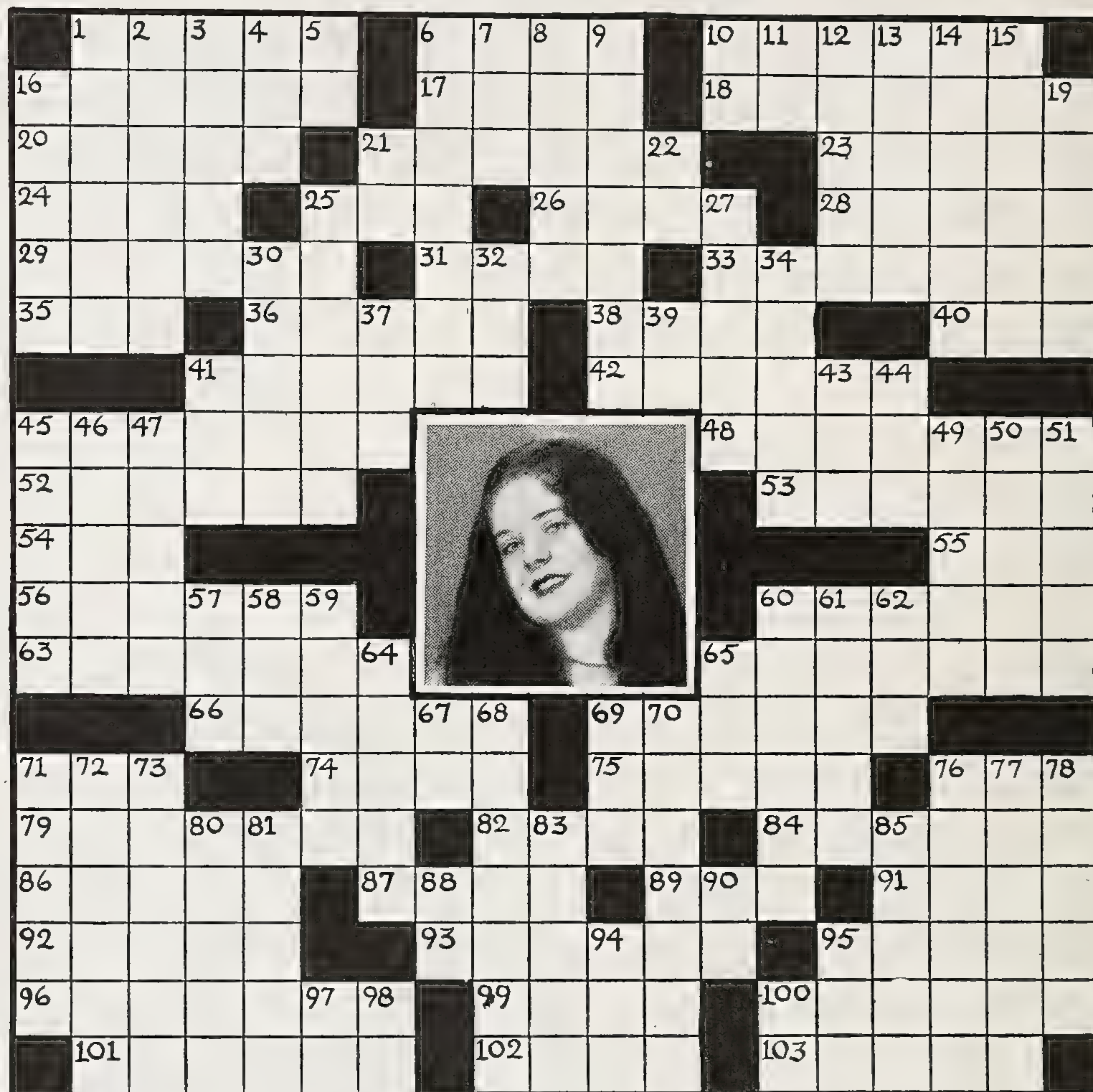
Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ MM28

# OUR PUZZLE

Solution appears on Page 91



Up on movies? Well, solve this one!

## ACROSS

1. Star of this puzzle
6. She last made "In Old Chicago"
10. And recently married this man
16. Actress named ----- Lynn
17. Film-winding device
18. ZaSu Pitts' teammate in "40 Naughty Girls"
20. Person afflicted with leprosy
21. A second sale
23. Winged
24. Nana in "The Life of Emile Zola"
25. "Dead ----"
26. Femme star's sister in "Double Wedding"
28. Charge as a debt
29. Group of nine
31. Reed-like Mediterranean grass
33. Cut in pieces
35. Foot-like part
36. Country gallant
38. Talleyrand in "Conquest"
40. Roumanian coin
41. Showed mercy to
42. French city on the Loire
45. Real name of this puzzle's star
48. Heroine of "Danger—Love at Work"
52. A commission

53. Boil
54. Assam silkworm
55. "--- Brother's Wife"
56. "Wife, ----- and Nurse"
60. There's an Eddie, J. C. and Elliot by this name
63. Hardie Albright's wife
65. Furnishes with a new sole
66. Gravel-voiced comedian
69. Journeyed upon water
71. LeGallienne's her last name
74. "Adam and ----"
75. Irregular
76. "--- of the Law"
79. Able to be dated
82. Kind of Dutch cheese
84. Large hawk
86. Glitter: Scot.
87. "---- of the Dragon"
89. Possess
91. Move
92. George Burns' better half
93. Jeers
95. Advantageous position
96. Disembark again
99. Monster of folklore
100. Producer of "Big City"
101. Ancient Jewish monastic order
102. Clarice in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
103. Sacs



# PAGE

## DOWN

1. "The Great Garrick"
2. French rabbits
3. Femme star of "The Awful Truth"
4. The heart
5. Printer's measure
6. The boy in "Captains Courageous"
7. Roman bronze
8. Periods of time
9. Star of "Annapolis Salute"
10. Marcia Trent in "Fight for Your Lady": initials
11. Ruby Keeler's husband
12. Peruses
13. Stories
14. Leading lady in "He Wanted to Marry"
15. Theatrical news write-up
16. Slumber
19. Netted
21. Hero of "The Sheik Steps Out": initials
22. Initials of star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
25. Male star of "Blossoms on Broadway"
27. Paradises
30. Poplar
32. "Clive of ---ia"
34. Preposition: pl.
37. "---ists and Models"
39. Hero of "Portia on Trial"
41. Mineral spring
43. Summer: Fr.
44. "---'s No Lady"
45. Kaye Hamilton in "Stage Door"
46. Hero of "The Perfect Specimen"
47. "What ----- Glory?"
49. The Barrymores' sister
50. German river
51. Snug retreats
57. Powell's manager in "Varsity-Show"
58. Open: poet.
59. Mack Gordon's song-writing partner
60. Male star of "Maytime"
61. Those for whom a thing is done: law
62. "The Man Who Played ---"
64. "----- of Missing Men"
65. Last third of name of star in "Lancer Spy"
67. Chemical symbol
68. Dancing whirlwind of "Broadway Melody of 1938"
69. "Souls at ---"
70. "----- Car"
71. Charlie McCarthy's papa
72. He gave our puzzle's star her start
73. Coral islands
76. "-----s and Models"
77. Rules
78. Leading lady of "Double Wedding"
80. Regions
81. The sesame
83. A mixture: var.
85. Tend
88. Bone
90. Initials of brunette torch singer
94. Age
95. "Thoroughbreds Don't ---"
97. She starred in "As Good as Married": initials
98. Initials of heroine in "Highway to Hell"
100. Initials of stage actress whom Norma Shearer imitates



### But were they?...It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in *any* of us girls!"

Poor Marion? *Lucky* Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when

you don't *visibly* perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor *before it starts*, makes it impossible to offend this way.

**MUM LASTS ALL DAY!** Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

**MUM IS QUICK!** Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even *after* you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job...never risk offending those you want for friends.

### SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG

MY BATH CAN'T PROTECT ME THRU A HARD OFFICE DAY - SO I ALWAYS USE MUM!

TO HERSELF:  
IT'S MUM FOR THE OFFICE,  
MUM WHEN I'M OUT DANCING,  
TOO. THEN I KNOW  
I'M SWEET!

**MUM**

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**Avoid embarrassment—**  
Thousands of girls use Mum for **SANITARY NAPKINS** because they know it's **SAFE, SURE.**



"I'M 100% FOR  
THIS FLAVOR!"

"It's brisk — it's tangy!  
Refreshing as a hasty  
shower! And good? You  
never tasted anything  
smoother, more luscious!  
Beeman's flavor has  
something mighty  
special about it,  
if you ask me!"



"But naturally!  
Cast your eye over  
that Beeman's pack-  
age. See that triple wrap  
—that airtight foil? Per-  
fect protection for Bee-  
man's delicious freshness  
and flavor! No wonder  
Beeman's always tastes  
superbly fresh and  
luscious!"

**Beeman's**  
AIDS DIGESTION...

# BETWEEN YOU

Cash prizes for your original letters on the stars,  
the movies—anything at all concerning the screen



One fan fervently hopes that  
Barbara Stanwyck will  
marry Bob Taylor soon, so  
that he can get back his gal.

## \$5.00 Prize Letter Dog-Gone With the Wind

What with all the hullabaloo over "Gone  
with the Wind," it seems to me that Holly-  
wood is killing any adaptive charm which  
it may possess by delaying production until  
suitable players can be selected. Hollywood  
has a way of doing that to some of its  
most promising possibilities.

I am afraid that the forthcoming version  
of "G. W. T. W." will bear all the ear-  
marks of a dud. Miscasting is probably  
Cinematown's most grievous error, due per-  
haps to its insatiable appetite for best-  
sellers, most of which present themselves  
to the box-office gentry as "best-smellers."  
I do not agree with those who contend  
that there is enough talent available in the  
film colony to render anything from Moses  
to Mussolini. I feel certain, however, that  
a closer scrutiny of the nation's legitimate  
stage would yield more than an equable  
return of suitable acting material for  
stories of such scope.

Unlike most pessimists I am hoping for  
the best, but Heaven help Hollywood if it  
finally gives us Robert Taylor and Barbara  
Stanwyck as Rhett Butler and Scarlett  
O'Hara. It's an ill wind, etc.—Oscar  
Shynook, Rochester, N. Y.

## \$2.00 Prize Letter Marry Him, Babs!

Yes, yes, go right ahead, Miss Stanwyck,  
we understand. Yell out your intentions  
to commit marriage. Yes, you may wear  
anything. Take fifty mermaids for brides-  
maids, the king of kings for best guy, and  
me for publicity squealer. Of course, not.  
I don't mind. I'll spread the news from  
pole to pole, from Jupiter to Mars. But  
marry him, or kidnap him, if you wish.  
Do something! Then you can go over to  
China and show Bobby genuine fireworks  
or to an island—anywhere—but keep him

there! Tell him he's been a bad, bad boy.  
That big bad wolves bite bad boys like  
him. Do anything in creation to amuse  
him. Read Mother Goose, sing him  
Hawaiian lullabies. Tie the knot hard.  
And Miss Stanwyck, you'll be doing us  
mugs, who escort the dames to Taylor  
shows a great favor.

And, believe you me, this country will  
register a decrease in heart pressure in  
Taylor-mesmerized femmes. Yes, Margie  
will be a nice little girl then. Yes? Good!

Boys, write Miss Stanwyck and tell her  
that she is sole heir to the Taylor mans.  
We'll get our gals back—back to normal  
with heart in place.—S. C. Hernandez,  
Mesilla Park, N. M.

## \$2.00 Prize Letter Re: James Cagney

What I am about to say has been on my  
mind for two or three years. So here goes.

James Cagney is my subject. I have  
read in the movie books for ages about  
the temperament of this star and that,  
and after all the ballyhooing, I still have  
the pleasure of gazing on the lovely and  
handsome countenances of Hepburn, Moore,  
Lombard, Gable, Rogers, MacDonald,  
Powell, both of them, Dick and Bill.

Now, if the Big Moguls kowtow to  
these lovely females and handsome males,  
why in blazes, didn't they do a little bow-  
ing to a fellow like Cagney? Of course,  
we are glad that Grand National has him  
under contract, but somehow they don't  
seem to have the stories or the ability to  
produce like, say, M-G-M or Paramount.  
The way I feel now I could go right out  
to Hollywood and tear the studio up by  
the roots because I feel they have done  
him an injustice. I suppose if he were  
one of those handsome devils who was  
always kissing his leading lady or loving  
and leaving his leading lady, they'd have  
him tied lock, stock and barrel.—Jean  
Stewart, Chicago, Ill.

## \$1.00 Prize Letter To G. A.

I love Gable's way with the feminine  
gender,  
And his he-mannish manner—so strong  
and yet tender;  
And wonderful Tracy, best actor there is,  
From humor to pathos is always a whiz!  
And I'm really quite fond of the man of  
the hour,  
Talented, handsome, and charming young  
Power;  
And, like so many others, I, too, must  
agree  
That Ameche's as cute as one person can  
be!  
I can even bear Taylor, Nebraska's best  
crop,  
Though he's cold as an iceberg, and his  
acting's a flop!

But who is your favorite?  
You may have every one!  
They're all shining stars,  
But Gene Autry's the sun!

—Grace Dugan, La Crosse, Wis.



# 'n' m e

## \$1.00 Prize Letter

### Distressed

In response to Dorothy Reilly's letter in December MODERN SCREEN, which grieved me greatly, I am writing in defense



An Oregon prize-winner offers some advice to glamorous Marlene Dietrich.

of Errol Flynn's, Clark Gable's and Don Ameche's mustaches, which she so unfeelingly called misplaced eyebrows.

Errol Flynn and Don Ameche are my favorite actors and when they appear in a movie without their mustaches, it greatly decreases their appeal and spoils my expectations of seeing them as I like them. I saw Ameche on "The First Nighter" program a few years ago and think that since he has acquired that certain something on the upper lip, it has made a decided change for the better in him. I never paid much attention to Gable until he grew his "eyebrow" and I am sure that if it were shaved off I and many others would lose interest in him.

Small mustaches, indeed! What do they want, handlebars?—Janice Mae Davis, W. Hartford, Conn.

## \$1.00 Prize Letter

### Plain Talk

Since when has the American public taken to adoring a wooden statue? I'm not speaking of Charlie McCarthy, but of another piece of driftwood called Marlene Dietrich, who has the nerve to call herself an actress.

She is given the best roles to play and yet ruins them all. She should really be cast opposite Ned Sparks, two dead-pans are better than one. It's just plain lack of acting ability, which she tries to cover up by looking ghastly. Also, it's a lot of plain darn laziness. She's too lazy to open her eyes and mouth at the same time. And they call it glamor, and her beautiful!

The only remedy I can suggest for such a pitiful subject is (1) see a good doctor. (2) Hire someone on the set to stick pins in her every two minutes, or oftener and (3) embalm her and put her in a circus sideshow.—Ruth Loury, Portland, Oregon.

## WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; 2 second prizes of \$2 each; 6 prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

## \$1.00 Prize Letter

### A New Partner for Nelson Eddy?

Grace Moore is one of my favorites, but I do wish that she'd have a suitable leading man in her pictures. Not that I have anything against Franchot Tone, Cary Grant or any of the others, but somehow they don't seem to belong there. She should have a screen mate who can sing, and I can think of no one better than Nelson Eddy. Their voices would blend beautifully. (Continued on page 87)

*Bright lights sharpen your face*

# "Glare-Proof" Powder

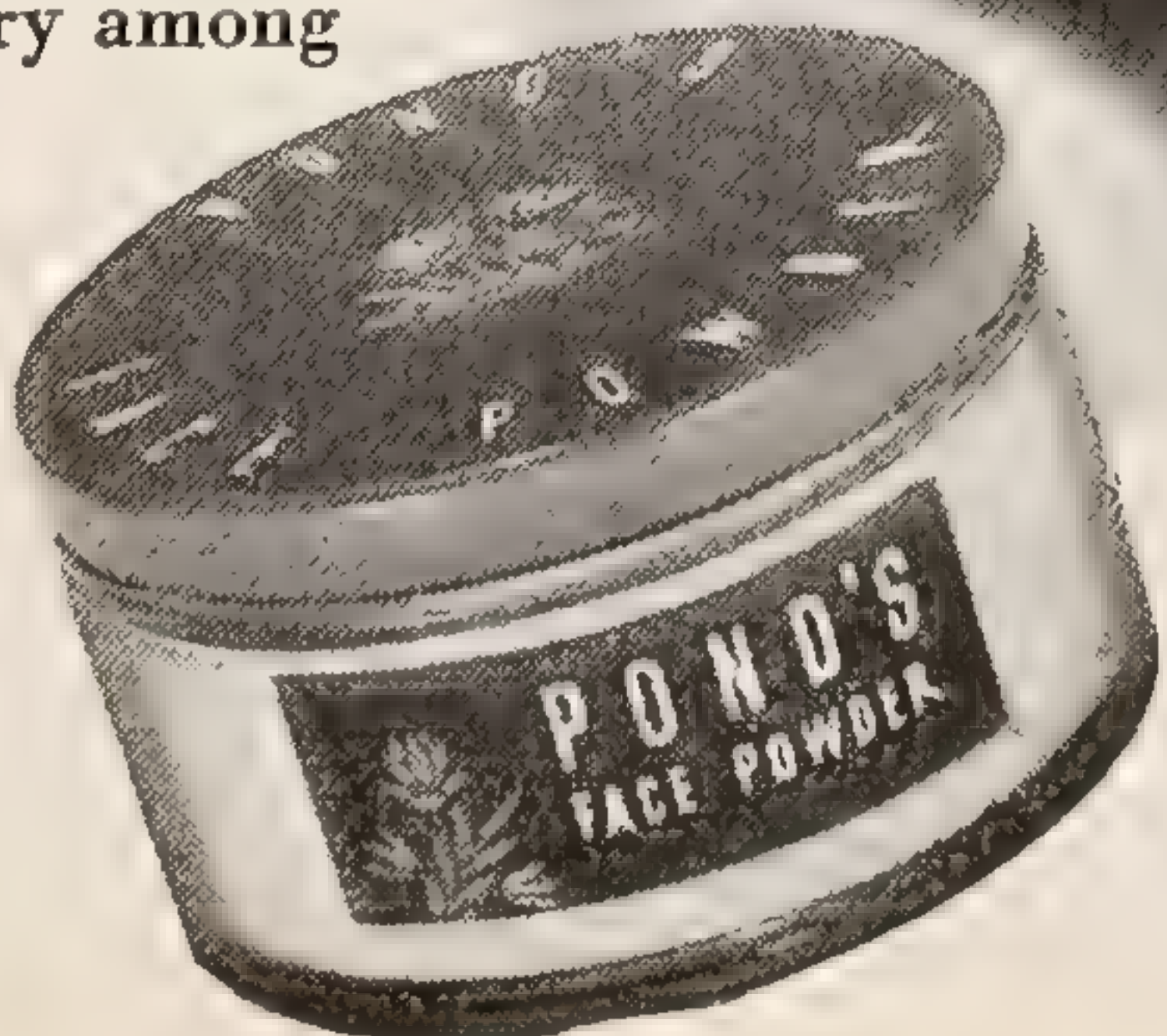
*Reflects softer light rays—  
makes face soft, glamorous...*

**S**POTLIGHTED by that lamp—your first thought: "What am I looking like?... Powder showing up terribly?... Lines sharpened?"

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder will see you through that test triumphantly! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's shades soften your face in hard bright light—give it a lovely soft look in any light.

**Doesn't show up . . .** In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, more singled out Pond's for this special merit than any other powder!

Use Pond's for daytime and evening lights. Special ingredients make it soft, clinging, make it stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



"I am never worried about my powder in the brightest light. Pond's Natural never shows up on my skin—always looks soft."  
MRS. ALLSTON BOYER

## FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PO, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires April 1, 1938.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*



**N**ORFORMS are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that is designed to remain in contact for hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing*. There is no danger of an “overdose” or “burn.”

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**MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR** Send for the new Norforms booklet, “Feminine Hygiene Made Easy.” Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist’s today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.



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## Want a letter from a star? It's easy!

*Sonja Henie*

Dear Information Desk:

Just a note to tell you I think your Barometer is a grand idea! I am more than proud to have my name included among “those present.”

Through you, I wish to thank, with all my heart, the friends who have made that possible.

All of us in pictures, I believe, keep an eye on how we are rated. We like to know if we are giving performances that appeal to our fans.

We are conscious of the interest shown in our work and endeavor to express our appreciation through “bigger and better” performances.

Yours sincerely,

*Sonja Henie*

**MICHAEL WHALEN** (second printing) When Mike Whalen, who was born in Wilkes-Barre, Penn., was thirteen years old, he was well on the way to becoming a concert pianist. At seventeen, he announced this as his ambition and his father, a well-to-do mining contractor, was horrified. It was all very



well to play the piano for pleasure, as a pleasant sort of hobby . . . but become a professional? Never! Michael must be a business man. Through family connections, he became associated with the Woolworth stores and fared very well. At one time, he managed three different stores simultaneously and successfully. Then his father died and Michael lost his incentive to continue in business. He turned again to the piano for consolation and began reading the theatrical sections of the newspapers. One day, he took his savings, resigned the managership of his three stores and quietly left for New York. He had suddenly and definitely made up his mind to become an actor. In New York he was given an audition and made such an excellent impression that Eva Le Gallienne gave him his first parts with the Civic Repertory Theatre. After a year in various roles, Michael decided to try the radio, and being the pos-

session of a good baritone voice, he was kept constantly employed. In 1932 he made his decision to go to Hollywood. Once there, three years of near-starvation followed. He joined the International Players of Vancouver, Canada. Engagements in Shobe and Bell’s “Girl Of The Golden West” company and in Los Angeles in “Love And Chiselers,” helped keep the cupboard from being too bare. Then, talent scouts from Darryl F. Zanuck’s office spotted him when he played in “Kitty Dooley of Times Square.” They further observed him when he rehearsed in five Shakespearean plays at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. When he finally got the lead in “Common Flesh,” a play produced by James Timony, everything began to break at once. J. J. Shubert bought the play and planned to take Michael to San Francisco and New York under a three-year contract, while Samuel Goldwyn took a silent test of him, right on the heels of the Shubert offer. Michael now found himself

### ATTENTION FANS!

How would you like to have a personal letter, written especially to you and signed by your favorite star *in person*? Think how grand it would look, mounted on the page of honor in your scrap book! And how proud you’d be to show it to your friends!

Well, you can receive one, with just a little effort and perseverance on your part. Here’s the idea: Each month, the fan who sends in the most votes for one particular star, will receive a personal letter of thanks from that star. The letter will be published in this department and the original sent to the lucky winner. In case of ties, each winner will receive a letter. Votes must not be sent in by groups or clubs, but by individual fans and each vote must be printed on the Modern Screen coupon found in this department. That is the only rule to the contest, so get your friends to help you by letting you clip the coupons from their copies of the magazine. No personal-letter votes, written on postcards or in letters, will count and all entries for each month must be in our offices by the twenty-fifth of the month. Mail your coupon to the Screen Star Letter Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. This contest in no way conflicts with your sending additional votes by letter or postcard for stars whom you want to receive Barometer mention.



in an interesting situation, when Darryl Zanuck sent for him. Three offers to choose from and exactly twenty-seven cents in his pocket! This was due to the fact that the actors in "Common Flesh" received no salaries and Michael had been financing himself. He signed with Zanuck and his first picture was "Professional Soldier." Since then, his picture career has advanced steadily and his fan following has increased. His current picture is "Headline Huntress," with Gloria Stuart. Michael is six feet two, weighs a hundred and seventy pounds and he's a bachelor, girls!

**SONJA HENIE** (second printing) Blonde Sonja was born on April 8, 1913, in Oslo, Norway. There had already been a son before her, so the advent of a daughter was cause for great rejoicing in the household of the Wilhelm Henies. Her father asked friends what he should call her and an



artist acquaintance said, "Call her Sonja, it will sound well to the public." And so, that became her name . . . a name destined to blaze in lights around the world and to find fame at last in Hollywood. Sonja started being Sonja at the tender age of three. She never walked, but danced. She loved to wrap herself in

draperies and pretend that she was a dancer. At four, she began to study this art and it was not until she was eight years old that she was ever on ice skates. She learned just as other beginners, with many a hard bump tossed into the bargain, but once she'd found her legs, so to speak, she began to show definite talent for skating. At nine years old she won the junior competition of the Oslo Skating Club. She won it again the following year and at eleven she won the Norwegian championship and went to the Olympic games in Switzerland, just for the experience. She knew, at that time, that she had too much to learn before she really began to skate seriously. She began a gruelling routine of practice, staying on the ice as much as six hours a day and when she was thirteen years old she placed second in the world championship matches in Stockholm. The following year she moved from second place to first. Since then she has been thrice winner of the Olympic figure-skating championship; seven times winner of the European championship and ten times winner of the world's championship. She owns enough silver cups, gold medals, plaques, certificates and testimonials to fill a small sized truck. In 1929, she decided to join the ranks of the professionals. Her first professional appearance was in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden and the house was packed to the rafters.

Her beauty and grace won her a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and "One In A Million" was the result. "Thin Ice" came second and her third and current picture, "Happy Landing" finds her ranking with the top stars of the industry. She's five-feet-two, weighs a hundred and ten pounds, has pale gold hair and deep brown eyes and is one of the most popular belles of Hollywood. (Continued on page 75)

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149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

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If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

# A Dazzling "Camera Skin" like Alice Faye's, need not be just a dream for You!



Because it's Germ-free and Guards from Blemish, the Beauty Cream used by Hollywood Stars will give you, too, a Lovely "Camera Skin"!

**L**OVELY Hollywood stars adhere to a double program for skin health. Simple diet and daily care of the skin with a germ-free cream which cleanses, softens, stimulates and helps protect from blemishes. They know that blemishes are often caused by germs, that germs may

aggravate other complexion ills, as well.

Alice Faye follows this program and her lovely "Camera Skin" is proof of its success. She chooses Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream because it discourages germs, keeps her skin supple and smooth, stimulates it. Woodbury's contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D. This brisk up the skin's youthful breathing.

For dazzling "Camera Skin" follow the stars' two rules. Sensible diet. Daily care with Woodbury's. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Helps guard from blemishes  
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## Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream



*Alice Faye* and Tyrone Power in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "In Old Chicago". She says: "I guard my skin from infection with Woodbury's Cold Cream. This cream is all I need to keep my skin protected from blemishes, invigorated, fresh and fine."

### Send for trial tubes of Woodbury's Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6786 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name.....

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# MOVING DAY



All is woe for Jimmy Stewart as old debbil moving day arrives.



He likes books, but wishes he didn't when it comes to packing 'em.



From the looks of things he's probably forgotten more than he's packed.



What a piker! You should be carrying something in your teeth, Jimmy!

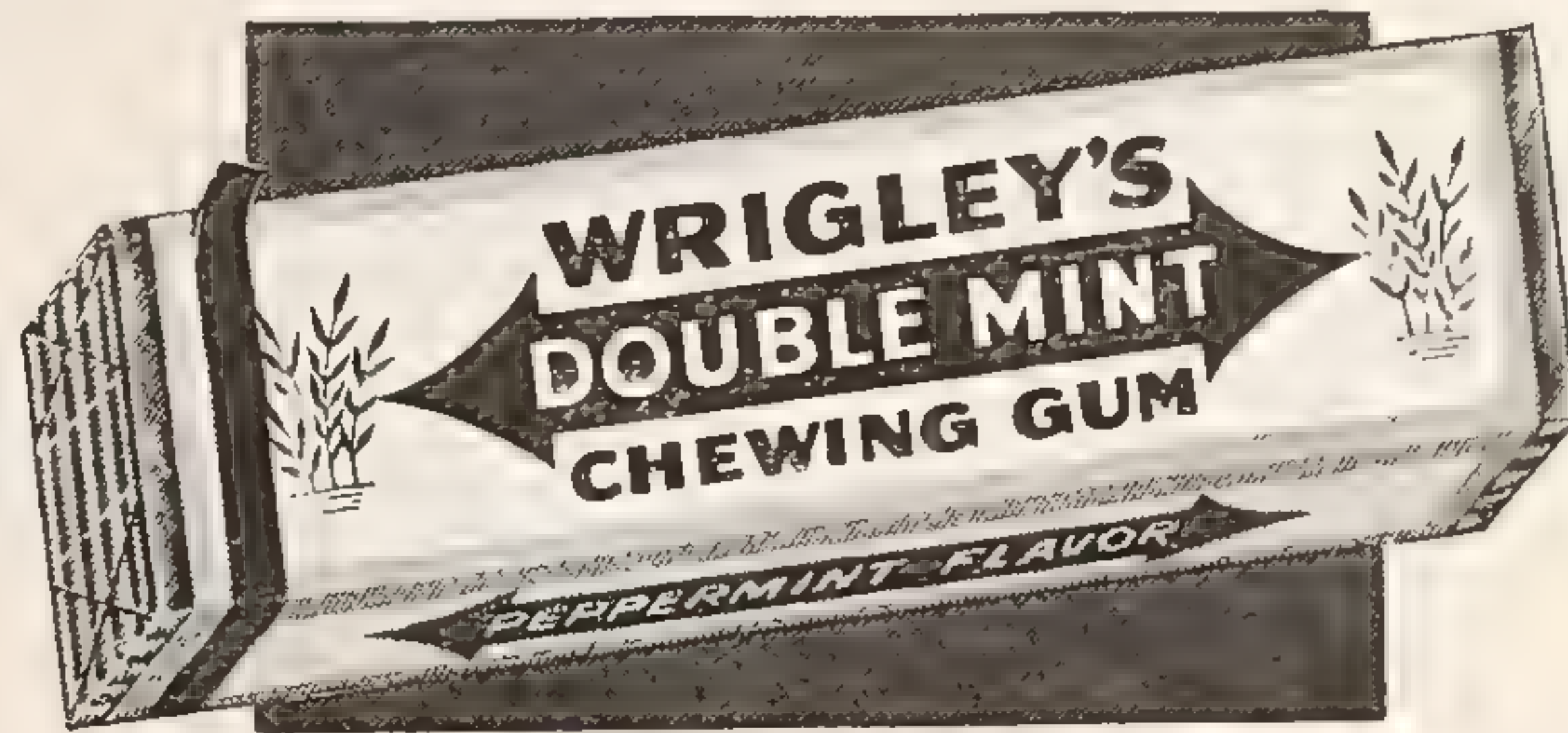


All in. The trunk did it, but with Ma and Sis on hand, he'll be okay.





6-13



## How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

### Look Well

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth.

Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

### Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, *Elizabeth Hawes*, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had *Simplicity Patterns* put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, *Joan Bennett*.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

*Joan Bennett* — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress...

...designed by *Elizabeth Hawes*

*Simplicity Pattern*

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THE NEW-IDEA  
MUSICAL FROM  
HIT-MAKING 20<sup>th</sup>  
CENTURY-FOX  
...and it's got that  
New Year ummph!

*Walter*  
**WINCHELL • BERNIE**  
**SIMONE SIMON**  
*She sings! She sings!*

# in LOVE AND HISSES

*and LAUGHS AND KISSES!*  
*and MUSIC AND MISSES!*

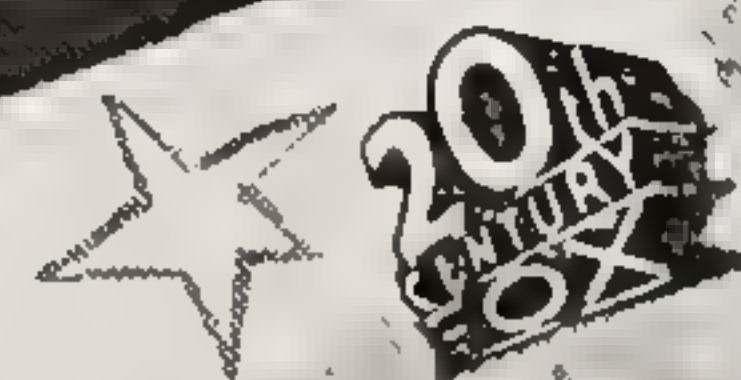
**BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS**  
**DICK BALDWIN**  
**RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET**  
**RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY**

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Million", "Thin Ice", "Wake Up and Live"

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Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur  
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven  
hot-and-hissing  
songs including  
GORDON & REVEL'S  
LATEST HITS:  
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"Let That Be A Lesson  
To You" • "I've Hitched  
My Wagon To A Star"  
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Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley • Original Story by Jerry Wald and



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RING CIRCUS OF PICTURES!**



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IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS,  
IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!**

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**with LOUELLA PARSONS**

**FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER • KEN NILES • DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA**

**and**

**BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA**

**Directed by  
BUSBY BERKELEY**



**Maurice Leo • Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture**



# TONY'S

# Wife

She's Alice Faye  
to you, Mrs. Martin  
to hubby and tops  
at her studio

BY MARY PARKES

Tony says,  
"Alice did all  
right before I  
came along, so  
I'm not going to  
'improve' her."  
A good tip for  
husbands.





SOMETHING over a year ago, a dark young man stood in an office on the studio lot, staring up at the picture of a fair-haired girl.

"That's Alice Faye, Tony," said the office's occupant. "Do you know her?"

"Just to say hello. But how I wish I knew her well enough to date her."

"Well, you've got a spot in her next picture."

"Yes." He turned and grinned. "I think I'll get me a sandwich sign and parade around the set. 'This is Tony Martin. He thinks Alice Faye is swell.'"

Tony managed to convey his admiration by less drastic measures. Alice thought he was fun. Her youth and gaiety responded to his. They were both movie fans. They both liked to go to Ocean City and ride the roller coasters. They both liked to laugh, and the same things made them laugh.

It wasn't long before Tony knew Alice, not merely well enough to date her, but well enough to date nobody else. Of course, speculation grew rife. Here were Alice and Tony going out together week after week, month after month, smiling blandly at questions, keeping their own counsel. Like all young people, they had their tiffs. In spite of tiffs, neither ever sought to punish the other by appearing in public with someone else. When they didn't go out together, they didn't go out. Would they marry? Wouldn't they marry? Were they married? The columns rang the changes on that theme.

Logical or not, the impression you get of your screen favorites is moulded by what they do on the screen. Because you've seen Alice sing and laugh and banter her way through picture after picture, you think of her as a happy-go-lucky youngster, more likely to plunge headlong into marriage than to waste much reflection on what marriage entails. You were never farther from the facts.

"First of all," she says, "I didn't fall in love with a

bang. I thought Tony was grand company, and I knew I was having lots of fun with him. But I'm no school-girl. You don't marry a man just because he's good company. I knew there'd come times when life wouldn't be a merry-go-round. I knew—" her eyes looked into space, "because I'd been through them. Then, little by little, I began to know him better. I saw how kind, how thoughtful he was—"

She was stricken with the flu and had to spend two weeks in the hospital. The nurse came in the first morning with a box from Tony. It contained a single gardenia, Alice's favorite flower, and folded in tissue paper beside it, a blue hair ribbon, just long enough to go round her yellow head, with a perky bow on top. Next morning the ribbon was rose-colored, next morning orchid. Every morning while she stayed in the hospital, the little offering arrived—a white gardenia and a fresh, satiny ribbon, that was never twice the same color.

"That may seem like a little thing, but to me it was a sign of something not so little. Any man might send a girl flowers. Any man wouldn't realize what a kick she'd get out of a yard of ribbon for her hair. Or if he did, he wouldn't go to the trouble of picking a different color each day. Every morning, before we opened the box, the nurse and I would guess what color the ribbon was going to be. That was the day's chief excitement, and you can't imagine how exciting it was unless you've been in a hospital. Then she'd tie it round my head, and then she'd bring me the mirror. And I'd lie there, feeling as dressy as a queen."

"It's good for my morale," she told Tony when he came to see her.

"You're good for mine." He said it lightly, but he meant it deeply. Almost from the first, Tony had known that he wanted to marry Alice. It was she who felt she must make sure. Little by little (*Continued on page 82*)



So happy, Alice and Tony Martin have a neat philosophy on how to stay that way.



Alice Faye as Belle in "In Old Chicago" with Don Ameche and Tyrone Power.



# MYSTERY WOMAN NO. 1

KATHARINE HEPBURN, American-born, is Hollywood's most baffling enigma. As a riddle, not one foreign exotic can compare with her.

Garbo is a woman of mystery only because she lives a secluded life behind a high wall, because her thoughts are carefully guarded secrets, never told.

Marlene Dietrich has said that she envied Garbo her mystery. The inference was that she wouldn't mind being mysterious herself. And Marlene has amassed a fair reputation for mystification not by shutting herself in an ivory tower, or going into a great silence. Marlene simply does the unconventional, indifferent to any rumors that will attempt to explain why. She is baffling because of her bland aloofness.

But, without trying, Hepburn is mystifying.

Upon her arrival on the cinema scene, Garbo was a normal young Swedish girl whose outstanding trait was self-consciousness. She didn't have much to talk about, but she was eager to be friendly. And Dietrich was an average German woman, so un-exotic that she wore a blue frilly dress and a pink picture hat to her first Press party. She was obviously awed by Hollywood. Garbo and Dietrich, easy to know at first, have changed. Hepburn hasn't. She never was easy to know. And, as she was in the beginning, so she is now—even more so.

As a dual personality, Katharine Hepburn is the all-time champion. Today, you may have one impression of her; tomorrow, a contrary one. She is an amazing collection of contradictions. For every trait that you find in

Katie, you will also find its direct opposite. She is both bitter and sweet; courageous, yet craven; short-tempered, yet patient; pennywise, yet generous.

A few months ago, her contract came up for renewal. Her studio wanted to sign her again, and she was willing. But there was one discordant note in all the harmony. They couldn't get together about salary.

The Hays Office bans publication of stars' salaries. There was no need of anyone's knowing what Hepburn received. If she signed for less money than she asked, there was no danger of her losing prestige. But she wanted that increase. And she held out until she got it.

Getting that extra salary mattered to Katharine Hepburn. Not only because it would make her a high-priced star, who wouldn't be given minor pictures, but because it would mean more in the bank.

And most of Katharine's money is in the bank. She isn't a girl who starved once and is saving desperately to avoid ever starving again. She is a girl who has never had to worry about money. Her family has always been well-to-do. Yet she saves more than any other feminine star and has a good business head. She is characteristically frugal.


She lives in an unpretentious rented house. She has a big limousine for her rare evenings out, but, most of the time, she drives the station wagon she has used for years. She is not famous for her off-screen wardrobe. She seldom entertains. She is, according to the well-known Hollywood standards, pennywise. (Continued on page 96)



Unlike Garbo and Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn never was easy to know. Whereas they have changed, Katie is the same now as she was when she first went to Hollywood.

While these predicted fireworks didn't come off when Ginger Rogers and Hepburn got together for "Stage Door," their performances certainly hit a new high.





Katharine Hepburn's so un-  
predictable that she must,  
at times, puzzle herself!

BY JAMES  
REID





B Y I D A Z E I T L I N

# COMPLAININ' CARY

claims he'd give up his career in  
pictures before he'd do without love



STRIDING toward me where I waited on the sidelines of the set, came a negligee, pink as a cloudlet at dawn, delicate as a cobweb, the kind of negligee that calls forth visions of dimples, rosebuds and golden ringlets scented with Chanel No. 5.

From the wide, maribou-trimmed sleeves emerged a pair of muscular arms. Under the swirling skirts two large feet, encased in disreputable slippers, bore their owner onward. From the cloudy fluff at the throat rose the lean head of Cary Grant.

"Go ahead. Laugh. I dare you," he said, flopping into a chair and disposing his skirts so the dust wouldn't catch them.

The negligee is part of a curious wardrobe wished on him by the plot twists of "Bringing Up Baby." Pursued by a dog, a leopard and Katharine Hepburn, he's bereft of his garments and forced to parade in whatever choice bits of apparel the lady doles out to him.

"Item," he said, marking them off on his fingers. "One swallowtail, without tails. Item, one pink hunting coat with Japanese slippers. The first time I go out on the set, they whoop. The tenth time it's funnier than ever. I hope the cash customers' reaction is half as good. In 'The Awful Truth' they rigged me up in a midget's nightshirt that came to here. A bloomin' clothes horse, that's what they're turning me into. What the well dressed loon will wear. How I suffer. Lord, Bergen, how I suffer." He crossed his long legs, drew his chiffon draperies tenderly about them and turned conventional. "Want to hear how I suffer?"

"A friend of mine went to Africa. I was worried about him, you know, sometimes the lion sees you first. 'Cary,' he said, 'you face more occupational hazards right here in Hollywood than I'll see in a month of jungles. Think it over, old chap.' I liked the sound of that occupational hazards, made me feel like something. So I thought it over and saw he was right.

"For instance, we work with a leopard in this picture, Miss Hepburn and I. She's the baby we bring up. She's a tame leopard. We take that on faith. Baby won't make any statements. She's a movie star and she doesn't

have to. She's got as many spots as a wild leopard, and she's got as many teeth and she's got as many claws. But all right, she's tame. In this country a leopard's innocent till she's proven guilty.

"Still, she's kept in a cage when she isn't working, just in case. When she is, her owner stands by with a whip, just in case. We don't probe any farther than just in case. We don't pry into its implications or take it apart to see what makes it tick. A leopard's entitled to her private life. Katie may say: 'Who's your closest relative, Cary, just in case?' I may reply: 'Strew buttercups o'er me, just in case.' We're merely being whimsical. We're not afraid of the leopard. She's tame. Her keeper said so.

"So here comes a scene with the leopard. She's supposed to have formed a fatal attachment for me. She loves me, in the story. About the time I'm left alone with my feline love, I begin to wonder whether she's read the story.

"We're supposed to be strolling lightly through the woods. I'm strolling lightly all right, on eggshells. The girl friend rumbles. I don't understand leopard double talk. Besides, there's another complication. We've got a second leopard. She's not so tame and she doesn't love me. Suppose I've got the wrong leopard by the tail. I find myself throwing her sickly smiles, the kind you keep for influential producers, 'nice producer, smart producer,' that kind of thing. She rolls her eyes at me. Maybe it's passion and maybe she's hungry. How should I know? All I know is, I've got a new job on my hands, yes-man to a cat.

"Which brings us to dogs." His eyes glinted as he warmed to his theme. "I played with a dog in 'The Awful Truth.' I play with the same dog in this picture. You probably know him. He was Asta in 'The Thin Man.' His real name's Skippy. That's neither here nor there. A dog by any name's the worst occupational hazard an actor can face. Yes, worse than a leopard. After all, what can a leopard do? Take a chunk out of your leg. What's a pound of flesh between friends? You go to the hospital and you're a (Continued on page 84)



It won't be long now! In fact, by the time you read this, blonde and beautiful Phyllis Brooks may be Mrs. Cary Grant, so fold up your sighs and heart throbs, gals.



Here we have Cary in one of those light comedy moments he's rapidly making famous. Katharine Hepburn is in this scene from "Bringing Up Baby."



Not

# COMEDY OF ERRORS

BY KAREN HOLLIS

IF I started out to tell you about the exasperating bore I met last week, he'd turn out to be your brother or your best beau.

"When a delightful man I met in London offered me the use of his Rolls Royce, two of my not-so-respectful fans climbed on the running boards and broke the practically-priceless handles off the doors.

"I always plan more than I can possibly do, and I live in a state of chaos. Our house is a madhouse where the servants fight all the time. Just when everything calms down momentarily and big preparations are under way for a dinner party, my little sister decides to make fudge. And if she wants to make fudge, I maintain that everyone else in the kitchen can just stand aside.

"There is a candid picture of this Loretta Young with no retouching, but there is lots more if you want the morbid details."

LORETTA'S throaty voice starts out all vibrant and musical and then swells up into fireworks of exuberance. You wonder where all the gusto comes from as you look at this exaggeratedly-slim, exquisitely-clad young woman reclining at languorous ease in a big armchair. Questioning her most casually is like gently touching a pearl, only to find that the pearl controls an electric light switch that sets bells to pealing, lights to flashing, and thunder rumbling in the distance.

Looking at her was a pleasure, if somewhat difficult. I had to find an opening where I could peer between the huge vases of flowers that were massed on tables and desk all over the living-room of her suite. From her sleek and shining hair, simply coiffed in page-boy style, to her slippers of leopard skin, she was a picture of unruffled elegance, except for the gamin-like freckles on her nose. She was wearing a house-coat of dark brocade gleaming with bronze figures, that hugged her waist, then billowed out in great swirls of fullness.

How does it feel, you wonder, to have people gaze at you quite awe-struck and write on and on about your beauty?





If there's a nifty to be pulled, lovely Loretta's there to do it



No, not a romance, just Loretta and Ty Power in a scene from their fourth film together, "Second Honeymoon."

"Whatever is written about me today," says Loretta Young, "I hope won't be true by tomorrow."

"Oh, I was terribly touched and grateful the first few times anyone said that I looked beautiful on the screen," Loretta pointed out in a most matter-of-fact way. "Then I got to wondering why I should be taking bows. After all, if I were beautiful, it was no credit to me. It isn't even anything I can control or keep up. I've seen myself in the mirror mornings when I'd frighten you. Anyway, after you have seen your face projected from a few hundred thousand feet of film, it is just a shape, no better, no worse than any circle or triangle or trade-mark."

"I have seen photographs of myself where I really liked the expression, but all the credit for it can be divided among the photographer who caught what may have been just momentary, a scenarist who may have given me an intense emotional background for a role, or some friend whose thoughtfulness and compassion for others touched me deeply. What did I have to do with it but try a little, be receptive?"

"Having beauty on the screen doesn't count for much. I've seen women who are actually ugly photograph exquisitely. So if anyone says I'm beautiful, I think now, 'What of it?'"

"Speaking of beauty," she resumed, "you should have seen my first test. I was a fright. All bones and angles and clumsiness. I don't know how I ever got into pictures even though they weren't so particular then."

"But the picture I made when I was fourteen, 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh,' that was something wonderful. I had the most divine figure that ever walked in front of a camera, courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was all pads—false hips, false front, false behind." She illustrated eloquently with her hands.

"Don't you roar over old pictures? If I didn't, I'd be miserable. Minnie Loy sent me some the other day that were unbelievable. Sorry I can't show them to you, but I've already sent (Continued on page 77)





## He's a middleman

WHEN GEORGE Raft speaks of Virginia Pine he calls her "the girl I love." When he mentions that ten-room French Colonial house he is building in Coldwater Canyon, he frankly labels it "a love nest."

Then he hurriedly contradicts himself. He says he shouldn't talk. He says, "No matter what I say it's held against me. I'm the middleman between two women."

And he seems pretty unhappy. According to his own confession, he is not only in a spot, but on the spot. This is how he came to tell me about it. The hour was eleven in the morning, the place, George Raft's apartment on the twenty-fifth floor of a hotel in New York City.

The Killer opened the door. The Killer is Mr. Mack Gray, combination secretary-valet-bodyguard-ambassador-to-the-press-and-pal-extraordinary, who has stuck close to the Raft side since it first embarked upon a public career.

In the living-room, the Killer apologized. "He's in bed. Would you mind seeing him that way? Do you think it's all right?"

When I reassured him, the Killer, ever one for the proprieties and Emily Post, said, "I'll go first." With that he went. Presently, he beckoned.

And sure enough, his head resting on two pillows, his usually sleekly

# ON THE SPOT

George Raft insists that every time he opens his mouth he gets into trouble, which explains why he's shy of reporters.

By NANETTE KUTNER



# between two women—and tells about it!

combed hair tousled a la Skee-zix, his dark face pale, George Raft lay in bed. He looked miserable.

"I'm sick," he announced with a sheepish smile. "I don't know what's the matter. I'm just sick. Tired all the time, ever since we got here from the coast. That was last week. I came East for the ball games. I never went to the finals. I never went any place. I just stayed in bed. I'm going back to California tomorrow."

While Raft spoke, the Killer had pulled out a chair. Then he quietly disappeared.

"Why have you been avoiding interviewers?" I started right in.

He denied the accusation. "I see everybody," he said.

"Oh, no, you don't! You gave me the run-around last winter, and a reporter I know on the coast, and another one here in New York."

HE EXPLAINED last winter. "My mother, God rest her soul, had just passed away. I had to settle her affairs here. I didn't feel like seeing anyone.

"This year, well, to tell the truth, every time I open my mouth I get into trouble." He leaned on one elbow. "I know you writers have to live, but why don't you print my side?" he demanded. "Why aren't you like the sports reporters? They don't beat about the bush. They come right out and ask what they want to know, just as if you would ask me whether my wife will give me a divorce, and am I going to marry Virginia Pine?"

"I'll bite. Are you?"

He ran his hands through that rumpled hair. He smiled again, this time little-boy-like.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked. "Naturally, I'd like to say I'm going to marry the girl I love. I want to, but . . ."

There was a world of unspoken trouble in that but.

"It's been a mess from the beginning," he told me. "I never wanted to keep my marriage a secret. That was the studio's idea. Then, three years ago, after I met Virginia, and my wife started suit, we were on the train from Chicago, and when the reporters asked Virginia whether I was married, she, trying to be loyal to me and my screen contract, said 'No.' In the meanwhile, they had asked me the same question, and I, trying to play fair with Virginia, said 'Yes.' The story came out and the studio gave me Hell.

"From then on, every time I gave an interview, whatever I said was used against me by one or the other,

my wife, Virginia, the studio. You don't know, you have no idea, the arguments continue for hours.

"And I'm tired," he said flatly, "tired of fighting. This can't last forever. I wouldn't blame a girl if she did anything she might be sorry for, if she felt what's the use, where am I heading for, what am I getting out of this? As for myself, I can't ruin a girl's life, take the best years," he sighed.

"Virginia's a wonderful girl. She was married to a millionaire's son and wouldn't take money because she didn't believe in it. But everybody's different. You know how it is, some people like spinach."

Then I spoke. "I see by a rival fan magazine that you have deposited one hundred thousand dollars in a bank as a settlement for your wife."

He fairly sprang from the pillows. "That's not true!" he cried. "You mean, she *wants* one hundred thousand. I haven't got one hundred thousand. How could I have it, with all the time I've been suspended, and the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week salary I was paid in my early picture days."

He leaned back again. "I used to fight more than any of them," he admitted. "More than Cagney. But not now. I'm beaten. You can't win against a big company. I was a little boy trying to pit myself against a large corporation. They've licked me. All I ask is an even break—and peace. My next picture is 'Spawn of the North.' I don't even know what part I'm to play. I'll do anything now.

"I liked 'Souls At Sea,'" he added. "At least I wasn't a heel. I went down with the ship. You can't blame me for having put up a fight. I just wouldn't play heels like that part in 'The Story of Temple Drake.' No heel lasts on the screen. The public won't stand for them.

LAST SEASON, Samuel Goldwyn sent for me. He was in bed, like I am now. He said, 'George, I'm a sick man, but this is a swell part for you.' And he offered me a fourteen-week contract to play the heel in 'Dead End.' I turned it down. If they had let him point a moral, if they had let him tell the street boys his life was all wrong, I might have played it, but not the way it was, never! And he offered me top billing!

"Still, no matter what they say about me, the answer is there, the studio keeps on employing me. That fact should speak for itself."

I stared at him. And my mind  
(Continued on page 81)



George went he-man in a big way for his role in "Souls At Sea." Here he is, protecting Olympe Bradna, who played his trusting gal friend.

When he speaks of Virginia Pine, George calls her "the girl I love." Virginia's posing here with daughter, Joan to whom Raft is simply "Daddy."







Frances Farmer is one star who refused to be glamorous, which decision didn't hurt her a bit for, after a brief career as an ingenue, she was soon in the star class.

# NOBODY'S

# YES-GIRL

BY DORA ALBERT

When Frances Farmer speaks her piece, things begin to happen





The Hollywood men didn't appeal to Frances either. But Leif Erickson fixed that.



"Ebb-Tide," in color, is Miss Farmer's latest, and Ray Milland her leading man.

HOLLYWOOD always tries to fabricate a super-personality for you," Frances Farmer said. "If you're the sweet type, it presents you as being a hundred times sweeter than any human could be. If you're independent and speak your own mind, you're described as a fantastically rebellious person."

We were sitting in her dressing-room at the Belasco Theatre in New York. Just a few moments before, Frances Farmer had seemed glamorous on the stage in "Golden Boy." Now as she stripped off the dress she'd worn on the stage, as she brushed back her shining hair, she seemed to be stripping from herself all the habiliments of glamor and emerging as a human being.

Looking at her, you knew that her features were beautiful; that no miracle of makeup had supplied the glow on her cheek, the strange, almost fascinating directness of her hazel eyes; that no fake glamorizing process had anything to do with the intelligent forehead, the wide, sweet mouth.

Few Hollywood women would have dared to face an interviewer as Frances Farmer was facing me, wearing just scanties; but her figure is lithe and lovely, and she has nothing to fear from the most critical eyes. She stood up for a moment and then began to pull a pair of gray slacks over her legs; she slipped on a beige jacket and a blue neckerchief and slipped her feet into low-heeled tennis shoes.

SHE SAID, "Hollywood makes such a fuss over the things you naturally take as a matter of course. Then, if it runs out of stories, the studio publicists and the writers get busy and invent them. I used to feel chagrined when I read things about myself that were not true, but now I don't mind. I was annoyed, I'll confess, when an interviewer said that I ate raw vegetables exclusively and stood on my head to get thin. Anybody'd be annoyed at

a statement like that, I think. It sounds ridiculous.

"In Hollywood, any number of methods of conduct were outlined to me, but the most frequent advice I got—both from people in Hollywood and from people who'd never even seen the town—was to keep up a front. Well, I can't do that. No matter how much advice I got, the only thing I could do was to be myself. I'd feel like an ass trying to be glamorous. I'm not the type."

Suddenly, I remembered why I had come. I had heard so many rumors about Frances Farmer, that she was a poseur, a fake, a rebel; that she had been a thorn in the side to interviewers and a pain in the neck to her own publicity department; that she had put plenty of do-re-mi into "Golden Boy"—just for the privilege of appearing on Broadway. I decided to investigate those rumors.

Frankly, I was prejudiced against Miss Farmer. I thought of the slacks she wore and the faded green car she drove and the fact that she had only one evening gown. All these antics seemed to be part of a carefully calculated pose.

When Frances sprang that old line on me about wanting to be herself, I couldn't resist asking, "Why do you keep on driving around Hollywood in a dinky, second-hand car? Isn't that keeping up a front—in reverse?"

"I was broke when I got to Hollywood, so it was the only kind of car that I could afford," she answered. "Now I wouldn't dream of getting rid of it because it suits my needs; it still runs and it has room enough. When it stops running, I'll get a new one, but not before that. I don't think there's any affectation there. I'd be uncomfortable if I had to sit in a long, shiny car. Besides, I'm trying to save money."

Checking up later, I found that there was a reason for her modest way of living. In spite of the fact that she has played in two of the very biggest (Continued on page 93)



Don't come to Hollywood, warn the Glamor Girls, if you—

# WANNA WEDDING RING

THINGS ARE at a low ebb as far as prospective bridegrooms in the Hollywood actor quadrilles are concerned.

Just when we thought things were picking up in the matter of eligibles. Just when we thought that, besides Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, the new heart-throb Wayne Morris, the perennial Ronald Colman and the ever-gallant swain, Brian Aherne, there are dozens of good-looking romantics to be had for the taking.

But, it isn't so. Any old meanie with a fact-and-figure mind can show you that, actually, there is a terrible scarcity of matrimonially available and matrimonially intentioned men in Hollywood, today. That even the Glamor Girls have to do a lot of scrambling to get their men.

Let's review the situation, male by male. In the first place, there's George Brent. We mention him first because, although he is not the most handsome nor the most desirable of the Hollywood assemblage, he is certainly the most outspoken in his attitude toward wedding rings.

Mr. Brent is or was considered thoroughly eligible as a prospective bridegroom. Good-looking, independently wealthy (he is canny about spending money), with an adventurous past and ranking well up among the leading men, he has been the secret heart ambition of any number of girls. Of course, almost everybody knew he was in love with Garbo, but then isn't Garbo the unattainable and wouldn't eventually Mr. Brent's ardor be worn down? Wouldn't he be a good catch when he arrived at that state known as the rebound?

Came some sort of a crucial moment in Mr. Brent's life—we wouldn't know just what happened



Of all the eligible gents in Movietown, there are really only a handful who are matrimonial bait. Michael Whalen is one of them.



Even those movie queens chances of marrying handsome and successful Tyrone Power are pretty slim, they've discovered.



Bob Taylor, the catch of the season, has no time for anyone but Barbara Stanwyck, of course, so we'll just skip lightly past him.



to inspire him to action—but there was a marriage in Mexico with Constance Worth, a pretty lass from Australia who was smitten and swept right off her feet by Brent's charms. Well, you know the rest. We needn't go into details but the recent divorce action would definitely remove him from the eligible category. Wanna wedding ring? Don't look to George Brent.

For Case Number 2, let's take Clark Gable. What, he's in love with Carole Lombard? Huh, mebbe he is—he isn't saying, because he can't. He's still a married man. No divorce has ever been obtained by his wife, Rhea, and what is more, some people say there never will be one, that she will never give him one.

Meanwhile Carole Lombard, one of the wittiest of the glamor girls, is supposedly eating her heart out over him. Carole, you say, could capture the affection of any one of a half dozen men fully as charming and fully as handsome as Clark. Mebbe so, but as is the way with women, she seems to prefer a Gable. Digressing for a moment from case histories, let's face the fact that because of the scarcity of Hollywood men, the glamor girls themselves don't have the easiest time in the world.

Remember when Joel McCrea, a blond, bronzed youth from Pomona, first flashed upon the Hollywood horizon? Joel was as nice a lad as the girls had seen pop up for quite a while. He was unspoiled, mannerly, fun, handsome and on his way up the ladder. He created a terrific heart flutter in the best circles.

Now that Joel is safely married and completely happy with Frances Dee, the inside story can be told of how two of our leading belles went for him openly. They were Lili Damita and Constance Bennett. They

were standing by the swimming pool—somebody's pool in Beverly Hills—parrying conversational thrusts, when Joel, looking like a young Greek god in his bathing trunks, hove into sight and dived into the azure waters. The girls' eyes automatically fastened upon him. Then a discourse, something on this order, ensued:

"H'm, I like that," from one.

"And so do I. I tell you I get heem," from the other.

"Ye-es," with rising inflection, "we'll see about that," from the first.

They settled the argument as to which was to have first crack at Joel by flipping a coin. Miss Bennett won the toss. You may remember that Mr. McCrea did fall for her and was her constant escort for some months.

Lili? Well, I suppose she is enjoying her revenge now. Didn't she spot Errol Flynn long before he became a star of the first magnitude? Didn't she clinch things by an elopement in the time-honored Hollywood wedding conveyance (an airplane) before he flashed on the screen in "Captain Blood" and the other girls realized what sort of a handsome, romantic Irish daredevil had been let loose in their midst?

Getting back to case histories: Robert Taylor. Generally conceded the No. 1 heart-throb of the screen today. He's taken quite a lot of ribbing on the grounds that he is too "beautiful," which doesn't keep him from being a top box-office bet, idol of thousands of fans, and a pretty nice guy in the bargain—level-headed, sweet, gentlemanly, loyal.

However, in considering Bob's eligibility in the terms of being free, you'll have to remember that Barbara Stanwyck has him (Continued on page 95)



Matrimonially speaking, John Howard is okay—young, attractive, ambitious—but, alas, he hardly gives the girls any time.



Ronald Colman? Swell, if anyone can hook him. Outside of those dates with Benita Hume, he seems to prefer his pipe and books.



This blond six-footer, Wayne Morris, could probably marry any girl in Hollywood or out of it, but the Kid is in no hurry.

BY MURIEL BABCOCK



# His marriage "took" and no one is more surprised than Melvyn Douglas

In spite of being Helen Gahagan's hubby for seven years, however, Mel knows five good reasons for killing the little woman.



HAPPY

THOUGH MARRIED

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

A LONG ISLAND husband may want to embroider his helpmeet with lead because she uses the wrong shade of lipstick, undercooks the filets mignon, winks at a polo player.

In Hollywood, nine times out of ten, the cause is less trivial but more abstract. Invasion of personal privacy is one motive, and a good one, says tall, good-looking Melvyn Douglas, late of Diva Grace Moore's newest opus, "I'll Take Romance."

Hurling invectives at each other in the presence of assembled guests is another reason for using the ax, opines Mr. Douglas, who, incidentally, is very happily married to Miss Helen Gahagan, singer, actress, and all-around grand person. They have been married seven years, come April 5th. "And it looks as though we might stay married," says Douglas, the daring, defying the gods with his voiced prediction.

"We have a community of interests. We are both devoted to music and the theatre. I have a healthy respect for my wife's abilities as an actress and a singer, and she looks with professional pride upon whatever success I make in my career. It isn't just a matter of sitting around Hollywood drawing pay checks, which I am glad enough to receive, but we have the future. When things shape themselves so it is possible, I, for instance, would like to return to Shakespeare, as an experiment," says this ex-

interpreter of the Bard, "playing Macbeth to Helen's Lady Macbeth. I've always thought she would be perfect in the role.

"But before we get into this other ticklish subject, let me make myself clear. I don't want to do a Rollo boy around the place and make people think that I know all the answers for happy marriage. I don't. And don't let them think that all these things couldn't happen to me.

"What I know is what I practice, and it has worked in my present marriage. You've got to have mutual interests, love and respect, and you have to remember to think of your wife as an individual, not as a personal possession. She, too, has to remember that you are a living, breathing, independent-thinking mammal, and not her slave. Each party to the contract must allow the other mental, spiritual, but not necessarily physical, freedom. Then marriage begins to amount to something.

"I'm not an authority, like Russell or Ellis, on marriage and the relations between the sexes, but if you really want to know what I think destroys the unity of marriage, it is trying to remodel the other fellow's personality. It's a first-rate reason for divorce, or, if you want to make it stronger, homicide.

"A man usually falls in love with some lopsided characteristic in a woman," continues the tannish-haired Douglas, "and then proceeds to (Continued on page 79)



# EMANCIPATING MADGE

MADGE EVANS is going through what she thinks is one of the most interesting periods in her movie life, an era of emancipation. For the first time since she signed on the dotted line at Culver City, headquarters for glamor girls (M-G-M), six years ago, she is being herself.

You have seen Madge on the screen as a demure blonde, the sweet, pleasant heroine of light comedies and of innocuous romantic cinemas.

Only twice have you seen Madge put her teeth into a role and give it what is known as "umph." Once in "Piccadilly Jim," with Robert Montgomery, when she frolicked through a comedy role which was the talk of Hollywood. Again in "David Copperfield," when she played Agnes, the English girl.

The rest of the time she has had blah parts and she has given, if not blah performances, at least nothing to write home to mother about.

Her hair was artificially lightened so that she was just another blonde. Part of the publicity build-up on her was to establish her as the college boys' ideal. She's been talked about and cast in pictures as that sweet, sweet girl, Madge Evans.

Miss E. is all washed up with such nonsense. She's determined to be just herself for a change and see what comes of it.

"I always did play a better game of tennis in front of the camera than in real life," she told me frankly, as we sat and talked about her past and her future over luncheon at her New York hotel. "And it seems to me I look a trifle half-witted when I smile in what is the accepted demure fashion. And, I despise having my hair artificially blondined. It's naturally light brown and that's the way it is going to be from now on."

Now what happened to Madge that she has never really had but two chances at good pictures and then, when she walloped the tar out of them and won ringing praise, never got any others? What's this emancipation all about?

"The studio tried to make me into something I wasn't," she answers. "I don't think that ever works, in life or on the screen. If you're going to be a glamor girl, all right. Emphasize your own real qualities for glamor, but don't let them give you synthetic ones, don't let them give you tennis rackets and smiles and artificiality. And you must be consistent.

"The studio was inconsistent about me. I don't think I was ever given a real thought. For instance, I was called into Irving Thalberg's office one day and told I must cut out that English accent. It sounded affected, Irving told me. 'People don't want to hear English girls on the screen. Be American,' he told me.

"I was a little puzzled, because, of course, I am an American and although I've always tried to speak good English and have good diction, I wasn't conscious of aping British accents.

"When they were casting 'David Copperfield,' they were searching frantically for an (Continued on page 86)



Madge Evans is through being pushed around. No more blondined hair, no more gaga roles for her. And she's not going to pose for any more tennis pictures like this one, either. "I've always played a better game before the camera than on the court!" she'll tell you.



Blonde and blah? Not anymore, declares Hollywood's latest rebel—and she means it!

BY MARTHA KERR



# Beauty

B Y M A R Y  
M A R S H A L L

When lovely Norma Shearer was trying to get a foothold in pictures, she had two insurmountable handicaps to overcome. She advises all young girls to do, early, what she didn't.

An expert answers



Bette Davis, until fourteen, was a plain, pale-looking kid with not a single distinctive feature. 'Tis personality force which makes Bette the intriguing person she is.



# Problems of "In-Betweens"

THOSE in-between years are very trying, when you're out of the little-girl class and not yet to be ranked with the debs. Your figure is straight-up-and-down, with not a curve to grace it; or it's lumpy with what your mother tells you is "just baby fat, dear—it will disappear;" or it's entirely too skinny. You don't quite seem to have grown up to your hands and feet. Your skin is spotty. Or if it isn't, your features are downright plain (you might as well admit it, you think). Your hair is straight as a string and mama won't let you have a permanent. Or if it isn't straight as a string, it looks dumb anyway (thinks you) and not the least bit like Ginger Rogers' or Claudette Colbert's. And—oh, well, what's the use! You might as well resign yourself to a beau-less, beauty-less fate.

Come, come. Cheer up. I have a thing or two to tell you.

First of all, prove to me that you have plenty of courage by taking the following statement without wincing: the in-between years are a period of readjustment, physically and psychologically, and you're not going to be the all-fired wow you'd like to be right off the bat. It's going to take a little time for your figure to iron itself out, for your skin to clear up, for your features to form and mature

—in other words, for you to become the attractive person you're going to be. That doesn't mean that you can't do plenty right now to start the good beauty work. The more you do now in the way of eating right and living right and following sensible beauty routines, the better looking you'll be later on. So, let's get busy.

That skin, now. You have just recently begun to notice that you have a skin. A couple of years ago, you were just a kid, and what did you care whether it was clean or dirty, so long as you were having fun? First step in the right direction: make sure it's one hundred per cent clean, not just superficially clean. Please don't gouge at blemishes on your face. Touch each affected spot with alcohol. And then leave them alone.

I grant that a spotty skin makes one very self-conscious. But look here! Don't you know plenty of boys—about the same age as yourself—whose complexions would never win any prizes? Does that keep them from having a good time? Don't they manage to snag a gal to take to the local dances? Aren't they pretty well liked in spite of their temporarily unattractive pelts? It always makes me a little mad that boys can (Continued on page 90)

## cries for beauty advice from anxious girls in their early teens



At the age of fifteen, Jeanette MacDonald had a pair of legs that were first cousins to pipestems. Jeanie vowed she'd have pretty limbs. An exercise did it.



Deanna Durbin, sky-rocketing on two pictures, may be a misses' size prima donna on the screen, but at home she's still told, come ten p.m., "Time you were in bed."



# You didn't know them last year, but today they're the tops!

IT'S AN old movie custom, at the close of each year, to pass around the medals for the best this or that of the past twelve months. Best pictures, best performances, best direction each comes in for its award of merit. Let us, therefore, deviate just a step from the beaten track and nominate the young players who were unknown to moviegoers just a short year back, the successes of 1937, the cream of the cinema crop.

First of all, there is Sonja Henie of the flashing smile and twinkling personality. True, Sonja has cut a big figure eight in the hearts of sports advocates since she was a child. She had a way of winning the Olympics year after year, if you remember. But until the astute Darryl Zanuck saw her as a picture possibility, very few movie fans knew of her special talent.

Sonja headed a troupe of skaters who appeared in an ice carnival on the coast a year ago. Every producer in the business was among those present the night of her debut. When it came to praising her talents, there wasn't a dissenting voice, nor, until Mr. Zanuck appeared on the scene, an offer of a movie contract. To prove that he had great confidence in her, this man put the little

Henie into "One in a Million" as the love interest. He could have spotted her in a revue you know, where only her prowess as a skater would have been revealed. The picture hadn't been released a month when the producer knew that he had one of the biggest box office bets in the business. "Thin Ice," which followed, further proved that Sonja Henie was one of the year's biggest successes.

When it comes to taking a short-cut to the top, the youthful Wayne Morris has it over all contenders. Not only did Wayne score in one year, but in one picture. "Kid Galahad" put this youngster on the movie map. His performance in the title role stood out like the proverbial beacon light, despite the fact that he was in such expert professional company as Bette Davis and Eddie Robinson. Yes, Morris may be short on years and experience, but he is decidedly long on ability.

Before the traditional movie scout caught up with him, the lad's only claim to dramatic fame was as a "bit" player in the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He couldn't believe that he was actually wanted for pictures or that he could possibly pass the test. Well, you know the answer, for your  
(Continued on page 98)

## CREAM OF THE CROP

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



With little experience but plenty of talent, Wayne Morris has clicked.



Sonja Henie can park her skates, for her acting ability has been proven.



*Myrna Loy's*

# FAMILY ALBUM



*Myrna -  
at six months*

*Hollywood  
Saturday*

*Dear Miss Cannon -  
I am sending -  
Album with all of Myrna's  
childhood photographs to  
Modern Screen. I know you  
will take good care of it  
for nothing could replace the  
loss of this record of my  
daughter's life and career.  
Sincerely,  
Della Williams*





Myrna was five when we took this. Cousin Laura Belle gave her the locket and the bracelet was a present from Dad.

When the family comes to dinner the children have their own table. Myrna's on the right. Below, Laura Belle and Myrna on Grandmother's porch.



At the school pionic. Myrna had on her favorite hair bow and ate too much ice cream that day.





Myrna, with Dad and me at  
home in Helena. It was  
Myrna's sixth birthday  
and she is wearing her  
first ~~lace~~ lace dress.





Myrna visits Grandfather's farm. She was nine and away from me for the first time.



Myrna's twelve here and stage struck after dancing at the church bazaar.



Myrna and two friends in our backyard. She liked that tree better than the others because it was so easy to climb into.





With Brother David.  
Myrna is very much  
the "big sister" here.



This is the picture Myrna  
sent home when she visit-  
ed Cousin Alice in Calif.



We are living  
in California  
ourselves now.  
Myrna is sixteen  
here and still  
so interested  
in dancing that  
she has her own  
school.



I must confess I felt a little shocked when I saw this but Myrna's on the stage, dancing at the Chinese Theatre! I never would have dreamed it.



Rudolph Valentino saw her like this and arranged a screen test. No results yet.

This is one of those silly publicity pictures Myrna tells me every beginner has to pose for. I think she's supposed to be showing off ~~her~~ her muscle.







Myrna's big moment. She's all made up here for that screen test.



Now this is how I like to see Myrna, looking herself without all that make-up.



Myrna done in marble. Between shows, Harry F. Winebrenner made this head which I think is a very good likeness.





Myrna's in pictures in "Pay As You Enter." Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook are with her here.



As State Street Sadie, Myrna is with Conrad Nagel. The other man is Archie Mayo, director.



This Flora Dora picture is one of my favorites. Myrna is the third from the left.



Myrna was thrilled when she played with Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee."



I'm glad Myrna had a part in "Arrowsmith" with Ronald Colman. She did real well.



The picture people think Myrna makes a wonderful Oriental so she's in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."





Myrna with Ramon Novarro in "The Barbarian." She says he's a very big star.



This looks more like my Myrna in "Topaze" with John Barrymore.



Myrna, with Max Baer and Walter Huston in "The Prizefighter And The Lady."



Myrna's a star herself now and she's making "After The Thin Man" with William Powell.



I am proud of Myrna in "Parnell," she acted her part so well. Clark Gable is with her.



This is from Myrna's latest picture, called "Man-Proof," with Walter Pidgeon.





I forgot I had these. Myrna will die laughing when she sees herself in this creation



This was artistic when it was taken but Myrna's so different today.

We all laughed when Myrna brought this one home from the studio. I remember David said he couldn't see her for the hair.







This was a publicity picture, I guess, but Myrna really likes the water.



I'm glad I saved this because the costume is so beautiful and Myrna does look nice in it.



I can hardly believe that this was Myrna's favorite hat when she posed for this picture. It was really the latest thing at the time though.



I must have mislaid this too, so I'll put it here. I'm glad Myrna doesn't wear costumes like ~~this~~ this anymore.



Here's another picture I'd forgotten. Barry Norton was Myrna's first beau. He was a nice young man, but she was only in love with love in those days.






Myrna today. I  
don't blame the  
fans for being  
crazy about her.

Myrna and Arthur in  
their garden. It seems  
funny to think of her  
as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow.  
They are both so happy.







Ginger Rogers is a cinch for a bicycle ride and when Lee Bowman coasted by on a studio messenger's bike, she was right there to beg a spin.

# GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Gaiety, glitter and glamor  
hold forth in Cinema City as  
film folk welcome new year

Ginger Rogers is a cinch for a bicycle ride. Between scenes for "Having Wonderful Time" the other day, Ginger was sunning herself in front of the sound stage when Lee Bowman coasted by on a bike belonging to a studio messenger. "Hey!" yelled Ginger. "How about it?" "Okay," said Mr. B., very much okay, since Mr. B. has a romantic interest in Ginger, so the two of them went for a spin around the lot. Stopping long enough, of course, to pose for our cameraman.



That blonde with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., at the premiere of "The Hurricane" turned out to be, of all people, Norma Shearer. Norma doesn't go out much, so catching her at a premiere with a handsome young gent was a double scoop for MODERN SCREEN's cameraman, who happened to be the only bulb clicker present when the blonde Norma made a late entrance with her escort. Others in her party were Michael Brooke and Doris (Mrs. Mervyn) LeRoy.



In "Romance in the Dark" you'll see Gladys Swarthout getting smacked in the face—and here and there—with a barrage of ripe tomatoes. Paramount's alert publicity boys decided (publicly) that California tomatoes lacked the proper squish, so they wired New Jersey, whose tomatoes are renowned for that quality, and got a shipment airmail from an obliging Jersey Chamber of Commerce. When the zero hour arrived, Miss Swarthout was jittery and insisted that the principal tomato heaver be her husband, Frank Chapman. They shot the scene, Mr. C. scored a direct hit, and Paramount and New Jersey joined hands to rejoice.



Bette Davis slapped herself out of two days'



That blonde with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. at the premiere of "The Hurricane," is Norma Shearer. Norma doesn't go out much, so catching her like this, below, is a real scoop.



In "Romance in the Dark" you'll see Gladys Swarthout getting smacked in the face with ripe tomatoes. She insisted that Hubby Frank Chapman be chief heaver (top).

Bette Davis slapped herself out of two days' work in "Jezebel," when she bruised her cheek with a hairbrush. It's an old Southern custom, instead of using rouge.

Flash! Connie Bennett helps a friend in distress. When Tennis Star Kay Stammers had her screen test Miss Bennett helped her through her fright.

work in "Jezebel." For a scene in the picture, she was required to indulge in an old Southern custom. It seems that the belles of the Nineties, instead of using rouge, brought color to their cheeks by the simple procedure of slapping them with the back of a hair brush. La Davis, never one for half-way measures, slapped herself so hard she bruised her cheek and won herself an involuntary two-day vacation.



Flash! Connie Bennett helps a friend in distress. Kay Stammers, English tennis star (the most beautiful tennis player in the world, to be exact) was scheduled for a screen test for a role in the new Bennett picture, "Merely We Live." Miss Stammers was frightened at the prospect, so Connie talked her into it, and even worked in the test with her, doing the role Bonita Granville plays in the picture. The test was successful, and the studio offered Miss Stammers a contract. But the English gal was still frightened—of pictures, not of Bennett—







Three's no crowd in this picture. Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy attend the premiere of "Hurricane" together.

so the deal's off and she's gone back to tennis.



A fellow visitor on the "Robin Hood" set was Wayne Morris, so we asked him the question everybody's asking him these days. "I'm settling down," says young Mr. M. "Eleanor Powell is the only girl I've been out with in two months. And here's a gag for you. You can say it's so serious the studio is planning to star me in a song-and-dance picture."



After finishing her work in "Man-Proof," Rosalind Russell returns to the set for retakes, only at her studio they're called "additional scenes." Miss R. is genuinely popular with the prop men and technicians on the set. She calls them all by their first names, and they love it. A non-prop man on hand to greet her was Jimmy Stewart. She calls him by his first name, and he also loves it. In fact, he and Rosalind are very much interested in each other. Their big romance got under way when they co-starred for four weeks in a radio serial. Name of the dramatization was "First Love," if you

Spencer Tracy and Paulette Goddard spent most of the evening in each other's company the night the Racquet Club opened in Palm Springs.

Sonja Henie and Cesar Romero were another gay duo. Doesn't look as though Sonja's worrying over Ty Power much these nights, does it?

want to make anything out of it.



A Hollywood paper recently reported that after taking Sonja Henie to a preview,

Cesar Romero sent her home in a taxi and went on by himself to the Trocadero. What happened was this: Sonja, who had an early studio call next morning, suggested Cesar take her home and go on by himself, which he did. Next day at the studio, Cesar complained loudly to his pals about the item, and brought Sonja over to deny it. "I can't," kidded little Miss H. "Because it's true." So now all of Cesar's friends are calling him Romero the Rat.



And here's a diet hint from La Belle Temple. We were with a group lunching with her at the studio commissary recently when one of the women at the table complained that she'd been trying unsuccessfully to put on weight. "You should give up cigarettes," announced Shirley. "Well, that's what the doctor told by brother," she explained.

(Continued on page 70)



**T**

hey know the thrill of  
playing the game and  
playing it well!

*Pasadena...*

*Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III (below)*

This charming California woman excels in sailing, skiing, badminton...and is active in charity work. Here Mrs. Spalding pauses for a moment on her husband's sloop, "Hurulu." Like so many distinguished women, she is enthusiastic in her preference for Camels. "Their delicate flavor suits me perfectly," she says. "Camels are so mild!"



*Philadelphia... Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr.*

Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"



*New York... Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.*

Young Mrs. Rockefeller's time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane...takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:  
Do women appreciate the  
Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

THE BEST ANSWER IS THIS:  
Camels are the  
Largest-Selling Cigarette  
in America



*A few of the women  
of distinguished position  
who prefer Camels:*

BOSTON:	Mrs. Powell Cabot
	Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd
CHICAGO:	Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr.
BALTIMORE:	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III
NEW YORK:	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
	Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
	Miss Wendy Morgan
	Mrs. Howard F. Whitney
PHILADELPHIA:	Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
	Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd
VIRGINIA:	Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne
LOS ANGELES:	Mrs. Alexander Black

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Costlier Tobaccos  
in a Matchless Blend

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



# TO MY VALENTINE



Jane Withers has decided to make us readers of Modern Screen a valentine.



It's a ticklish business, as you can see here, but Jane remains unperturbed.



When it comes to pasting on the lace, Janey knows just where she wants it.



But this heart, now, is something else again. Jane has to puzzle it out.



Is that a beauty? We'll say so, and it looks as if Jane likes it, too.



Everything's done but the address. Look closely and you'll see Jane's own writing.



# This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

*Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty*

"Smooths lines out  
marvelously — makes  
texture seem finer,"

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

## Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream



*Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.*

famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.



with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

## Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

SEND FOR THE  
NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN  
9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company



# Why DO XXX'S SIGNIFY KISSES?



• When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss.\*

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with you. Close inspection has safeguarded your confidence in Italian Balm from the moment the "raw materials" enter the Campana laboratories until the bottled product has been shipped to a store in your community.

Many physicians, dentists, nurses and other professional people will tell you that with

Campana's equipment for making a skin protector—plus scientific analysis and control of manufacture—there's no doubt that Italian Balm is a superior skin preparation. Why not try it—FREE? Get a Vanity Bottle—use Italian Balm for several days. Compare results.

(\*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)



## Campana's Italian Balm

An Exclusive Formula—A Secret Process

**FREE**

CAMPANA SALES CO.  
212 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MG-212 Caledonia Rd., Toronto

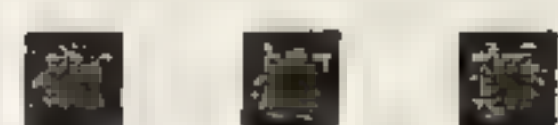


Loretta Young and David Selznick seem to be having themselves a time at the Rainbow Room during a recent visit to New York. Mr. Selznick, you should know by now, is producing "Gone With the Wind."

## Good News

(Continued from page 66)

**Questions without Answers:** What singing star, for a time a favorite guest at the home of one of Hollywood's top glamor girls, is no longer asked to drop in? Reason: She wore out her welcome and too much effort making a play for the glamor girl's gentleman friend.



On a set recently we were discussing with a young actress the trials and tribulations of another performer in the same picture. It seems production had been held up considerably by her continual bungling of her lines, and some of her co-workers were complaining. But not our young friend. "I think she's wonderful," the gal said. "Every time she speaks a line we get an extra day's work."



Talked to Carole Lombard on the "Food For Scandal" set the day it went into production. Said Miss L.: "I think I'm still wet from being dunked in Lake Arrowhead for dear old 'True Confession.'" She must have been right, for she spent the next few days at home with a severe cold. Incidentally, Carole and her co-star, Fernand Gravet, are getting along fine. On the set the first day Carole, in a prankish mood, slipped up behind M. Gravet and administered a surprise prod in a most sensitive section of his anatomy. Several days later, Gravet solemnly returned said prod.



Know where Barbara Stanwyck keeps her telephone? Well, she keeps it in her stable. Miss S., out on her new ranch, wanted to go really rural, so she decided a phone in the house was too modern a touch. All of which means that all those transatlantic calls from Bob Taylor, when he was in London, were overheard only by Barbara's horses. Taylor, incidentally, is the only person who has the phone number. When Barbara's studio wants to get in touch with her, they have to do it by wire.

Now that the air is full of movie commentators, listeners are able to get seven or eight distinct and different reports on everything that goes on in Hollywood. The other night, for instance, one gossip informed her listeners that Jeanette MacDonald attended the opera in a chinchilla wrap. An hour later another news dispenser, who probably couldn't afford chinchilla, told the waiting world that Miss MacDonald was lovely in a silver fox cape. Confidentially, she came as Scarlett O'Hara, wearing an old Southern colonel for a neckpiece, and carrying a bouquet of mint leaves.



There's an old saying that blood is thicker than water, or scotch and soda, or something. However, old sayings sometimes take a beating in Hollywood. For instance: When the Hollywood Hotel program prepared a radio version of "Second Honeymoon," Loretta Young was in New York, so Sister Sally Blane was asked to do the job. Sister Sally jumped at the chance and spent many long hours rehearsing her role. She particularly wanted it to be better than Loretta could have done—for she knew Loretta would be listening.



Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow celebrated their first wedding anniversary in London, and Maureen's entire family came over from Ireland to watch her emote with Bob Taylor in "A Yank At Oxford." In a letter to a friend in Hollywood, Mrs. F. stated that during the winter months most of the English picture actors live at the studios—the fog's too thick to make driving home practical. Well, that's what she said.



George Raft, who doesn't drink, will have a bar in his new home, but it will be turned over to his guests. George, in fact, isn't even calling it a bar. To him it's a Memory Room. Reason is that the walls will be lined with pictures, tracing the Raft career from nightclub dancer to the screen.

(Continued on page 107)



# *Daintiness is IMPORTANT*

## *This Beauty Bath Protects it...*

STAR OF THE  
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION  
"Second Honeymoon"



THE GIRL WHO  
ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T  
HOPE TO WIN  
ROMANCE—  
LUCKILY ANY GIRL  
CAN HAVE THIS  
CHARM! HERE'S  
AN EASY WAY—

USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**  
AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS  
**ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN  
SMOOTH, FRESH-FRAGRANT  
WITH A DELICATE PERFUME  
THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!



## *LORETTA YOUNG*



**I**T'S Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, sure of being sweet from top to toe—and you *look* it!

**9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP**



# LET 'EM EAT CAKE

Fay Wray's favorite dessert is this Derby Sponge Cake, topped with Marshmallow Swirl Frosting.

WHEN COMPANY is expected and you're wondering what to serve them for dessert, well, let 'em eat cake," advises Fay Wray, giving us a modern version of Marie Antoinette's famous speech.

The French Queen made her historic suggestion when told that the poor folk of Paris were rebelling because they had no bread. Fay, on the other hand, does not suggest cake as a bread substitute but simply as the ideal sweet with which to top off any festive meal, be it lunch for the girls, bridge for the club, a social for the church, a dinner for the in-laws or a lavish buffet supper for the crowd.

"Yes, it's a wise hostess who has a first-class repertoire of cakes," Miss Wray assured me. "Out here many famous folk are as proud of some special dish that they serve at parties as they are of the notices they received on their last picture.

One star is famous for his barbecue suppers, a couple of others argue over the respective merits of their Chile Con Carne, each one demanding top billing for his own pet version. Many foreign importations bring their national specialties with them, with which to astound, and frequently delight, the natives. And so it goes, one trying to outshine the other, in a culinary and party sense, through some one or two original dishes not served elsewhere. Or at least, not found in such perfection!

THEN FAY went on to suggest that many a clever hostess in the film capital as elsewhere, makes a bid for party popularity by acquiring a couple of good cake recipes together with two or three frostings, which can add so much both to their appearance and taste. Once you've mastered these directions, advises Fay, don't feel for a minute that you must serve "a new cake" every time you have company. Just trot out the old standby, and if it's as good as it should be, you'll hear only appreciative exclamations from your guests.

Here are a couple of cake recipes for you to experiment with—on the family first, until you have mastered the technique and until you've decided which of the three frostings that I'm giving you goes best with each cake.

The first recipe is for a Sponge Cake. At Fay's suggestion I collected directions for making this from the Brown Derby, where Miss Wray invariably orders it whenever it appears on the menu. It's a



good bet for anybody's money, for though the "odds" are a bit high where the eggs are concerned, the omission of butter evens things up considerably.

The second is a layer cake, another favorite of Fay's, who varies the frosting but never the ingredients and the mixing. Let me add a word of caution here. Do follow directions carefully for best results.

You can use any of the three frostings given here. And if you're looking for novelty and don't shy at a little extra work, then fix the cake, as I did when testing it, with the chocolate frosting between the layers and the swirling marshmallow frosting on the top and sides.

## DERBY SPONGE CAKE

- 5 eggs, separated
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder (scant)
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar (scant)

Separate the eggs. Beat yolks with rotary beater until thick. Add orange rind and juice. Beat with rotary beater until thick and foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift twice. Add flour mixture to egg yolk mixture. Blend thoroughly but lightly. Whip egg whites until foamy, add cream of tartar and beat until they will hold up in peaks, stiff but not dry. Combine with egg yolk mixture, folding together gently until thoroughly blended. Turn into

ungreased tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) until done and golden brown (approximately 1 hour). Invert in pan to cool. Remove from pan. Cover with Orange-Coconut Icing.

## LAYER CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and baking powder and sift together twice. Cream shortening thoroughly. Add sugar gradually, creaming together thoroughly after each addition. Beat eggs, without separating, with rotary beater, until light and spongy. Add eggs to creamed butter mixture and blend thoroughly. Add flour mixture alternately with the milk, in thirds. Blend thoroughly, quickly and lightly. Stir in vanilla or other flavoring. Turn into 2 greased 8-inch layer pans. (Covering the bottom of the pans with waxed paper and greasing again prevents sticking). Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes or until cake shrinks from sides of pan and a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Turn out onto wire cake rack to cool. When cold put together, and cover with Swirl or Chocolate Frosting.

## ORANGE-COCONUT ICING

- 2 tablespoons boiling water
- 1 tablespoon butter



BY MARJORIE  
DEEN

## Fay Wray says a wise hostess has a large repertoire of cakes

- 2 cups confectioner's sugar  
¼ teaspoon orange extract  
orange juice, shredded coconut

Melt the butter in the boiling water. Add the confectioner's sugar gradually, beating well. Add orange extract. Add a little orange juice (approximately 2 tablespoons) very gradually, until icing is of right consistency to spread. Cover entire cake, then sprinkle immediately with shredded coconut.

### GLISTENING CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- 1 cup sugar  
6 tablespoons flour  
4 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1½ cups milk  
2 tablespoons butter  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 teaspoon glycerine

Place the sugar and flour in top part of double boiler. Add chocolate, shaved or cut into small pieces. Add milk slowly. Cook slowly over direct heat, beating constantly with rotary beater until chocolate has melted and mixture is smooth and blended. Place over boiling water and cook for 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened and then occasionally. Remove from heat, add butter, salt and vanilla. The addition of the glycerine will give a smoother frosting—one that spreads easily and has an excellent appearance.

### MARSHMALLOW SWIRL FROSTING

- 1 egg white, unbeaten  
¾ cup granulated sugar  
½ teaspoon baking powder  
3 tablespoons cold water  
2 teaspoons white corn syrup  
¾ teaspoon vanilla  
2 tablespoons marshmallow whip

Place unbeaten egg white, sugar, baking powder, water and corn syrup in top part of a double boiler. Mix thoroughly with rotary beater. Place over boiling water and cook for 7 minutes, beating constantly with rotary beater. Remove from heat. Add vanilla. Continue beating. While still warm add marshmallow whip and beat until mixture is thick and holds its shape. Spread evenly between layers and on sides of cake. Spread on top of cake in swirls. This is sufficient for a small 2-layer cake. For 3-layer cake double the recipe.



**H**ERE'S a great way to beat these rising food costs! Have delicious Franco-American Spaghetti several times a week. Serve it as a main dish for lunch or Sunday supper, or as a side dish for dinner. It's marvelous to make left-overs go further—it turns them into nourishing, attractive dishes.

But be sure you get Franco-American. This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti! Just wait till you taste that appetizing cheese and tomato sauce, made

with eleven different savory ingredients! Your family will never get tired of Franco-American. It's a great work-saver, too! You just heat and serve—it's on the table in a jiffy. A can holding from three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Free recipe book gives 30 different appetizing ways to serve delicious Franco-American that will save you time and money. Send for it now.

## Franco-American SPAGHETTI

*The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups*



MAY I SEND YOU OUR **FREE**  
RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE  
COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 62  
Camden, New Jersey  
Please send me your free recipe book:  
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





# "Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



## Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

*Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!*

**HOW ZONITE ACTS**—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

### DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



# STARS' BAROMETER RATING FOR 1937

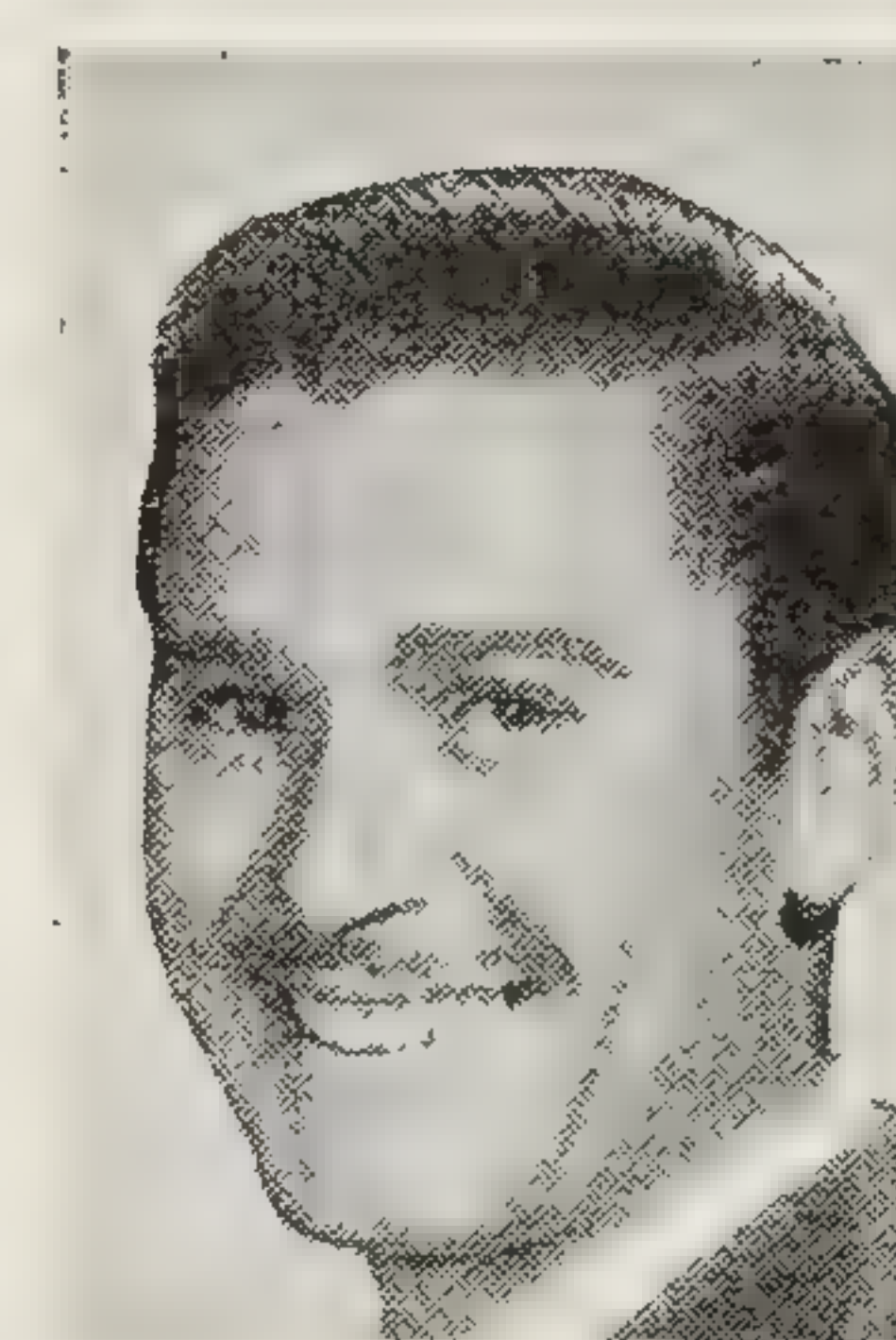
We salute the top twenty stars who ranked highest on Modern Screen's Barometer for the past year. They are pictured here in the order of their rating



1. Nelson Eddy



2. Gene Autry



3. Errol Flynn



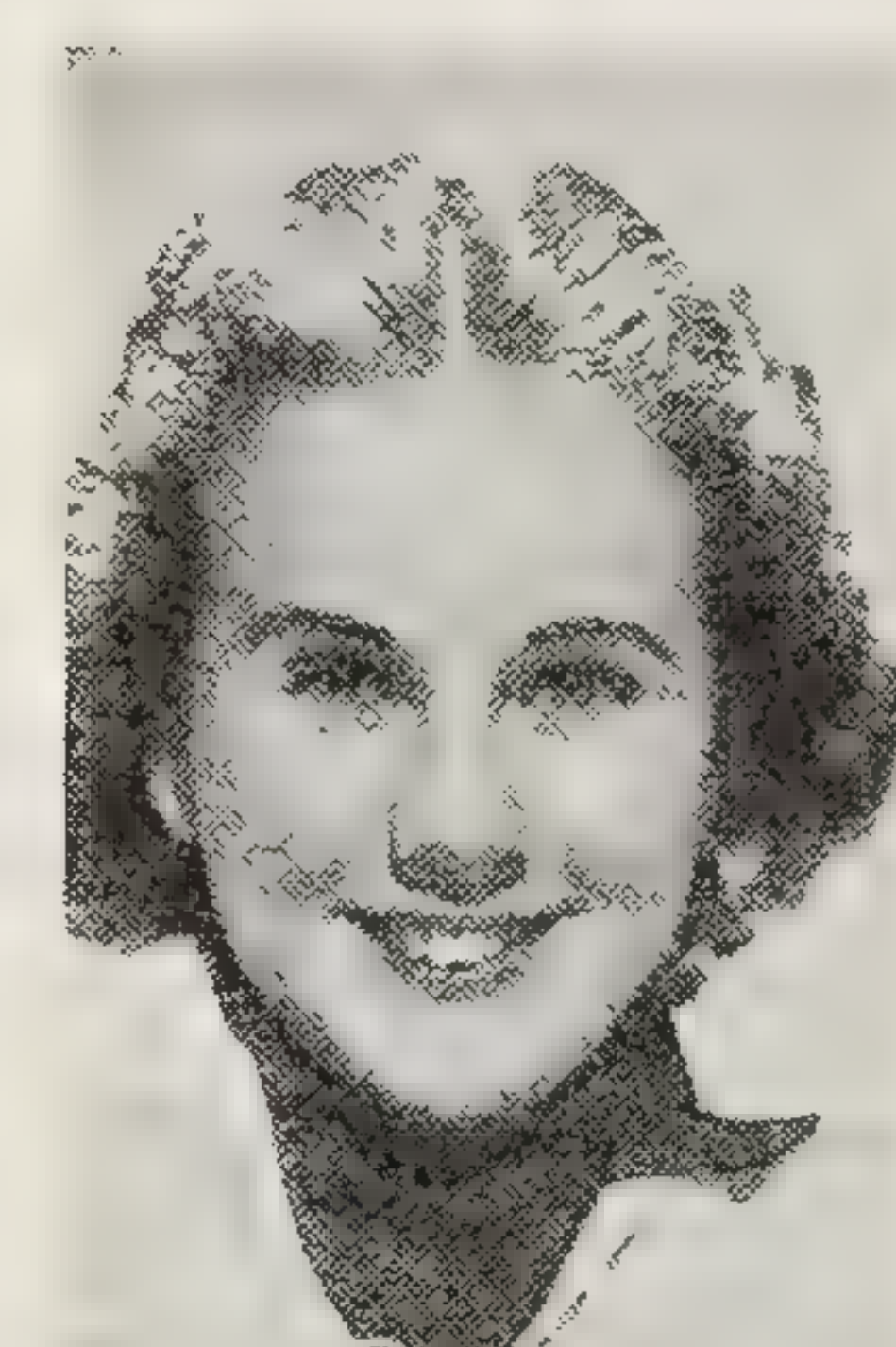
4. Tyrone Power



5. Robert Taylor



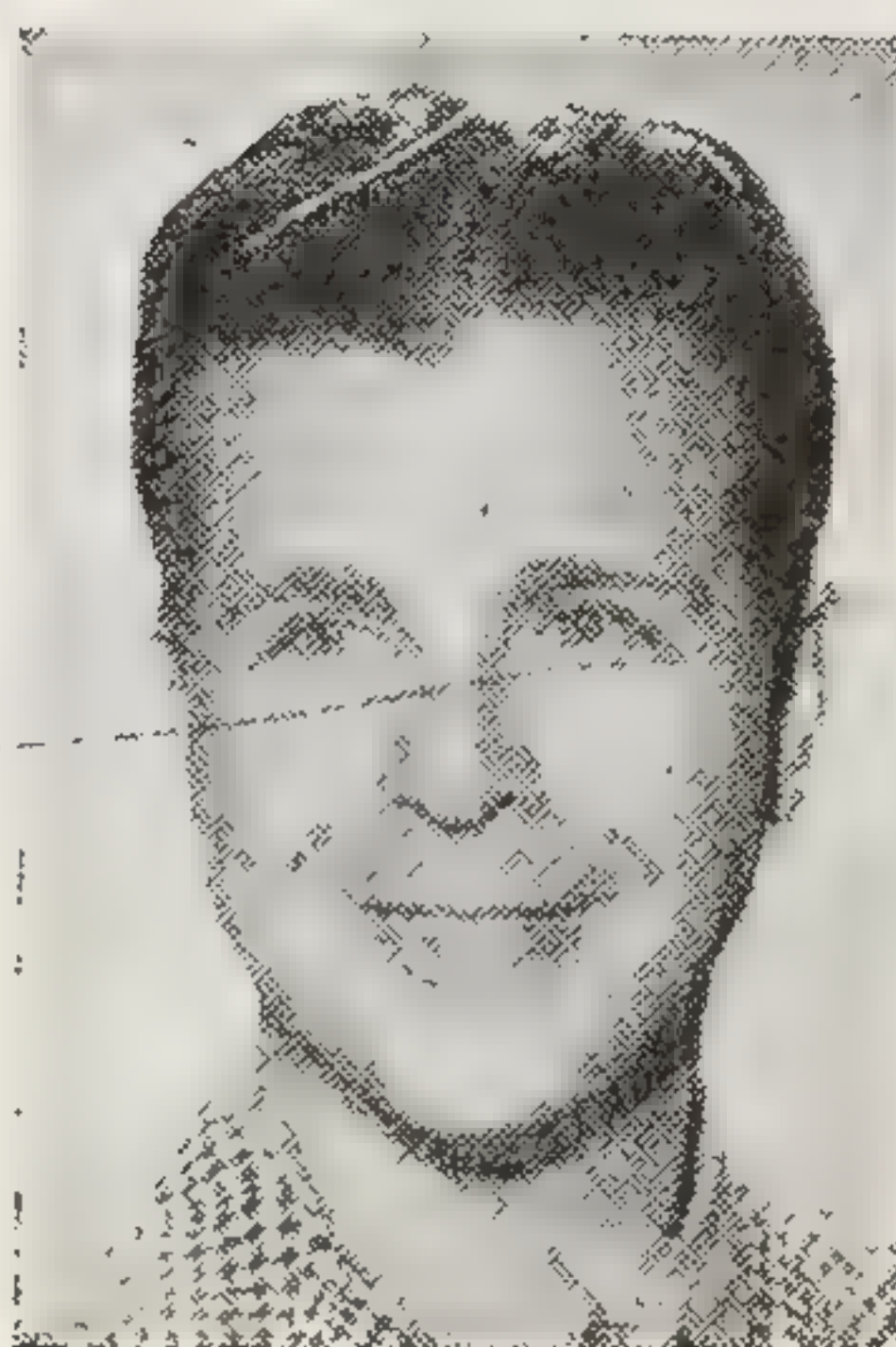
6. Don Ameche



7. Deanna Durbin



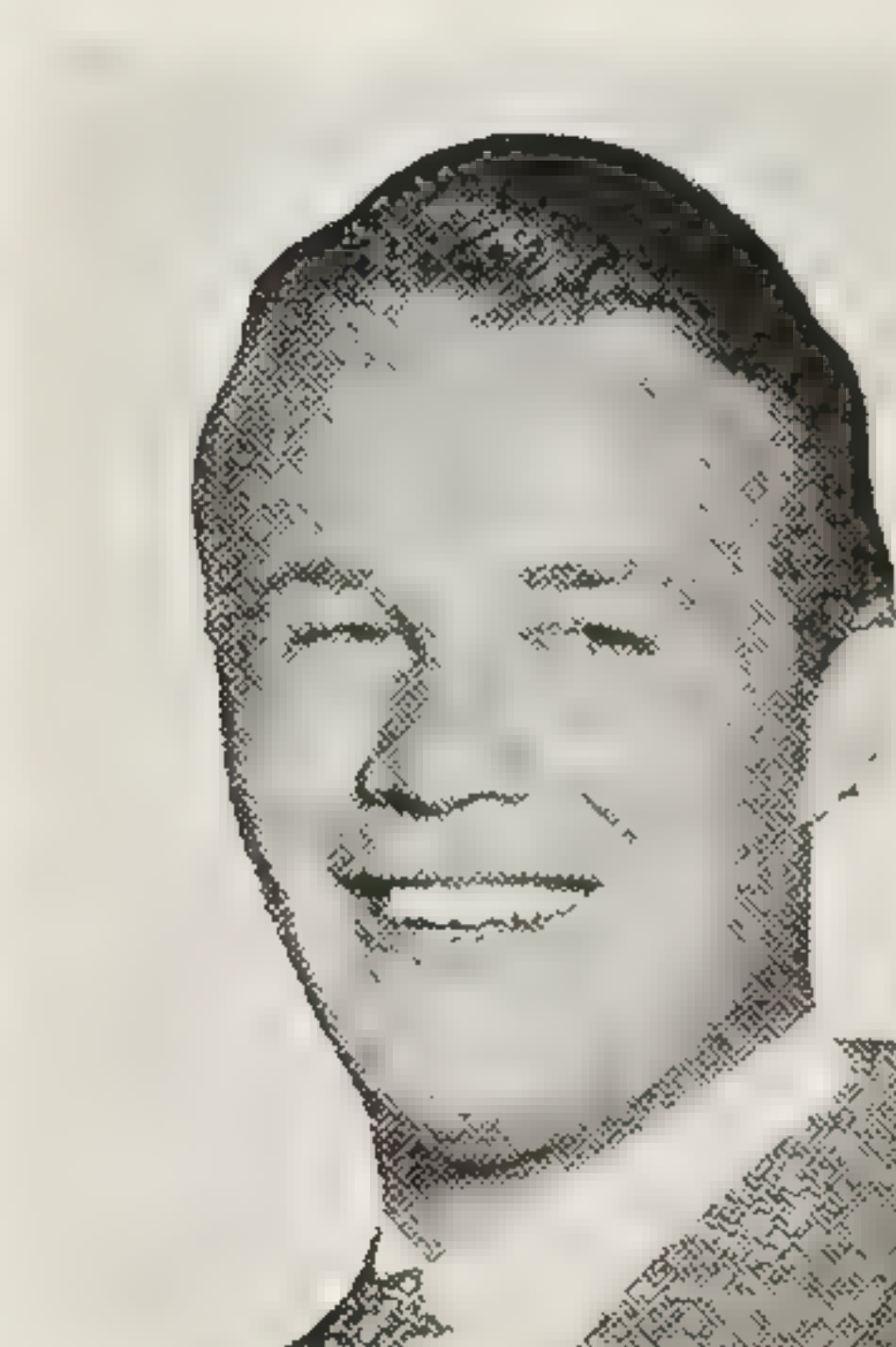
8. Clark Gable



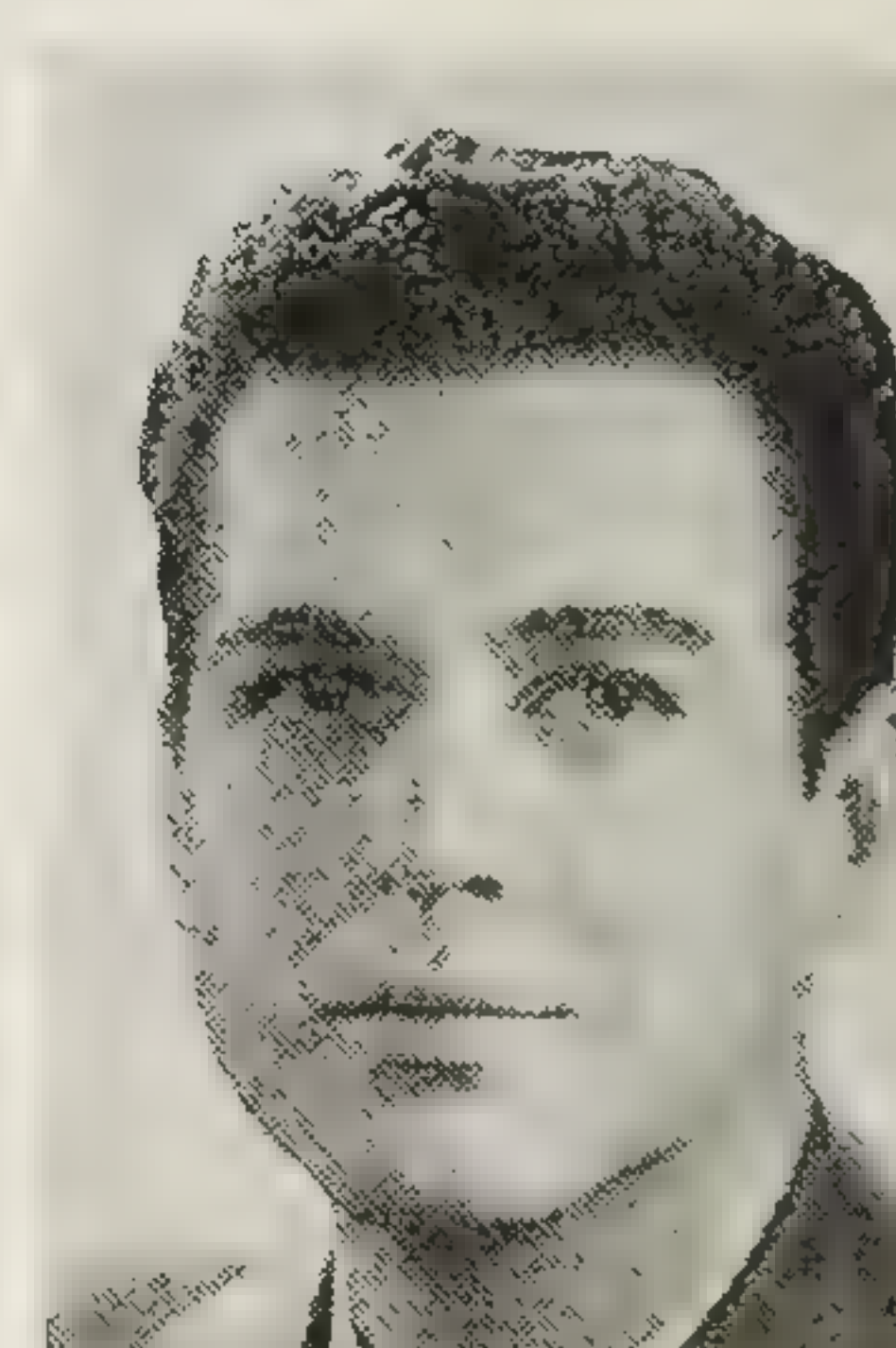
9. Dick Powell



10. Ray Milland



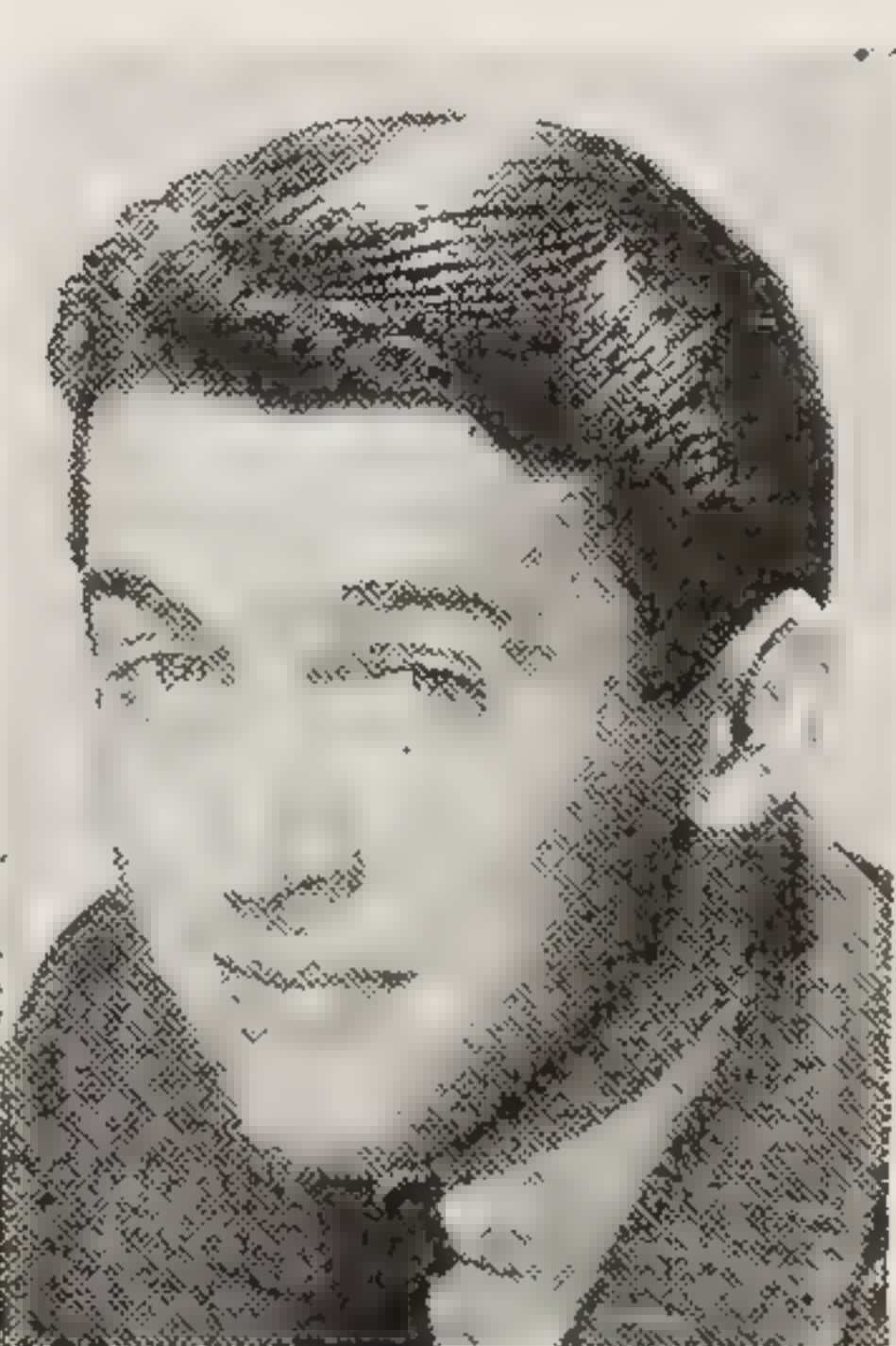
11. Wayne Morris



12. Michael Whalen



13. Sonja Henie



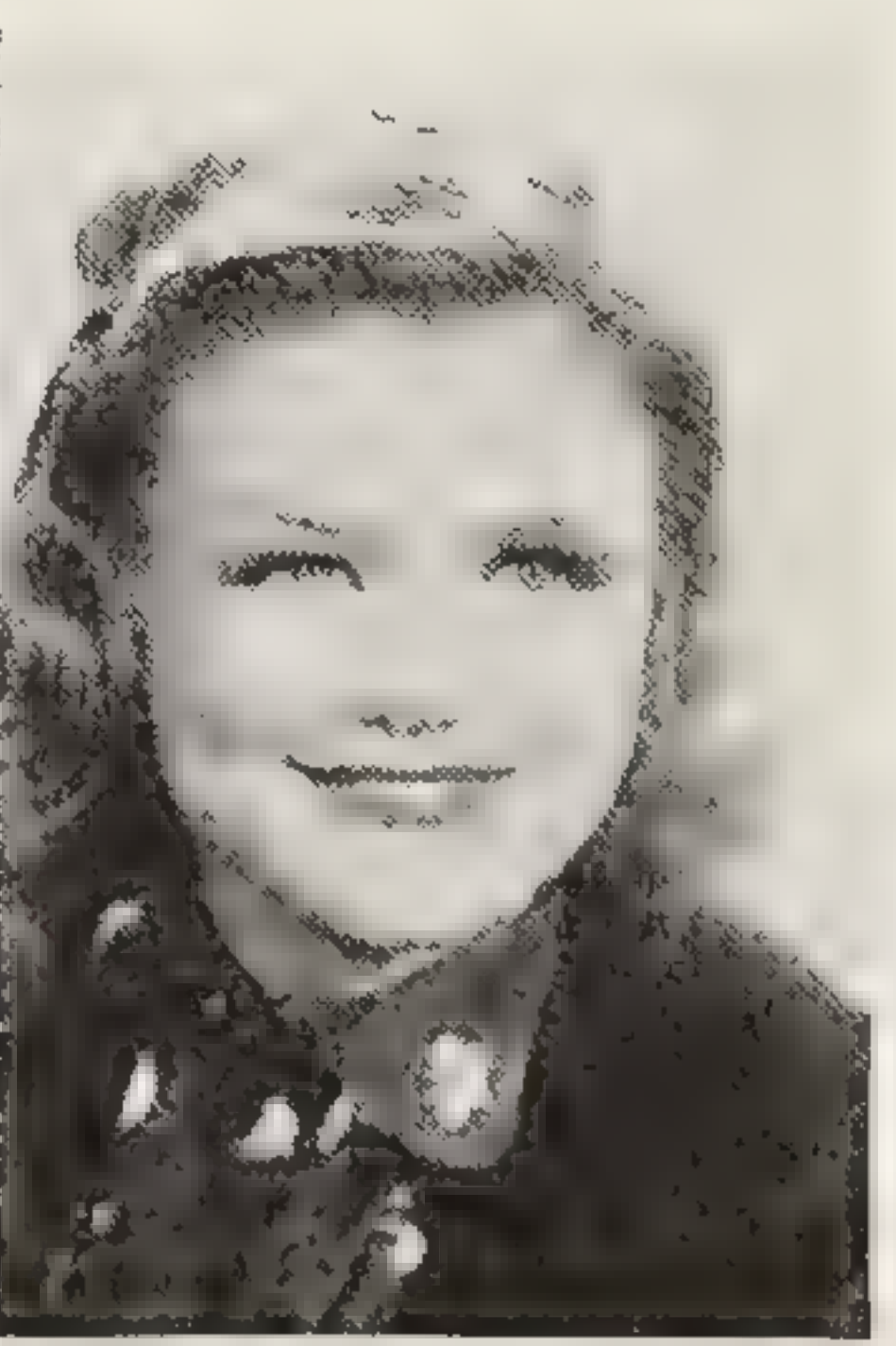
14. James Stewart



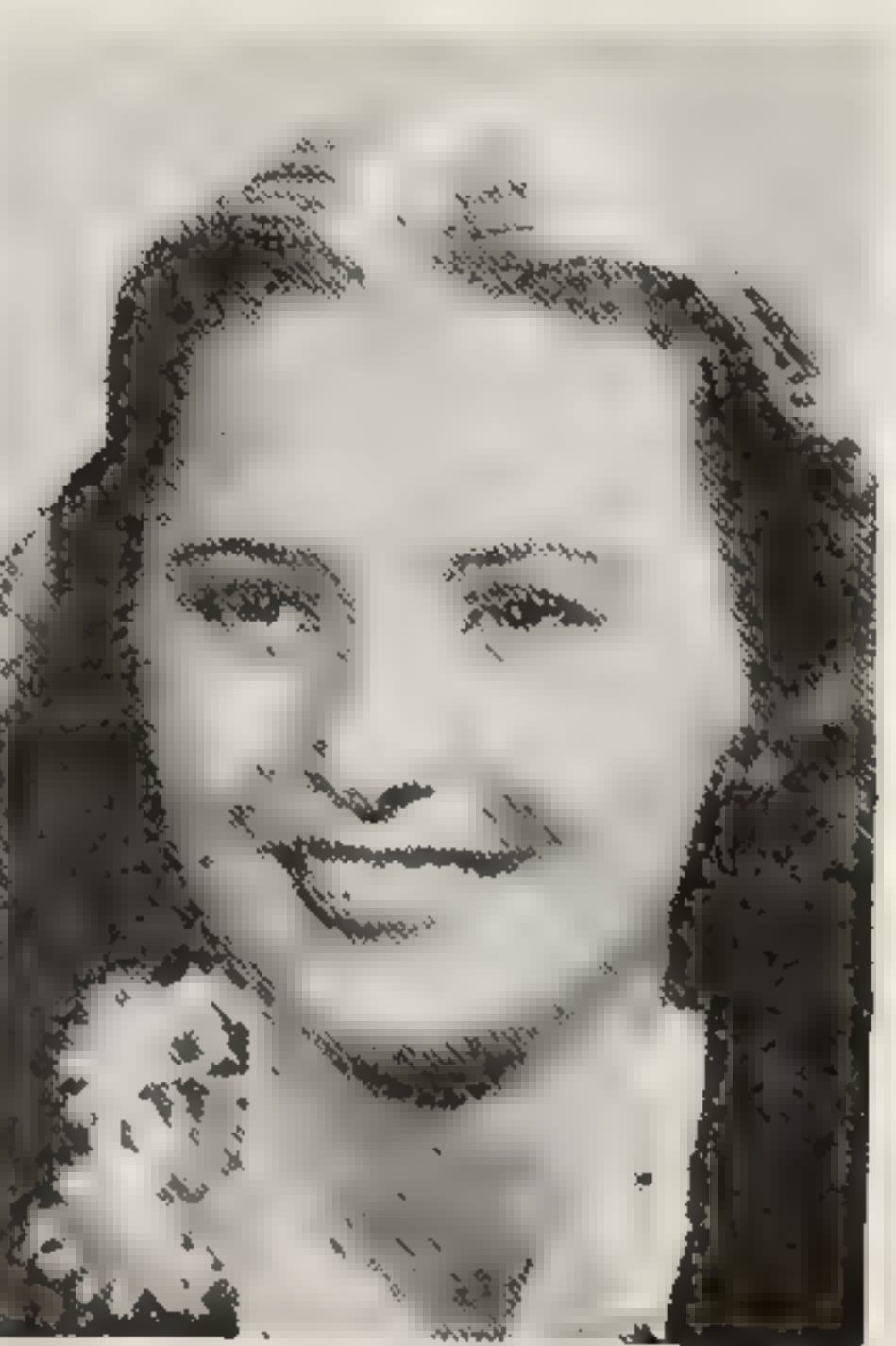
15. J. MacDonald



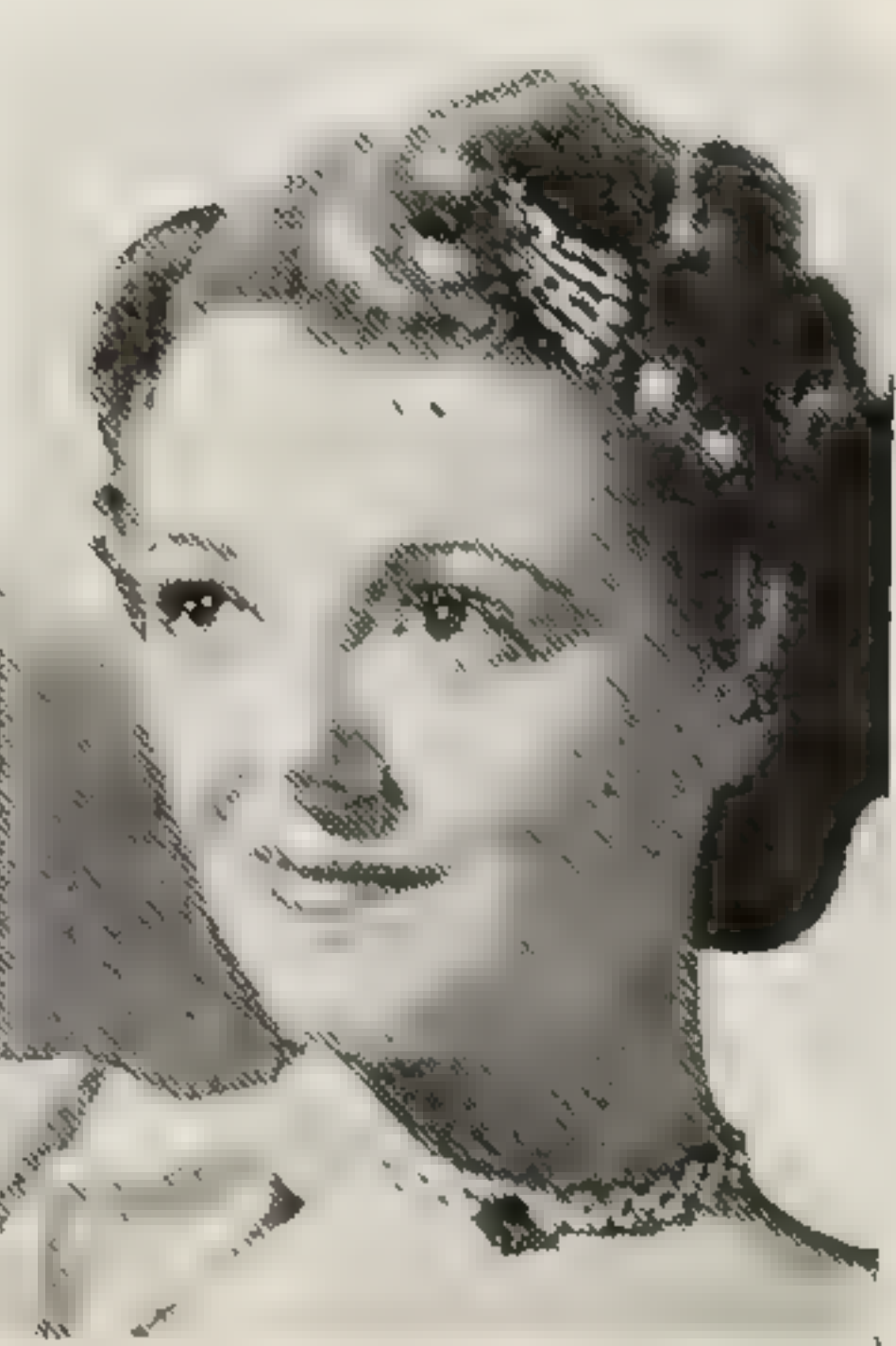
16. Loretta Young



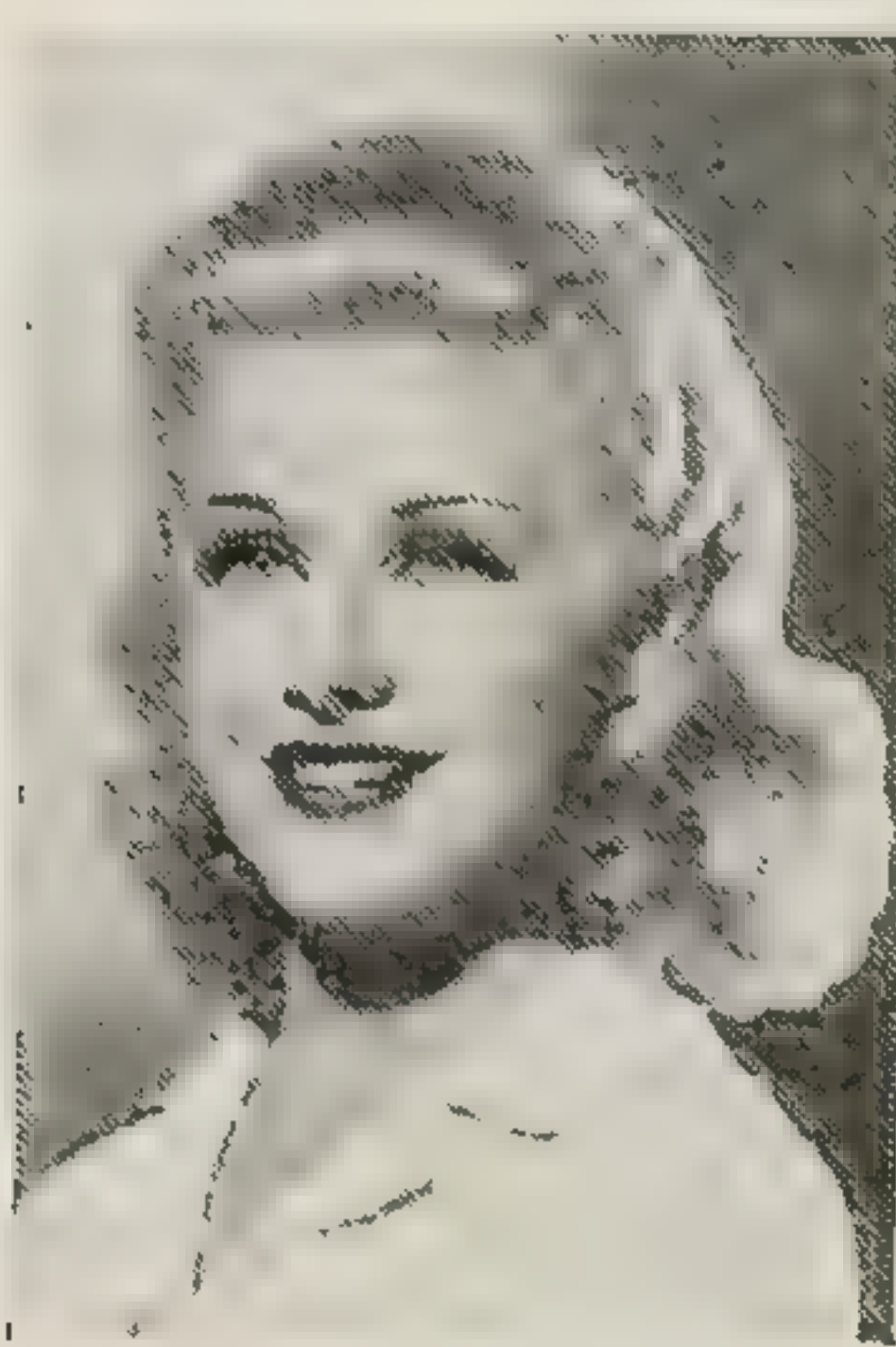
17. Simone Simon



18. B. Stanwyck



19. Janet Gaynor



20. Ginger Rogers



## Information Desk

(Continued from page 23)

**TEX RITTER** (First printing) No drug store cowboy, Tex Ritter. In fact, he was born and reared in Murvaul, Texas. In those days, he was known as Woodward Morris Ritter. It was during his school days that he adopted the nickname Tex, which has stuck to him ever since. During the years when he was acquiring an education he was not the least concerned with acting or singing, except for his own enjoyment. But while attending the University of Texas, from which he was later graduated, he began to sing his cowboy songs in public, making appearances throughout the Southeast and giving lecture-recitals on the Texas Cowboy and his songs. It was while Tex was attending Northwestern University in 1930 that he left to come East and appear in the Theatre Guild's "Green Grow The Lilacs," in which Franchot Tone was also featured. During the run of this production, he also gave similar lectures to the students of the Washington Square Branch of New York University. After the Guild production closed, Ritter appeared in a revival of the old melodrama, "The Roundup," in which he played the role of Sagebrush Charlie and received the best notices of the play. He then appeared in "Mother Lode," a play which ran for two years. But Texas was in his blood and after spending a summer at home, he returned to New York and became a featured star of the annual Rodeo at Madison Square Garden. As a result of his singing with the Rodeo, he entered radio, writing, singing and acting in his own program entitled "The Lone Star Rangers." His radio characterizations brought him to the attention of Edward Finney who signed him for Grand National pictures. He is six feet tall, weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds, has sandy hair, grey-blue eyes and an ingratiating smile. He isn't married.



**Elizabeth Morris**, Havershill, N. H. Gene Autry's latest picture is "Springtime In The Rockies."

**Lawrence Certer**, Norfolk, Va. Robert Montgomery has two children. His most recent five pictures include: "Trouble For Two," "Piccadilly Jim," "Night Must Fall," "Ever Since Eve," and "Live, Love and Learn," which is his latest release.

**Lucille Barbe**, Greenville, S. C., Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is very much in Hollywood these days, where he is making "Having Wonderful Time." His latest completed picture is "Prisoner Of Zenda."

**Beverly Como**, Lake Charles, La. Ask as many questions as you like and we'll do our best to give you the right answers! Kenny Baker was born in Monrovia, California on September 30, 1912. He's six feet tall and weighs 161 pounds. His eyes are blue, he has a nice disposition and no pet aversions. His favorite hobby is wood-chopping and his favorite sport golf. He's under contract to Warner Brothers but is now making a picture for RKO-Radio, titled "Radio City Revels." There, now, how's that?

**Robert J. Atten**, Irvington, N. J. Sorry, but we cannot give you Franklin Pangborn's home address. However, if you will write him in care of RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, California, he should answer your letter, particularly if he remembers you as an old friend.

**John Basile**, Chicago, Ill. "Too Many Parents" was the title of Frances Farmer's first picture. Dorothy Jordan gave up a promising picture career for marriage. She is now Mrs. Merrian C. Cooper.

**Louise Redfern**, Williamsburg, Penn. Kermit Maynard may be reached in care of Monogram Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He is thirty-five years old.

**M. J. Cairns**, Naugatuck, Conn. You will find a complete life story on Barbara Stanwyck, answering all your questions,

**I'M "STEPPING OUT" TONIGHT!**  
SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT  
CASHMERE BOUQUET  
SOAP...IT'S THE  
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TO AVOID  
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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED  
**CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**



# NEWS FLASH!

## Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

**NEW YORK, N.Y.**—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

*Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal*

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Maybelline  
Eye Beauty Aids**



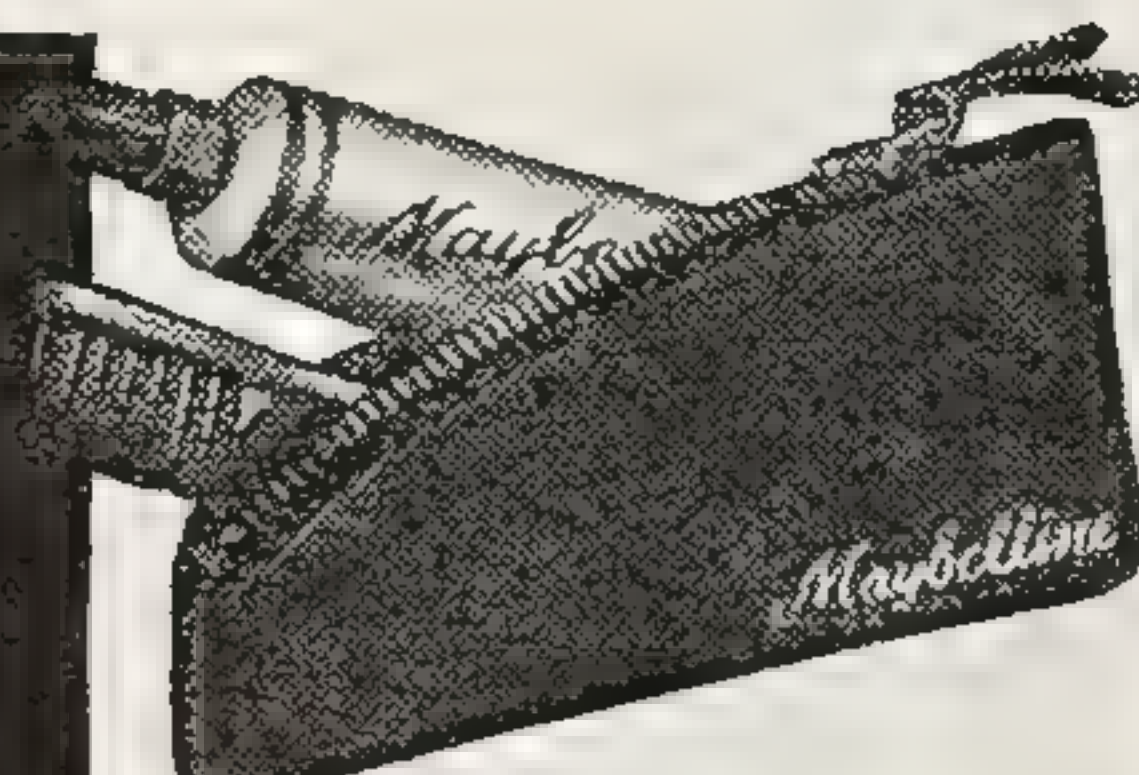
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 85c.



Maybelline harmonizing Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, brush, dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.



Maybelline Eye Cream guards against crows-feet, lines and wrinkles around eyes.



# Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Meet Marco Polo. If the original looked like Gary Cooper, no wonder he was a ladies' man!

in the November issue of Modern Screen. If you cannot obtain this through your newsdealer, write directly to our subscription department, enclosing ten cents and a copy will be mailed to you.

**Jack Royle**, Woodbridge, N. J. None of the stars give their photographs to fans free of charge. They'd go broke if they tried it! You must accompany your request with twenty-five cents for each picture you desire.

**Ella Kapelar**, Irwin, Penn. Sorry, but we cannot furnish the home addresses of any of the stars. However, if you write Gene Autry care of Republic Studios, Hollywood, Calif., he will receive your letter. Attention, Margaret Clevenger: This also answers your question.

**Freda Karlin**, Elizabeth, N. J. Send us a list of the specific stars whose studio addresses you want, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we will oblige.

**Bettie Ann Rippe**, Tuchahoe, N. Y. Too bad you've had to wait so long for this, but better late than never is our motto. Don Ameche is twenty-eight years old, is six feet tall, has hazel eyes and his hair is dark brown. We do not answer questions concerning religion in this column.

**Collis Duncan**, Tompkinsville, Ky. Leah Ray was the girl who sang the song, "One In A Million," in the picture of the same name. She used to be with the Phil Harris orchestra before going into pictures.

**Grace Mary Farnan**, Troy, N. Y. Johnny Downs was born in Brooklyn on October 10, 1913. He began his movie career as a child, working in Winkler comedies as well as Glenn Tryon and Charlie Chase pictures.

**Jane Park**, El Dorado, Kan. "Beams End" is the title of the book which Errol Flynn has written.

**Margaret Alexander**, Clarksville, Texas. You will find a directory giving you the information you desire in the June, 1937 issue of Modern Screen. Send ten cents to our subscription department and the magazine will be mailed to you.



# Her Comedy of Errors

(Continued from page 39)

them on to the family. There was Minnie in the picture, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and myself, taken five or six years ago, and we all looked appalling. We had our hair done in dips like scallops around our faces, and we looked too stupid. Minnie—that's Myrna, of course—wrote on it that she guessed that would take me down a peg, as it had her."

**I** CANNOT imagine her brooding over anything, because she laughs too easily. The sudden crash of anything from a perfume bottle to a budding romance would soon be just an item in her reflections that life is dizzy, unexplainable, swiftly-paced, and just too wonderful if you have friends to bolster up your confidence and can learn to laugh at your mistakes.

The qualities she most admires are revealed when she speaks of people she most admires. The words "gentle" and "sensitive" recur most frequently. Otherwise, she is worldly with a nice, lustrous polish over her private emotions. She seems able to add all the experiences of all the roles she has played to her own in real life. The answer, she finds, is, "Anything can happen, and probably will." She will try to take it in her stride, never let anything catch her off balance.

"Whatever you write about me, today, I hope won't be true by tomorrow," Loretta called back gaily as she rushed into the next room to answer the phone. "I want to be subject to change without notice. I can't stand the thought of getting in a rut, any rut," she continued briskly as she



It's not hard to tell that Clark Gable is still Carole Lombard's favorite boy friend! As for wedding bells, Mrs. Gable is supposed to have said Clark can have a divorce any time he wants. Mr. Gable says nothing.

sped back. "For a long time the studio thought of Young whenever a part came up that was pathetic and downtrodden. That was all right for a time. After all, 'Man's Castle,' where I was a waif, is by all odds my favorite picture. I loved every minute of it. I adore Spencer Tracy.

"Lately, I have had a lot of lavishly-dressed parts. 'Second Honeymoon' is a good picture, I think, but I don't want to do another dizzy comedy for a long time. I want to do a heavy costume picture—all big, tragic emotion. The studio officials point out to me that they have been in the business a long time and know better than I do what the public wants, but nevertheless, I want to go dramatic in a big way, and I'll keep harping on it until they let me have my way."

"Don't you ever worry about being typed as a clothes horse?" I asked, in memory of the tears that have been shed in my presence over the mean, old producers who wouldn't let gals wear rags and show their art.

"No," Loretta exclaimed explosively. "I adore clothes and I think people like to see me luxuriously dressed. I've had a string of pictures with lots of costume changes and my only regret is that I made some perfectly awful mistakes in selecting the clothes. In 'Wife, Doctor and Nurse' I thought my hats were grand and the clothes awful. The blame is all mine. I selected those outfits. But a lot of letters have come in from people who were crazy about the clothes I wore, so where am I? No matter how you look at it, I was wrong. Either in choosing those clothes in the first place or in later thinking they were atrocious.

"How could I be expected to guess right all the time? In the past five months in 'Love Is News,' 'Cafe Metropole,' 'Wife, Doctor and Nurse' and 'Second Honey-

## IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!

YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?

WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

### COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

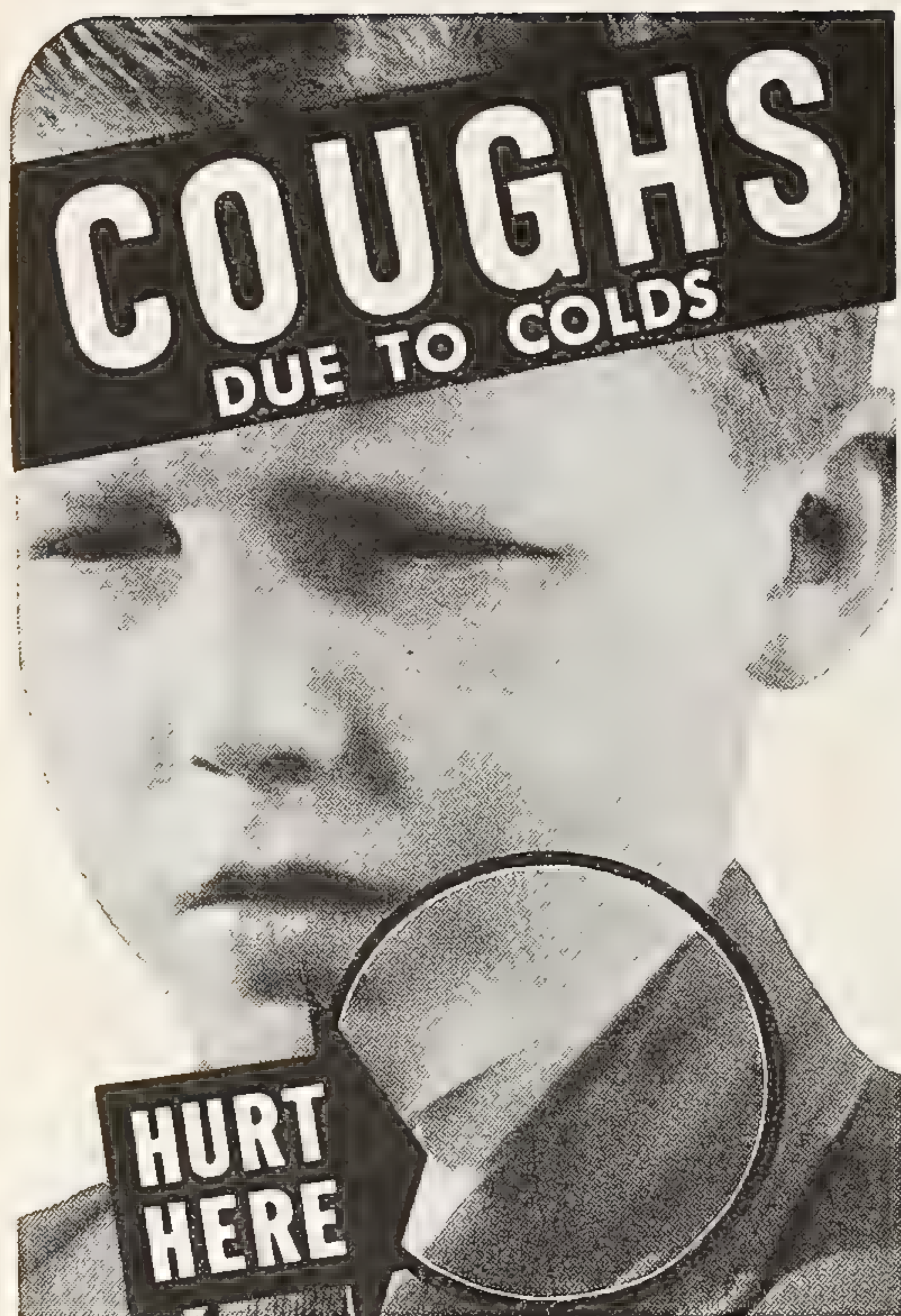
DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!







## TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged*...right in the throat. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.

**"IT CONTAINS  
VITAMIN A"**

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



**SMITH BROS.  
COUGH SYRUP**

**SORE SKIN  
DUE TO IRRITATION**

Smarting, tender skin promptly soothed and comforted by washing with Resinol Soap and applying Resinol Ointment.

**RESINOL**  
AIDS SKIN HEALING

moon,' I've had altogether about eighty outfits that were all supposed to be knockouts. That's more than the best-dressed women in the world expect to find in three seasons. And they do very little else."

"Shopping for my personal wardrobe is a simple routine. I go to the best shops and say, 'Have you anything so-extreme, so bizarre that no one else will take it as a gift? I'll probably buy it.' I'm so young and so skinny that extremes seem natural to me. Just wait until I show you what I am going to wear to the Horse Show."

Off she swooped to the next room, returning an instant later with the most spectacular coat you ever saw. A long princess affair of black duvetyn, soft as satin, heavily embroidered just to bolero length in heavy gold and jewel colorings. It looked very Persian, very like something a maharajah's favorite might wear.

"Everyone else seems to be wearing furs," she pointed out shrewdly, "so this should be different. I love furs—particularly monkey fur—but I've been wearing furs so much, I'll enjoy a change. And the monkey fur hat I got to go with a cape I have is so divinely mad, you just wouldn't believe anyone would wear it. That's where Young comes in.

OH, I don't see why you interview me," Loretta wailed in mock despair. "No one could learn anything useful from studying my career. I'm a freak attraction. Got into pictures when I was so young and studios weren't sold on years of training and experience. I've never had a voice or dramatic coach. I'd be afraid of growing stilted and unnatural. The fewer tricks of expression you have, the better I think. I never have to fight for my rights at the studio. If I read a part and don't like it, the directors out at the studio just say, 'All right, Loretta, go ahead and do anything with the part that is simple and natural, just don't ham up the script.'

"Most of my pictures have been mistakes, I think. When I look back at them, I think I never should have made them.

"My only complaint is that people are always harping on my youth. But that's my error. I suddenly realized a while ago that I've let myself be pampered, depended on others, my mother particularly, too much. Until I came East alone this time I had never bought a railroad ticket, or tipped a porter, or attended to any of

those little details that children can cope with.

"I can't expect other people to look on me as grown up when I do such awful things. You should have heard me being every inch the gracious hostess, lording it over Minnie Loy and Arthur Hornblow and four others I didn't know nearly so well. I told them my cook didn't mind staying in Thursday night, so wouldn't they dine with me? Then when Thursday came I was simply dead when I left the studio. Went right home to bed and had the second maid bring me supper on a tray. Of course, the cook was out. I'd forgotten to tell her there were guests. I'd forgotten it completely.

"But the guests came, probably just as tired as I was and much more hungry, and there was I as comfortable and relaxed as could be. All I could do was try to laugh it off and phone the Brown Derby to send over spaghetti and things that the guests ate in my room. All very uncomfortable for them.

"Oh, I'm the considerate guest, too. Sometimes I accept an invitation with real enthusiasm and then when the day comes sit around the house completely serene with never a recollection of having made a date.

"Maybe I should have a secretary following me around like a shadow making notes all the time, but I'd feel encumbered. Connie Bennett has someone do that for her and people adore her because she never fails them. It wouldn't be natural to me, as it is to Connie, to carry an entourage with me.

"I have a marvellous secretary, brought her over from England three years ago. When I have her phone someone to make a date, say for one o'clock, she gives the message, then adds, 'But you'd better not expect her before one-thirty or quarter of two.' That's how people protect me from my shortcomings."

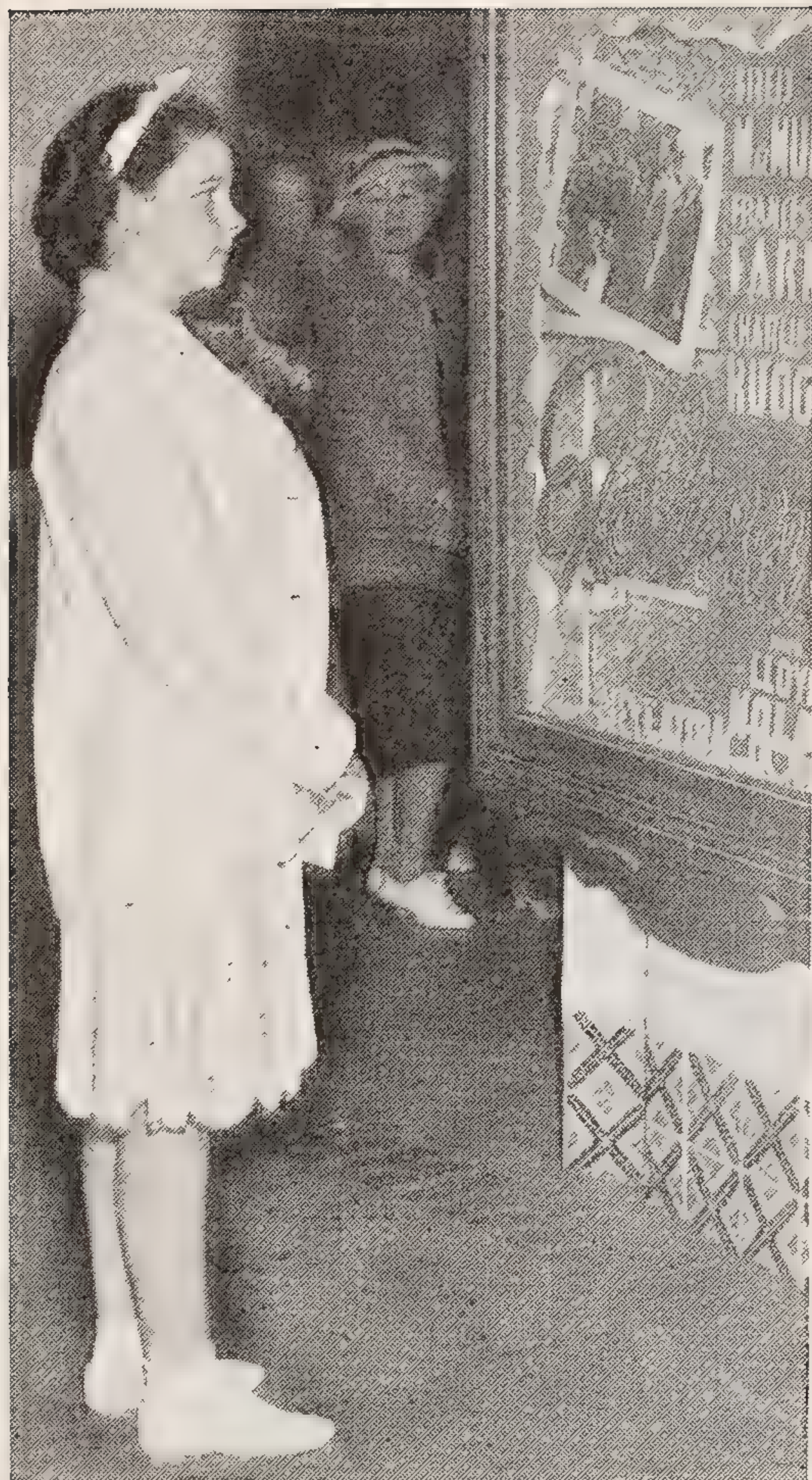
Loretta's secretary also keeps her supplied with clippings announcing her engagement to one person or another. She can work up a fine, white-heat fury over that because often she has never even met the man mentioned. But it evaporates in laughter shortly.

"Every once in a while," Loretta assured me, as we prepared to dash in different directions, "I think I'd like to be a part that I'm playing or someone I know who is greatly loved, but if it came to a decision, I'd rather be me."



Between scenes for "The Goldwyn Follies," Andrea Leeds likes to dash around in her speedboat.





Just like you and you, Judy Garland likes to look over the movie bill before she goes inside.

## Happy Though Married

(Continued from page 46)

make her over after he marries her. A man falls in love with a woman because she is never on time and this distracting habit, with its implications of helplessness, is what wins her a husband. As soon as they are married, he discovers that he wants an efficient wife who has dinner ready on time, meets him for the theatre at the exact hour, gets his laundry back on the dot. He decides to reform her. He does, but he finds he has lost the traits that he fell in love with, and is married to a stranger. The same thing happens to a woman in marriage. She reforms her husband and falls out of love."

Theoretically, he told me, he and his wife don't believe in marriage. Not as an Institution.

THE answer is that the young Douglasses weighed their problem well before they decided to wed. Did they want marriage? A lot of parental advice went into the decision. Miss Gahagan comes from a large and solicitous Irish family. Father was an engineer; mother, Lillian Mussen Gahagan, came from a musical family. So, for that matter, did Douglas. His father was Edouard Hesselberg, Russian pianist and teacher. Actor Douglas was christened Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg, but bobbed it to Melvyn Douglas for marquee fitness. He comes by his last name honestly. On his mother's side of the house, the Kentucky Shackelfords were descended from the Scotch Clan Douglas.

As for marriage, Mother Gahagan wasn't so sure about the permanence of her actress daughter's feelings for her new stage leading man in Mr. Belasco's "Tonight or Never." This was in 1930. She knew Helen was Irish and tempestuous. About the young man, she was more sure.



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No Bunchy Pads, Sterilized  
Completely Dainty**

WOMEN who must always look their very best before the public have adopted a new, modern way of sanitary protection. Entirely hidden.

No more betraying pins or belts, no bunchy pads. Cashay—the new sanitary protector—is worn internally.

They look so small and soft—almost like a powder puff. You can hardly believe they're effective. But Cashay is spun in a special way, of finest cotton and surgical gauze. By



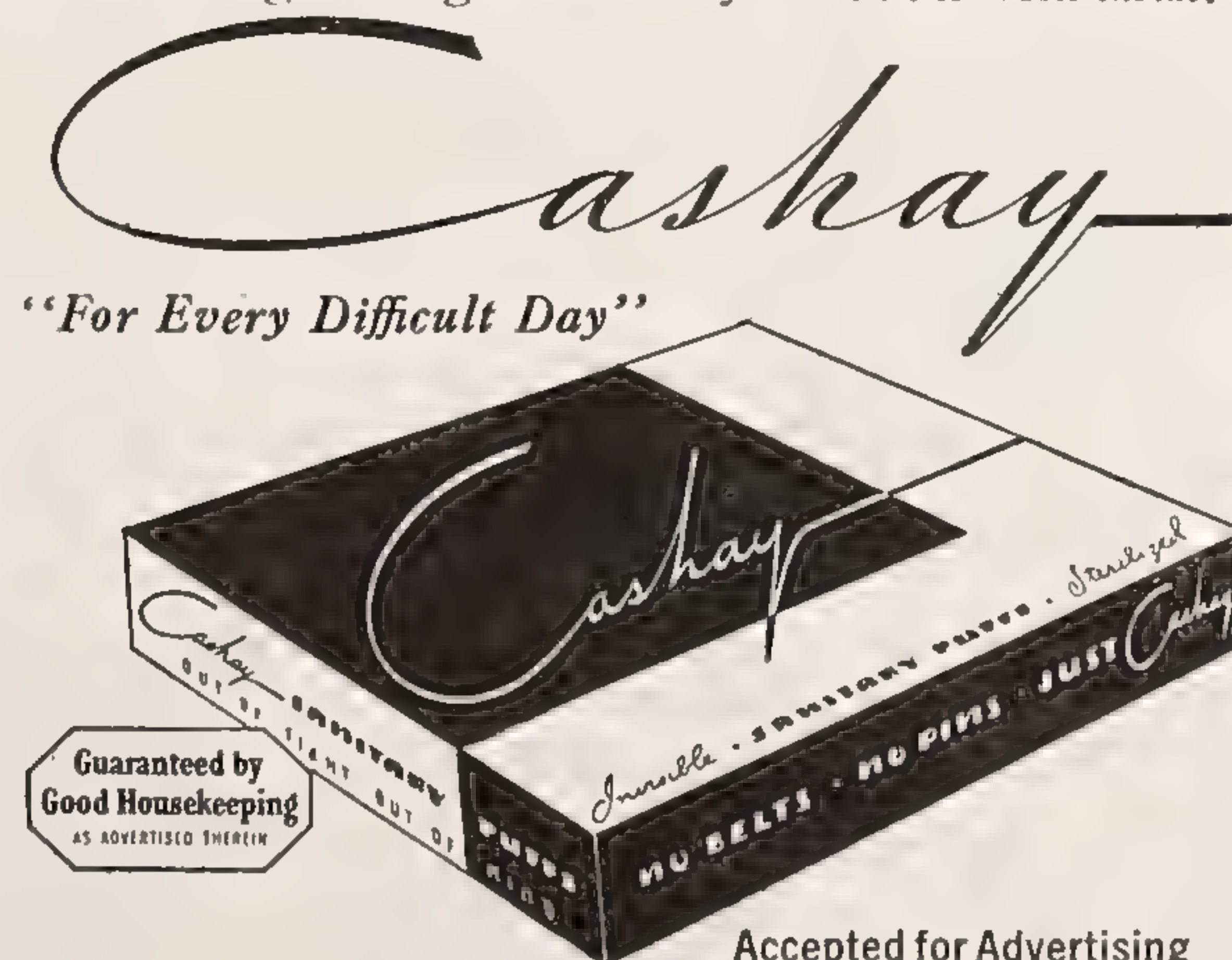
Cotton tampon . . . soft as down but highly absorbent . . . is worn inside.

actual test, each little tampon is 40% more absorbent in use than one of those bulky pads you've been wearing.

Completely dainty! And comfortable! Once properly in—Cashay fits perfectly. Can't embarrass you by getting out of place. No chafing.

Cashay is actually more sanitary . . . scrupulously, surgically clean. Each Cashay is wrapped in Cellophane and sterilized after wrapping.

You'll never go back to the old way, once you've used Cashay. You'll be so enthusiastic about Cashay—as actresses, sportswomen, college girls are. Only 35¢ a box at drug, department stores—also in a 10¢ box at 10¢ stores. Booklet free!



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Send me 1 box of 12 CASHAY. I enclose 35c. ☐

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ACCORDING to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least *two* colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help . . . use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

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- 2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
- 3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

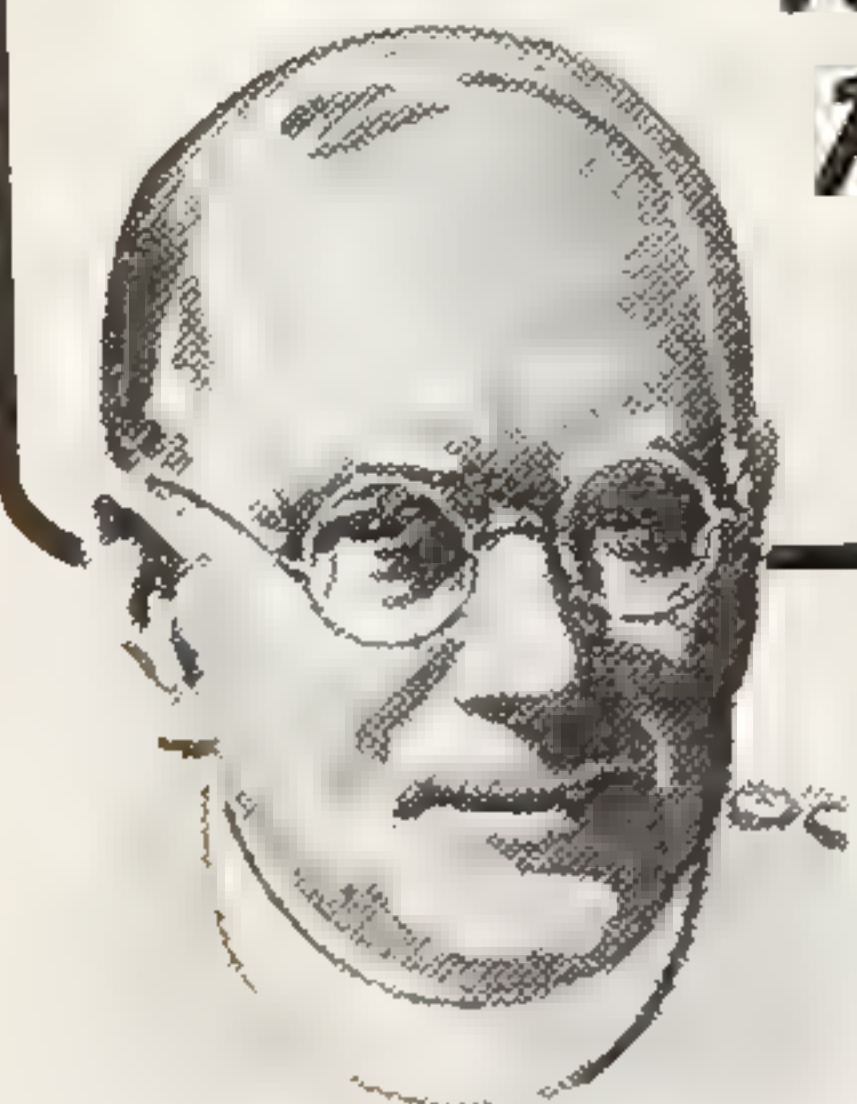
Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

# EX-LAX

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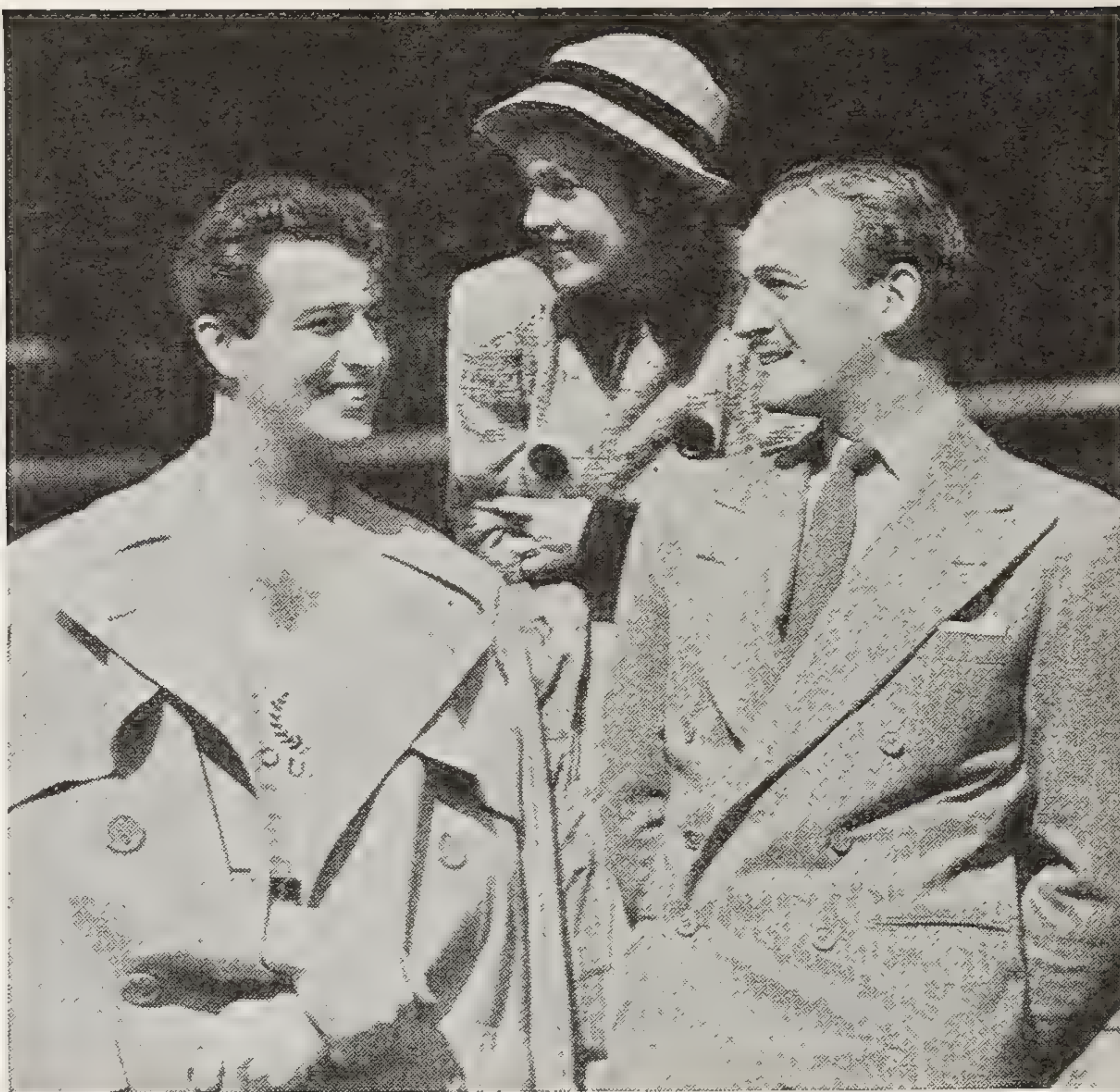
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GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH  
YOU MUST DO YOUR  
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Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, 219 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

**Forhan's** DOES BOTH JOBS  
**CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS**



Old home week in England. Bob Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan and David Niven get together on location for "A Yank at Oxford."

He was thirty-ish, had been married once before, had knocked about in stock and touring Shakespearean companies, was educated in Canada, a year in Germany, and the various American United States. She liked his topaz eyes and the blend of features left him by his Russian-Scotch ancestry. He had a substantial air about him. He knew what he wanted. He wanted Helen.

The Gahagans, romantic and Irish, worked themselves into a fine lather about Helen and Melvyn. "It's a big family, and given to conclaves," says Douglas, remembering. "Half of the relatives were very splendid about it, in the English drawing-room fashion. They declared a heavy romance would be better and if our love survived, then we should marry." It was Mother Gahagan, the reactionary, who turned the tide toward marriage. Well, it was a grand wedding, on Easter Sunday, 1931. Dr. S. Parks Cadman performed the ceremony in Helen's Brooklyn home.

Quite unorthodox in his thoughts, Douglas surprises by being a staunch supporter of old-fashioned conventions. But not for the reasons which the reactionaries might want. He is all applause, for instance, when it comes to formal manners and customs, standardization of the routine things of life. He'd like to see America with an accredited set of manners and modes, as, say, France and Japan have. There would be no bother about a lot of things, like wondering if social custom dictates white tie or black on certain occasions, and whether formal dinner rules couldn't be stretched to include butter and a hunk of bread.

"If we only had a set rule of conventions," says this otherwise unconventional male, "we could devote much more time to the free functioning of our personalities and getting more out of life."

Coming back to the subject of when is a husband justified in batting out the brains of the missus, he says that too many professional marriages hit the reefs when an actress-wife dictates her mate's career policy instead of maintaining a friendly interest on a strictly hands-off basis. The same thing applies to the man of the house if he tries to steer his actress-wife's career.

The Douglasses are remarkably civilized in this respect. When Mrs. Douglas had an opportunity to sing at Salzburg in Austria this year, Douglas let her

go with regret, of course, because she had already been absent from their Hollywood home for months to appear in a Theatre Guild production in New York. But he accompanied her to Paris (and immediately returned for picture work) without an argument. If she thought her career would gain lustre by a summer in Europe, he'd be the last one to complain. And when a certain Grade A cinema charmer asked him to accompany her to a premiere, in her husband's absence, and Douglas went, Mrs. Douglas understood. It's part of their marital blue print. Besides, Mrs. Douglas actually likes it when her husband admires beauty in concrete or abstract form.

It's probably this tolerance in his wife that makes Douglas set so high a value on personal privacy. It's not the privacy of the bath or the joint use of his pet razor that he thinks of when he speaks of privacy, but a mental and spiritual freedom. Like most humans, he treasures that secret spot in his consciousness to which he and his thoughts can retire. Mrs. Douglas understands that, and demands no explanation.

"What I don't like to hear," says Douglas, reverting to an earlier theme, "is husband and wife insulting each other across a dinner table in the presence of guests, and sometimes hosts. I can't understand it, unless it is that they have grown so bored with themselves that it doesn't make any difference what they say to each other. And they don't care who hears. But why can't they reserve their comments for their home? Why do they have to inflict their boredom on others? They think it's amusing and smart and modern, I suppose, but to me it's bad manners, any way you look at it."

Another reason, and the last, for sharpening the meat cleaver, is when mutual interest dies, thinks Mr. Douglas. He doesn't mean when the joys of the honeymoon wane, but in those later months and years, when double harness trotting becomes a routine. Music and the theatre, as he has said, should keep the Douglasses from knowing the dry-rot of mutual disinterest, but if the large winged house, or the new rambling Mexican farm-house they intend to build, becomes too small for them, Douglas can always borrow a boat and spend a few days on the bounding main. And though he and his wife don't think marital vacations are necessary, they *do* feel there's nothing like a little absence now and then to make the heart grow fonder!



# On the Spot

(Continued from page 41)

raced back to the two other meetings we had had; the first, five years before, in Chicago, when interviews were new to him and it was difficult for him to talk; the second, about two years later, when news of his marriage plus his wife's threatened suit had crashed the headlines.

His initial screen success had gained such momentum that, due to the pressing crowds of autograph seekers he was literally held prisoner in his dressing-room at the theatre where he was making a personal appearance. Then, too, he had been uneasy with words, uneasy and nervous and strained.

Now all the tension was gone. He spoke well. He has gained poise. He has developed a sense of humor. He laughs at himself. For example:

"When I left on this trip, the studio said, 'Will you do us a favor?' And I answered, 'Well, I won't kill myself!'

"But the favor practically killed me anyway," he said. "It was to make a personal appearance in Boston, two performances. Little did I know what I was in for.

"At Worcester, while I was still in my berth, a group of reporters boarded the train. No one had told me in advance, or I would have been ready. I had to dress hurriedly and see them. This meant skipping breakfast.

"In Boston, instead of two personal appearances, I was obliged to make six, for which work I didn't receive a nickel. Between appearances, I was guest at a luncheon, and as I prefer milk and raisin cake

to a lot of fancy food and cocktails, this meant more starvation for me. In the late afternoon I had to do an impromptu fifteen minute radio broadcast. On the way to the station, our police escort bumped into another car, and he is *still* in the hospital with a fractured skull. In spite of the shock of this accident, we went right on to the broadcast.

"That evening, instead of letting me rest and have dinner, they drove me to the hospital to have my picture taken with the hurt policeman. I thought this was ridiculous. I hate forced publicity. It looks silly. And does no one good. Anyway, I was on the go for nearly twenty hours straight and without food. I've been in bed ever since."

But Raft had been out for awhile the previous day. To a Fifth Avenue toy store to buy a clown suit for Virginia Pine's little daughter. There he was mobbed by the delighted shoppers. We talked about the Pine child.

"I suppose," he said, trying to be fair, "anyone is crazy about a kid he sees all the time, but honestly she has such personality. You never saw anything like it!"

VIRGINIA'S daughter calls him Daddy. She saw "Souls At Sea," and told a friend that she cried and cried because Daddy died. But she added quickly, "It was only make-believe."

And George Raft's friendship with this little girl certainly proves that in spite of his hard-boiled, Broadway night club training, there is a warm sweet side to him, a side that is developing more and more.

Take the house he is building. "I hope they won't fire me before it's paid for," he said with a wink. "It's a love nest. I wanted to give it to my mother, but the very day the builders started, she died."

There was a frantic signaling from the doorway. And an abrupt, "Excuse me." The Killer was once more in our midst.

"You gotta get up," he said. "You got an appointment."

So I said goodbye. And I wished him luck. "Maybe things will smooth themselves out. You deserve a break."

"I hope so," he groaned. "This trip was certainly a flop." And suddenly remembering the Yankees' sweeping baseball victory, "You see, besides everything else, I bet on the Giants!"



Can Rosemary Lane be poking fun at Dick Powell? It's an off-stage moment on the "Hollywood Hotel" set.

## New Cream brings to Women the Active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin applied direct to the skin healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond's started research on what this vitamin would do for skin when put in Pond's Creams. Today—you have its benefits for *your* skin—in Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream. Now this famous cream does more than smooth for powder and soften overnight. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer.

*Same jars, same labels, same price*

Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars—same labels, same price. Use it and see how it helps your skin. The vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not "irradiated." But the actual "skin-vitamin."

"HELPS SKIN  
IN MORE  
WAYS THAN  
EVER!"



Mrs. Eugene du Pont, III

"Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off flakiness and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem so much finer, my skin clearer and brighter."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! Test It In 9 Treatments!

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-V0, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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MORE THAN  
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BASE

NOW A  
NOURISHING  
CREAM, TOO



# It is hard to believe that Feminine Hygiene



can be so dainty, easy  
and Greaseless

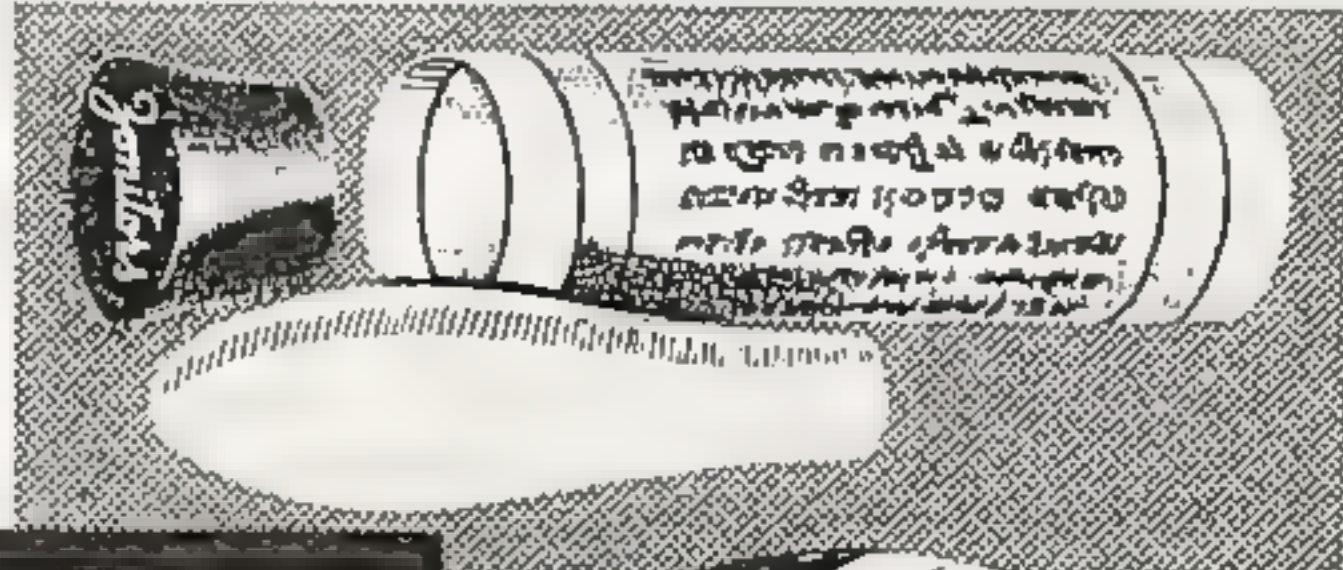
**BUT IT IS TRUE.** Zonitors, snow-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easy to use but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

• More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors, for modern feminine hygiene.

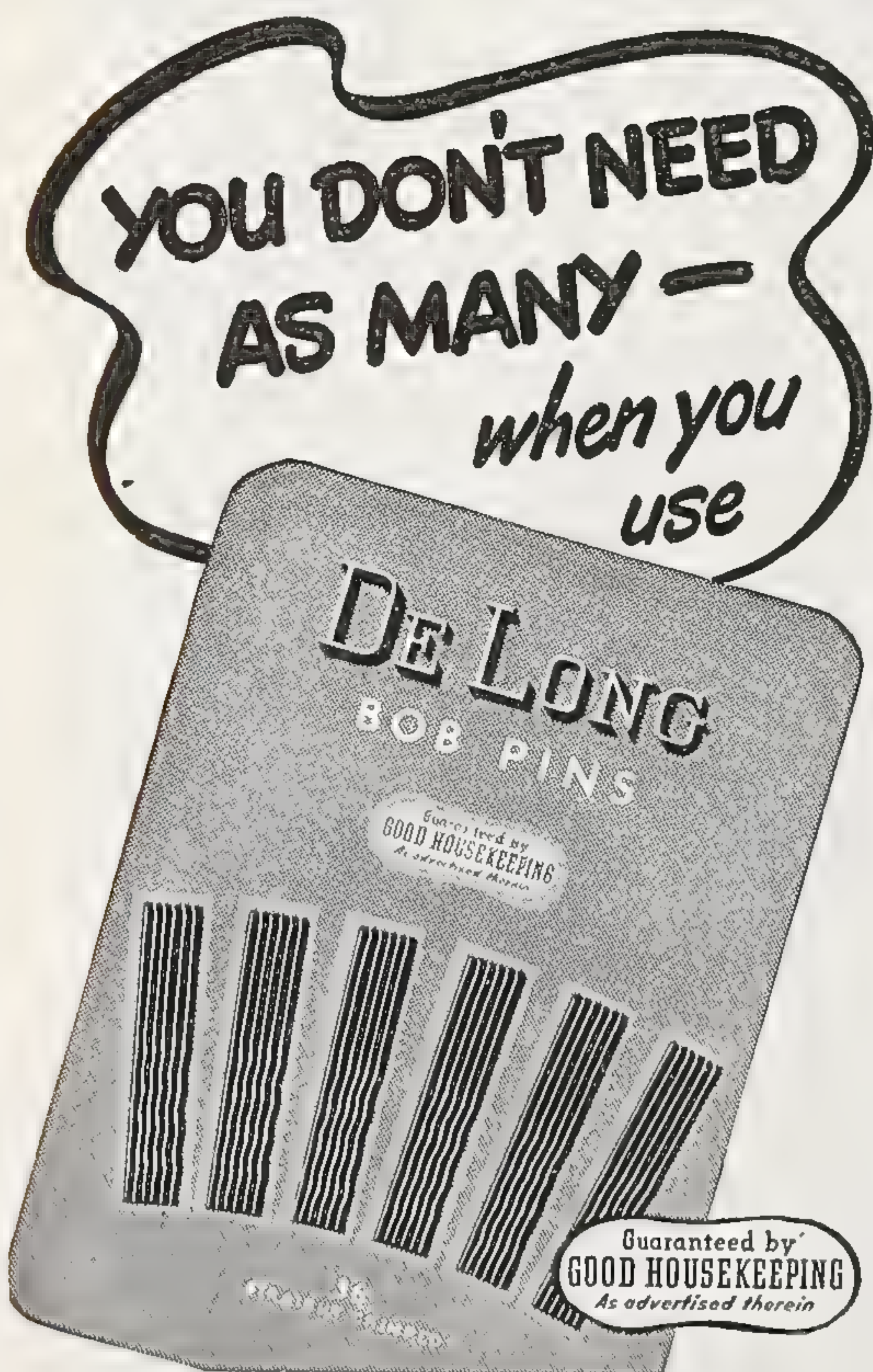
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Each in individual glass vial.



**Zonitors**  
FOR  
FEMININE HYGIENE  
A Zonite Product



## ALICE FAYE PUTS PLENTY OF "UMPH" INTO HER RENDI-



"Who Killed Maggie?" Alice Faye takes the stand!



"Sure, I'll speak the truth and nothing but."

### Tony's Wife

(Continued from page 33)

she did. Little by little, her dependence on him grew until one day it was borne in on her that, with Tony away, she felt lost. It came as a kind of original discovery.

"I guess that's how you ought to feel about your husband," she told her astonished self, and for the first time entertained the notion that this friendship might end in wedlock.

They were invited to spend a week-end at the beach home of a friend. That night they walked along the shore in the moonlight, and Alice said "Yes."

Then the exultant Tony refused to be put off.

"We ought to wait till I finish the picture," said Alice.

"You don't even start till next week. Then there'll be another and another and another—let's do it now."

"Mother's in New York. We ought to wait till she gets back."

"She won't mind if you're happy. I'll make you happy, Alice."

There was something in the way he said it, that made further resistance unthinkable.

Back in town, Alice phoned East to her mother.

"Are you positive and sure?" Mrs. Faye asked her.

"I'm positive and sure."

"Then go ahead—and bless you both."

They boarded the plane for Yuma, landing under a sun that blazed as the sun can blaze in Arizona. Alice was frankly indignant. "I wanted to look so nice at my wedding," she wailed, "and I'm all withered."

As for Tony, he was probably unaware of heat, clothes or the ground under his feet. Standing before the judge, his legs shook like a couple of saplings in a gale. "Repeat this after me," said the judge. And Tony, in a daze, repeated it after him and forgot to stop.

"In the name of the state of Arizona—" intoned the judge.

"In the name of the state of Arizona," said Tony obediently, blind to the judge's violently negating head.

"I now pronounce you man and wife—"

"I now pronounce you—" Then Tony recovered a measure of consciousness, and slipped the ring on Alice's finger.

"I don't feel married," she laughed a little shakily, engulfed in her husband's arms. "It went so fast—"

They had only time for breakfast be-

fore catching the plane back to Los Angeles. On Monday, Alice was to start work in "You're a Sweetheart." They took an apartment. With no time for domestic duties, Alice gratefully left the menage in charge of Tony's Filipino boy, and reported to the studio. Tony wasn't working at the moment, so a normal day ran something like this.

The bride would leave the house at 6:30. Tony would generally drive out to the studio to lunch with her. Sometimes he'd spend an hour or two on the set. Sometimes he'd watch for a moment, call, "So long, honey," and disappear. With movies, a radio program and recordings on their minds, they were both under something of a strain. Alike in intensity, drive and absorption in work, Tony's sixth sense would tell him when his presence would help and when it would distract Alice. Sometimes, after she'd done a particularly difficult scene, he'd drop down on the arm of a chair without saying a word; or let fall a casual, "We'll go out to the beach tonight and just sit." She'd go into her next scene, refreshed by the prospect of a restful evening ahead.

Always he'd call for her at night and drive her home. "Would the Mrs. like to dine out?" he might inquire.

"No, if the Mr. doesn't mind."

This method of referring to themselves they've taken over, with secret delight, from the household staff. To their Filipino and to Alice's maid they became the Mr. and Mrs. by common consent on their wedding day.

"The Mrs. likes your cooking," they overheard the maid say.

"I am glad," the Filipino replied. "If I please the Mrs., the Mr. will also be pleased."

"That's us," whispered Tony in high glee.

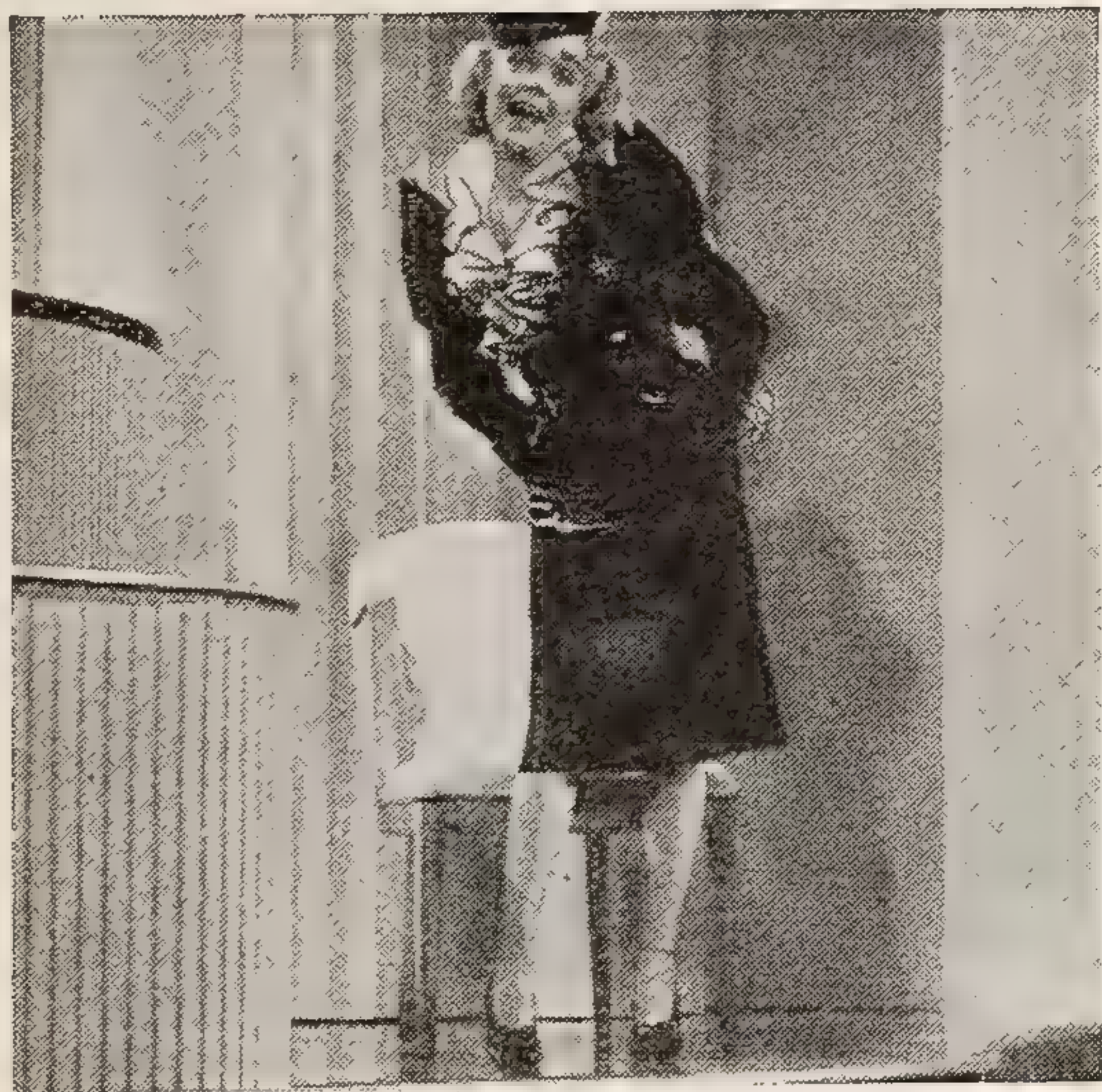
With no honeymoon and little leisure, they haven't had much chance for that adjustment to marriage which the books tell us is so necessary. They have instead, a sober awareness of the problems of marriage, rare in two so young.

"I married Tony," says Alice, "because I liked the way he was. I suppose I can go so far as to say the same for him. We share enough interests to give us plenty to talk about. If he likes some things I don't, and the other way round—well married or not, we're still two separate people."

So when Tony goes off on Sunday morn-



# TION OF "WHO KILLED MAGGIE?" BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER IN "YOU'RE A SWEETHEART"



"I was home with Ma that night, so there!"



"I'll have you know I'm an honest working girl!"



"So now you know as much as I do about it."

ing to play golf—a game Alice has no interest in—she settles contentedly down to being a golf widow while he's away. "After all, I spent Sunday mornings without Tony for a good many years. Why should I let him give up something he enjoys just to hold my hand? That's kid stuff. And it sounds as if I were handing myself an orchid I don't even rate." A gleam of laughter flitted across her face. "Because I don't miss him. I sleep till he gets back."

And if Tony views with alarm his wife's habit of going breakfastless to work, he doesn't nag her about it. "Sure I think she ought to eat more. But I figure it this way. She did pretty well for herself before I came along. Why should I barge in with improvements? My ambition's to be a husband, without being a pest."

They made one other agreement—never

to read the gossip columns.

As Alice describes it: "Suppose I'm working, and Tony's off for the day. Suppose I have lunch with someone in the commissary. I might not even think to tell him about it, any more than I'd think to tell him I had my nails done. One's just as much a matter of routine as the other. Then suppose it appeared in the paper. Tony might get sore—not at me, but whoever put it in. So we just don't read the columns."

If this sounds far-fetched, consider an experience Alice had when she visited New York after her marriage. A reporter approached her in the lobby of the hotel, his face drawn in sympathetic lines. "Too bad about you kids," he sighed. "Too bad it couldn't have lasted longer."

"What couldn't last?" cried Alice.

"Oh, come now. I know you're here for a divorce."

She gasped, opened her mouth, then closed it tight and turned away. "Two months," she commented drily, "and they're after us already. If I'd denied it, he'd have printed the denial. This way at least, there was nothing to print."

Neither she nor Tony is making any large statements. They refuse to be photographed in ecstatic attitudes, they refuse to burble, "This is for life, this marriage."

"Too many people have said that and then gone on the rocks. We're not asking or making promises. We're not singing, 'Will you love me in December as you do in May?' We love each other now. If we make a go of it now, December will take care of itself. We're trying, and that's the best we can do."

Joan Bennett with Henry Fonda in Walter Wanger's success, "I MET MY LOVE AGAIN".

"**CULTIVATE  
CHARM  
IN YOUR HANDS**"

says

*Joan Bennett*  
(Walter Wanger Star)

"IF A GIRL wants to play romantic parts in the pictures," says Joan Bennett, "she finds soft, smooth hands a great help. I think every girl should cultivate charm in her hands for the sake of her own real-life romance." It's easy to have charming hands—if you use Jergens regularly!

## Hands need not Chap and Roughen ...when Lotion GOES IN

IT'S WORTH WHILE to care for your hands—prevent ugly chapping, redness and roughness that make them look so old.

Constant use of water, plus exposure to wind and cold robs hand skin of its beauty-preserving moisture.

But Jergens Lotion replenishes that moisture, because this lotion sinks

into the skin. Of all lotions tested lately, Jergens proved to go in the best. Leaves no stickiness! Contains two famous ingredients that many doctors use to soften and whiten harsh skin. Jergens is your shortest cut to velvety, young hands that encourage romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or \$1.00 at any beauty counter.



## JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

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**SPOTS  
AND STAINS  
VANISH  
WITHOUT  
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• GONE are the days when cleaning toilets was a nasty job. SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to do this job. No scrubbing. No scouring. No smelly disinfectants. Just pour a little of this odorless powder in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush away filth, stains, rust. Porcelain sparkles like new.

SANI-FLUSH even cleans the hidden trap that no other method can reach. Toilets never smell. Germs are killed. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



**Sani-Flush**

**CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING**

Have your movie questions  
answered by  
**The Information Desk**

## Oh Boy! How Grand I Feel

"NOW I know there IS a difference in the way laxatives work since I used the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating."

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

**Without Risk** try NR. Geta25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.



**NR TO-NIGHT  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT**

**FREE:** Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 124-B, St. Louis, Mo.



From the look of things, Cary Grant's lighting up for a session.



Now that he's all set, anything can happen, and probably will.

## Complainin' Cary

(Continued from page 37)

hero. But a dog can cock his head and make a sap out of you.

A dog sticks out his paw or waggles an ear, and he brings down the house. A man sticks out his paw and who the deuce cares? He waggles an ear, and they tell him, don't be silly. Silly, my foot. When a man waggles an ear, he's really accomplished something. It's unfair discrimination against the two-legged. By the time you're through, that dog's given you an inferiority complex and a split personality and a couple of hydrophobias.

"And that's not all he does. He's one of these blinking reformers. He's not satisfied to let you be yourself. He wants you to be Bill Powell. All right, if you don't believe me, ask Leo McCarey. Ask Irene Dunne. Ask Skippy.

"We had to do a close-up together in 'The Awful Truth.' An emotional close-up, looking into each other's eyes. Well, that pooch wouldn't look me in the eye. We coaxed him, we reasoned with him, we fed him peanuts. He kept staring straight at my upper lip. This went on for days. Finally, you know how it is, you start getting self-conscious. I'm not one to go round bragging about my upper lip, but it's no worse than others I've met. I certainly didn't see why the dog should get personal about it.

"One day McCarey claps his hand to his brow and yells: 'I've got it. He's lonesome for Bill Powell's moustache.'

"'Maybe I could borrow it,' I said.

"'No, Bill's in Europe. Looks like you'll have to grow your own, Cary.'

"'That's easy,' I said; 'compared with what you'll have to do. Just shoot the whole picture over.'

"So they go into a huddle with the dog, tell him I'm really Bill Powell with the moustache shaved off. He doesn't believe it. Finally McCarey whispers something in his ear. That does the trick. He bounds over, looks me in the eye and they shoot the close-up.

"McCarey wouldn't give the secret away. But one day when Skippy was off-guard, I asked him suddenly: 'What did McCarey say?'

"'Harry Cohn,' says Skippy.' (Harry Cohn, be it mentioned, is the boss of Columbia, at whose nod mountains tremble.)

"That covers the wild-life hazard. I haven't had time to classify the others yet. So with your permission, I'll lump them under miscellaneous.

"I was never seasick till they rocked a

boat under me on dry land in ' Sylvia Scarlett.' They had to make sure it was realistic enough. That's where the ocean scores. She doesn't have to worry about the box office take.

"I never fainted till a fellow breathed garlic into my face in 'When You're in Love.' Realism again, plus the director's idea of a sweet little rib. Or maybe he thought I hadn't temperament enough to pretend I smelled garlic. My head reeled, but the boy stood on the burning deck through the reek of fumes. In other words, I fainted standing up. Try that on your bazooka some time.

"I never had rigor mortis till I went into 'Topper.' I don't know how they worked that disappearing act. All I know is that Connie Bennett and I had to stand like a couple of flagpoles in the wind for twenty minutes at a time while something happened. If we breathed, they had to do whatever it was they were doing all over again. So we didn't breathe. When it was over, they cut us down and carted us off in barrows to be thawed out.

"There's also the danger of being identified with a part you play and can't live up to. Pick me a choicer occupational hazard than that one. Some day when I can afford it, I'm going to hire a writer to supply me with off-screen dialogue. You go into a picture that crackles with brilliant lines. Then you go to a party. 'Oh, there's that clever Cary Grant. He pulled off some of the cutest cracks in his last picture.' So they stand around and wait for you to crack cute. You yell, 'Author, author,' but he's at some other party. You pull your own cracks or you don't pull any. Either way you lose.

"Of course, you can argue that my being an actor doesn't make me any dumber than I'd otherwise be. But if I were the milkman, the contrast wouldn't be so marked. As long as I outsmarted the cows, they'd think I was terrific.

"And that brings us to the final danger." His lashes lifted, and a curiously level glance shot from his bright brown eyes. "The danger of getting your values wrong."

**BY THIS** time you're geared to a mood where you're likely to look behind his soberest statement for its comic intent. I was startled to find that there wasn't any.

I was in for a second shock. "I'd give this all up for peace of mind," he was saying. "Money's important to peace of mind,





Whatever goes on, Cary isn't just sure whether he likes it or not.

But it's all right now and Mr. Grant can let go and smile.

I grant you. A moderate amount. More than that doesn't matter. What do you do with it? Buy a bigger car. But that doesn't steady the ground under your feet.

"Doubt away," he said. "Sure, I'd rather have both. But if I *had* to choose between all this on the one hand, and on the other, a home and children and someone to love and love me, I'd choose the home, et cetera, without thinking twice. There is no choice. One way your life's full, the other way it's empty."

"Do you plan to do something about it?"

His face turned dreamy. "That's another weakness actors suffer from. They talk too much."

The girl he refuses to talk about is Phyllis Brooks. You saw her in "You Can't Have Everything," "In Old Chicago" features her still more prominently, for

her studio is grooming her for stardom.

She's the first girl whom Cary has been seeing steadily since his marriage to Virginia Cherrill went on the rocks. It's no secret to his friends that the failure of that marriage hit him hard. Being a normal young man, however, with no tendency toward anchoritism, he began going out presently with this girl and that. The point is, it was always this girl and that.

It was never the one girl, that is, not until, fresh from her New York triumph in "Stage Door," Phyllis Brooks came to Hollywood. She has been described as a blonde with a brunette personality. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, her face is demure in repose. But in smile or speech, a vein of quick humor lights it up so vividly as to give it an almost gamin quality, all the more piquant by contrast.

For six months now, she and Cary have been inseparable. Neither dates anyone else, "They never seem to run out of fun," one of their friends commented. "They start laughing the minute they get together, and they never stop."

**M**ARRIAGE, they decline to discuss, at any rate, where the press can overhear them. Otherwise, they're frank in their preference for each other. They hold hands at previews. They sat in the gallery to see "Dangerously Yours," in which Phyllis appears. The second feature happened to be "Topper."

"Let's stay," Phyllis begged.

"But you've only seen it three times," protested Cary.

"I don't care," said Phyllis. "I love to watch you disappear."

After her last birthday, two new rings, a diamond and a ruby, graced her hand.

"Did Cary give you the diamond?" some enterprising soul asked her.

"The diamond's from my mother," she smiled, with the faintest possible emphasis on diamond. Whom the ruby was from remained undivulged.

But there's no guessing about her new vanity case with its ruby clasp and its inscription engraved in the donor's own handwriting: "To Phyllis from Cary."

Not long ago, a radio gossip announced that they would be married within two weeks. Asked to verify or deny the statement, they replied: "Mmmph!" Interpret it as you like.

The gossip was wrong. Two weeks and more have passed, and they're not married. But they're still inseparable. Maybe they haven't made up their own minds. Maybe they're just not ready to tell.

Faced with a pointblank question, Cary flashed his faunlike grin, "Guess," he said, "that's *your* occupational hazard."

# DON'T BE THE GIRL WHO HAS TO TELEPHONE BOYS



THEN LOIS TOLD EDNA HOW SHE OFFENDED OTHERS BY PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS.

EDNA BEGAN LUXING HER UNDIES DAILY. NOW...

OH, MISS EDNA, THEY'S BEEN A LOT OF CALLS FO' YOU! MISTAH ROY—HE CALLED FO' FIVE TIMES!



DON'T WORRY, HE WILL CALL AGAIN!



## Avoid Offending

Girls who want to be popular never risk "undie odor." They whisk undies through Lux after each wearing. Lux takes away odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali—these wear out precious things too soon, often fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

**LUX undies daily**



## Emancipating Madge

(Continued from page 47)



**You'll have  
more fun when  
the SKIN is clear  
from WITHIN**

**N**O MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



English girl to play the role of Agnes. When I asked for a chance, they laughed and told me to remember I was the college girl sweetheart, the typical American girl.

**I** USED to sit in my dressing-room on the lot and hear them testing girls. Girl after girl. Practically everybody in Hollywood and many from elsewhere. Finally I went to David Selznick and said, 'Please, won't you just give me a test? Everybody else has had one. Just a test, at least.' Well, he did and I got the role, but I never could have, if I hadn't practically begged for it.

"I got the role, but do you think that changed my luck with picture assignments and I was given a chance to do anything else out of the ordinary? Others on the lot were given chances at strong roles, but not I!

"I loved doing 'Piccadilly Jim' and the reactions were good, but that, too, seemed to have no bearing on my future.

"So, a month ago, when I was called in and told I was to do a musical at Republic on loan, I rebelled. It was just another blah role and I'd had all I wanted. I bought up my contract and by so doing bought my freedom.

"What the future will bring, I don't know, but I am having a marvelous time being myself for a change. I'd like to do a play on the New York stage, if I could find one, because, of course, it was from the stage I went to M-G-M and I love the theatre."

From the publicity copy which has been released about Madge, you probably remember her best as a child star in films and as the little girl who posed for those well known soap advertisements when just two years old.

She actually was a child star and her first full length film was "Sudden Riches" directed by Emil Chautard, with Robert Warwick as the star. She also played kiddie parts with such favorites as Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love and Holbrook Blinn. All these pictures were done in the East at Fort Lee, New Jersey. She continued these child parts for seven years, studying with private tutors between engagements. At thirteen she was John Barrymore's leading lady in "Peter Ibbetson" and then when fourteen, she played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates."

Then came the stage, one of the happier periods of her professional life. She did stock in the East and in the West. She remembers coping with unexpected sound effects in the form of fruit trains rumbling by the little summer playhouse at Milford, New York. Says she:

"During the harvest season, you'd get as many as half a dozen trains in an evening. The playhouse was near the railroad track and when a freight rumbled by, you couldn't hear a word from the stage. So we adopted the simple expedient of quickly flashing out the lights, leaving the house in darkness until the last fruit car pulled around the bend. I remember one night we had a dreadful time staging a shooting scene in 'The Bad Man.' Just as the leading man would pull his gun and get ready to shoot up the place, here would come a train, and out would go the lights."

She looks back with fond recollection on eighteen weeks spent at the famous Ellitch Gardens, in Colorado, where so many fine actors and actresses had their start and where it is still considered an honor to get an engagement.

She was on Broadway in such plays as "Conquering Male," "Dread," "Our Beters," "The Marquis" and George Kelley's "Phillip Goes Forth," which was the play that attracted the attention of M-G-M.

What manner of gal is this new emancipated Madge Evans, who at this writing hasn't yet a job?

Meet Madge as I did, in such a setting as a fashionable Manhattan hotel, frequented by the loveliest and best dressed women of New York, and you are struck instantly by her beauty.

**S**HE has a lovely, finely chiseled face, clear blue eyes, a sensitive mouth. She talks quietly but she neither minces words nor does she go overly-dramatic. She gives you a feeling of confidence in herself and her ability. As a matter of fact, Madge Evans is a whale of a good actress, is recognized as one.

Says Una Merkel, who is some shakes of a comedienne herself: "Madge is a wonderful actress. Put her into comedy and she has few peers. She has a gift for it. I love to play with her."

It is the Merkel girl, one of the real honest-to-gosh people in Hollywood, who is Madge's best friend.

Once upon a time, the studio, whooping up a little more of this synthetic aroma about Miss Evans, tried to whoop up a feud between the two girls. A whispering campaign was started which went like this:

"Watch those two dames. Sure, they are pleasant to each other's face, but there's real rivalry and jealousy between them. Two comediennes! Did you ever know it to fail?"

With less well-poised individuals, the feud and the ensuing gossip might have started something akin to dynamite. But Madge and Una laughed the unpleasant story off, and gradually the rumors died down.

Madge's boy friend is Tom Gallery, tall, quiet Los Angeles prize fights promoter and one-time husband of Zazu Pitts. They have gone together steadily for about four years and while they have never admitted an engagement or plans for a wedding, it is generally accepted in Hollywood that some day they will take the marriage vows.

Although Madge refuses to talk about her feelings for Tom to anyone at all, even her best friends, those who know her well, think that she is very much in love. She has dates with Gallery several times a week. They have been seen attending church together of a Sunday and he is at her home many evenings a week.

**O**NE story in Hollywood is that their marriage has been postponed because of Gallery's pride, that he wants to make his own pile and be financially independent of a movie star wife, before he asks her to be Mrs. Gallery. Another legend is that they are already married.

Whatever is true, you can rest assured that the Evans-Gallery combine is not another one of those publicity-concocted romances. Tom gave Madge a yellow sports roadster a few months ago and it was six weeks before the news leaked out and then inadvertently, as to the name of the giver. Madge has positively refused to let anything synthetic creep into her personal relations. More power to her. And let's hope the period of emancipation from gooey roles and pictures works wonders for her professional career, for that gal definitely has something on the ball.





This may just be a scene from "Love Is Where You Find It," but George Brent and Olivia de Havilland find it nice to be together, off the screen, too!

## Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 21)

Perhaps, however, Grace does not want to share the honors with Nelson. If this is true, then she is the loser, because, although she may not realize it, there are still plenty of people who have never seen her—and many of them might be followers of Nelson's. So how about teaming them? What do you say, fans?—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter

#### Putting Arkansas on the Map?

In the December issue, Grayce Higginbotham said that the "antics and so-called witticisms of Bob Burns are nothing short of treason to our state." Her beliefs are certainly unfounded. I, speaking as an out-of-state person, know that we don't look down on Arkansas because of him.

Instead of being treason to the state he has put it on the map. People didn't know anything about Arkansas but now, at least, they know it exists. Grayce, you don't seem to realize what it means to have the tourist trade Bob Burns has brought Arkansas. Appreciate him while you've got him because if and when he gives up movies, you will fall back into oblivion once more.—Marilyn Norbeck, Minneapolis, Minn.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter

#### Burnt Up

I have just finished reading "M'Lady Minus Make-up" in December MODERN SCREEN and to put it mildly, I'm burnt up.

I'd like to treat myself to a few choice cuss words, but being a lady, I won't, but who the blank blank does she think she is? I'm referring, of course, to Rochelle Hudson and her conceited remarks about what a successful actress she is, how popular she is with men and what an understanding husband she's looking for. I also resented her remarks and her poking fun at "a cottage small with roses round the door and babies on the floor." She admits that girls don't like her. All I can say is small

# How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

## BLACKHEADS?

YES..... NO.....

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

## DRY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

## COARSE PORES?

YES..... NO.....

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

## OILY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

## TINY LINES?

YES..... NO.....

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines before they grow into wrinkles.

## DINGY COLOR?

YES..... NO.....

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

### Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads .....

Dry Skin.....

Oily Skin .....

Coarse Pores.....

Tiny Lines.....

Poor Color.....

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(39)





## DO YOUR EYES HAVE "it"?

• Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KURLASH in a few seconds curls them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only \$1 at all good stores.



Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. 5, and receive free a complete personal color chart and booklet on eye make-up.

THE KURLASH COMPANY  
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

# Kurlash

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What a mighty job a little nickel can do when a cold has you by the throat. Cure it? No. But

**BEECH-NUT**  
**COUGH DROPS**  
BLACK OR MENTHOL

can give blessed relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.



Publicity romance in the making. A couple of stars happen to attend a preview together, or have lunch or go dancing and, instantly, the columnists have a news flash. It's love . . . they'll be married any edition. That's what happened to Wayne Morris and Eleanor Powell, but don't believe the rumors.

wonder they don't.

I surely think lots less of Rochelle for saying such things. Does she think all that bunk is sophistication? Phooey to her from me!—Wilma Smith, Ashland, Kentucky.

### Bits From Your Letters

"Firefly" is a sad flop here, and many feel cheated at seeing the vocally restricted and uninteresting Allan Jones get a better singing and acting part with MacDonald than Eddy had in his nineteen minutes in "Maytime." How did he manage it?—

Carolyn Jacobs, Corpus Christi, Texas. I have just had the pleasure of seeing Basil Rathbone in a picture where he wasn't a stepfather or a wife murderer. What a joy! — Marjorie Willmott, Bridgeport, Conn. Why all the squawking about double bills? I have been in motion picture houses in many parts of the world and have yet to see either ropes or chains on the seats intended to keep the patrons in them.—N. Kitchler, Mexico City, Mexico. I nominate Sonja Henie for the Queen of Masculine Hearts. So come on fellows and cast your votes for the little Norwegian froken of the ice skates.—Talley Jackson, Liverpool, Texas.

Boost your screen favorites by voting on the following fifteen questions right now. The results of this important questionnaire will be published in an early issue of Modern Screen. Fill in the coupon (please print) and send it to: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. My favorite actor is.....
2. My favorite actress is.....
3. Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" should be played by.....
4. The screen star I like best on the radio is.....
5. Most handsome man on the screen is.....
6. Most beautiful girl on the screen is.....
7. My favorite cowboy star is.....
8. Most promising screen newcomer is.....
9. My favorite child actor is.....
10. My favorite child actress is.....
11. I'd like to meet this star.....
12. I like the double feature program (Yes).....(No).....
13. I'd like to read a Modern Screen life story of.....
14. The best picture I saw in 1937 was.....
15. The worst picture I saw in 1937 was.....

My name is.....  
Address.....  
(City) (State)



## Midseason Pick-Me-Up

(Continued from page 8)

minute, looking into the future with her dashing scarf of red-white-and-blue, which forms a sort of vestee down the front of her dress. A piece of the same fabric is pulled through the crown of her bright red sailor hat and tied at one side, in back. Bright suede gloves and a plain dark purse complete this lovely picture.

The striped scarf can be draped in several different ways, but it can also be removed and others of different fabrics and colors substituted, so that the dress may be worn for afternoon with a scarf—vest of gold or silver lame, or for less formal occasions with a gay plaid or bright suede scarf.

Now, some of you may think that the girl who goes out and buys herself a winter suit as late in the season as January or February is slightly off her base and belongs in the psychopathic ward—that she's just plain nuts, in other words. But, if you're the least bit economy-minded, you'll see that there is a smart ulterior motive behind this apparent lack of the old grey matter.

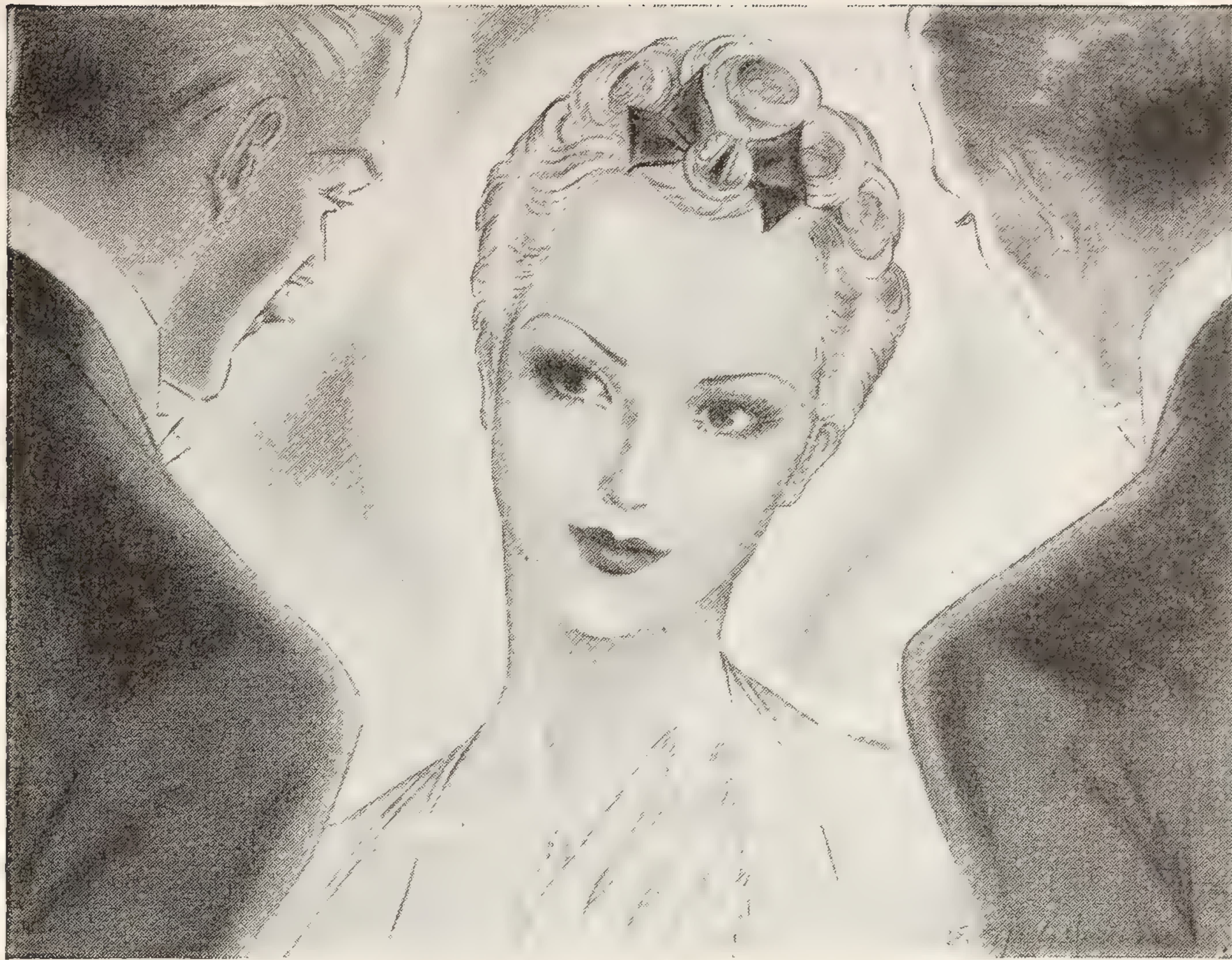
For this is the time of year when winter coats and suits are put on sale, and you can find some wunnerful bargains if you shop carefully (and have any money left over after the financial strain of Christmas gift-giving!). You can wear your new suit for the remaining weeks of winter and in the still-cool days of early Spring, and then put it away fresh and clean for next winter, when prices will again hit the top, and you'll be so thankful you got your winter suit the end of last season.

**G**REY is tops with Hollywood's brunette contingent. Dorothy has chosen this grey cape suit as a perfect foil for her lustrous blue-black hair, fair skin and violet blue eyes.

Made of novelty grey kasha, the cape is lined in grey crepe and trimmed in grey Persian lamb, which also fashions the smart jumper and muff. The short straight skirt is also of grey kasha fabric, and her perky hat is of grey suede. Her touches of color on this costume are found in her bright blue antelope gloves, and matching bright blue slippers.

Skirt lengths being so very important at this moment, you have undoubtedly noticed that the skirt of this smart suit is quite far from the ground. Well, it looks as though the short skirt for daytime wear is here to stay—for a while, at least. And this means that we must pay particular attention to our hose. More unforgivable than ever is the sin of the twisted seam, the wrinkled ankle, the stocking that's too tight at the knee. Your hose must fit you perfectly if you're going to be well turned out from top to toe.

So I know you'll be glad to hear that there's a stocking that's made in all sizes imaginable, for short or long, plump or thin legs. All the problems of leg sizes have been carefully studied and a very comprehensive selection of sizes has been worked out. You lazybones who hate to shop will be glad to know that your shopping is greatly simplified, for all you have to do is phone for a representative, who will call upon you at your home, take your individual measurements, and order the proper sized hose for you in the newest Spring shades! If you would like to know how to secure perfectly fitting hose this easy way, just write Ann Wills, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New



## The Glamour Girl APPRECIATES THE ECONOMY OF THE NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK



\*1st STEP  
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP  
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP  
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP  
Rinsing off completely.

**T**HIS beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It's ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it's almost magical in results!

*\*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.*

**H**OW FIRM—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.







# ZIP Plastik-Vapor A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION RUB IN AND INHALE FOR COLDS

Sold at  
good stores

## ZIP Liquid Vapor NOSE DROPS

To relieve congestion of nasal mucous membranes. Just a few drops gives immediate comfort. Large Bottle 10c

## LARGE JAR 10¢

Don't delay At the first sign of a cold rub on the chest a liberal quantity of ZIP Plastik-Vapor. In this way you help to relieve congestion in the throat and chest. By inhaling you relieve congestion in the nose and bronchial tubes. Get your jar today. You will be surprised at the large quantity of this meritorious product for only 10c.

## SENSATIONAL! The 4-STAR HIT of the season...

### RUN-R-STOP

This compact little purse-size tube is saving women money. It's halting that most exasperating enemy of attractiveness—stocking runs. RUN-R-STOP stops runs or snags permanently—carry it with you. Look for the HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY that protects tube in purse. Only 10c—ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores. GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as advertised therein.

### RUN-R-STOP

Camille, Inc., 49 East 21 Street, N. Y. C.

## TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR  
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. \$1.35, for sale everywhere.

ADDRESS for FREE SAMPLE, Dept. M. Feb., '38.  
State original hair color  
Brookline Chemical Co., 79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

## FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

York City, and I'll be glad to give you full information.

And now, to get back to the subject of pepping up the jaded wardrobe. Get yourself something new—anything will do, be it a new frock, hat or shoes, or a new set of accessories. If your new pur-

chase is a big item like a dress, then you must be careful not to get one that is too extreme in style, for you will undoubtedly be starting out with it next Fall. See that it's your type of dress. Don't get it just because it looks well on a famous star or an internationally-known duchess.

## Beauty Problems of "In-Betweens"

(Continued from page 49)

still get away with handicaps that make a girl miserable. Guess it's still a man's world. But, never mind, darlings, go on and have a good time while you're waiting for the skin to turn to satiny smoothness.

Begin right now to drink, as soon as you get up, a glass of hot water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it and a dash of salt added.

Be sensible about sleep. That's a funny statement, but I'll explain it. In the early teens, a great number of things are apt to crowd in upon us women. We're no longer little girls who are told to get to bed by eight. If we use the honorable old excuse of homework, we can get away with staying up till all hours. Fact is, at this age, if we have a great many activities on our minds, we discover that we can get along with very little sleep. That is, we think we can. I did it. Bed at two, up at five. Cramming for an exam. Staying overnight with my best friend, talking till three. Occasional parties, but the Ancient History 2B must be skipped through afterwards. I lived on so little sleep—woof; it would kill me to do it now. And, ladies, it isn't a good idea. You don't feel the reaction right now, but you will feel it later on.

I don't believe in an out-and-out strict diet for young folks. I think they need plenty to eat and when they're hungry, they should eat. But they can't eat everything they want to. Candy, pies, etc., are out if your skin is bad or your figure fat. They're not to be indulged in overmuch even if you're thin. It would be well if ice cream were served as an occasional family dessert and candy used as an after-dinner sweet. Then allowances could be spent for movies or MODERN SCREEN or manicures, and not for magoo at the drug-store.

**Y**OUR mama is right when she tells you plump sisters that it's largely baby fat and will, probably, go away. But there's always that "probably" which leaves an element of doubt, so you should concentrate on vegetables, fruits, lean meats and fish. Eat plenty of these sensible foods. And you can exercise all you please. Keep your stomach muscles firm while you're young, and you won't have to worry about a bulging middle later on.

There's nothing better than this exercise: lie on the floor, with your arms behind your head, or crossed on your chest—anywhere where you won't use them to assist you in doing the exercise and so ruin the effect. Bring your legs up to a right-angle position with your body, heels together, knees straight. Do it slowly. Now lower the legs, slowly, very slowly. Let them down to within a few inches of the floor. Don't let them touch the floor. Now bring them up again. Do this five times without a rest.

And do this—you and your girl-friend do it together, helping each other. Sit on a chair sideways, your legs sticking straight out in front of you. Get your pal to hold your feet firmly while you do a back-bend over to the floor. Down and up, down and up, slowly, five times. Vary it by twisting to the right side, then to the

left. That's good for a lumpy waistline.

Thin young girls, who just can't seem to gain no matter what they do, and who are nervous and unable to sleep and have headaches and cannot take a happy, healthy part in young activities, should see a doctor. And whatever he tells you to do, please do. Any sacrifice now will pay untold dividends later. Suppose he says stay out of school for a year? Okay, it will be kinda too bad, being a year behind your friends and everything, but better that than feel punk the rest of your life.

Average scrawniness and reediness of arms and legs can be built up over a period of eighteen months to two years by the faithful attention to milk, cream, eggs and nine hours sleep every night, with enough exercise of the most un strenuous sort to give you an appetite and tire you out a little. Walking is cheapest and easiest. Archery, if your school boasts such an extra-curricular activity, is a splendid chest-developer.

And here's a leg-builder-upper, offered by your friend, Jeanette MacDonald, who, at the age of fifteen, had legs that strongly resembled pipestems. Now possessed of a pair of legs which should be insured whether they are or not, Jeanette vows that at fifteen her under-pinnings were first cousins to pipestems. She began doing, every day, a tiresome and, at first, difficult exercise and kept it up for a couple of years.

This is it: stand in your bare feet as close to the edge of a big, thick book as you can get without losing your balance. A soft, bendy book is best. A thick telephone directory or a stack of magazines two inches high will serve the purpose. Get way up on your toes and then ease slowly down till your heels touch the floor. Come up again and repeat ten times. That's enough for the first two or three days, because this exercise catches you in the leg muscles and makes them pretty stiff. Increase gradually to twenty, thirty, up to fifty times each day. Do it very slowly and feel the pull in your leg muscles. Think about those muscles while you're doing the exercise. When you think you're getting results, add another inch of magazines or another book.

**D**O I think you should use make-up?

Yes! When? Depends upon your actual age, your activities, to a small extent upon the attitude of the community in which you live. The in-between age is an elastic period. In big cities, thirteen-year-olds may be quite grown-up young ladies. In small towns, one still can find "little girls" of sixteen. But generally speaking, I can't for the life of me see why a gal, who is no longer a little girl, shouldn't use external aids to beauty, provided she uses them in the right way. Powder. A touch of rouge if she's pale. Subdued lipstick for evenings and parties. The softer shades of nail polish—natural, rose, coral. Rust and the deep reds are too sophisticated and grown-up.

Powder should be a bit darker than the skin tone—just the same as for anyone else. Use a mild astringent if your skin is



oily. Your powder should be applied by the "put it on and wipe it off" method. With a soft, clean, big puff, fluff more powder onto your face than you need. Then brush most of it off with a powder brush or a piece of clean cotton. Brush extra well over the cheeks, more gently over forehead, nose and chin. Never scrub powder into your skin and don't hastily powder a dirty face. It won't make it look a bit better, so you might just as well wait till you can clean up and start fresh.

The best lipstick for most young people is the variety which changes color when it's applied to the lips. You get a soft rose, not a red, shade that's very natural-looking. If this variety happens not to suit you, get the shade which is advertised as being particularly good for redheads. The point here is that most redheads, being notoriously hard to make up, find their lips turning slightly purple under most lipsticks. So a couple of far-sighted cosmetic manufacturers have made a lipstick containing quite a dash of that pan-chromatic brownish shade which the movie stars use before the camera. Put on generously, then blend and wipe off until only a becoming film is left, it looks pretty slick.

What about eyes? Older in-betweens may glamorize the windows of the soul a little. When one is sixteen, say. Younger girls should wait. If your lashes and brows are reasonably dark and plentiful, leave them alone in the daytime. If they're light and stringy-looking, however, use a brown eyelash grower on them for daytime. It will darken them a tiny bit and encourage their growth at the same time. For a date or a dance, keep a nice, soft, brown eyebrow pencil in a warm place, where it will soften still more. Feather this pencil lightly across your upper lashes. Lengthen the brow line with it just the least bit—oh, scarcely an eighth of an inch. If you find this messy and difficult to do, use the merest touch of brown mascara, just on the tips of your lashes.

Eyeshadow is out for the time being, but you can put a touch of rouge on your eyelids for evening. Never for daytime, dears, it makes you look as though you'd suffered a sudden bereavement. And even for nighttime, it should be slight. Use cake rouge and take a piece of cotton and scrub it over the cake, so that it's very thoroughly rouged up. Then pat the cotton on your hand or something until all the excess is off and you're getting the very least pink tinge. Or else you can rub a little cream or oil over your eyelids. Very little, for you don't want to look greasy.

If you have a very white skin, try this some time on an evening date: get one of those white pomade sticks, ordinarily used for chapped lips. Rub this on your eyelids, then use a little of the brown eyelash grower on your lashes and, really, it does a lot for a girl's eyes and a girl's outlook

#### Solution to Puzzle on Page 18

ALICE	FAYE	MARTIN
SHARON	REEL	GLEASON
LEPER	RESALE	ALATE
ERIN	END	RICE
ENNEAD	DISS	DISSECT
PES	SWAIN	OWEN
	SPARED	NANTES
LEPPERT		SOTHERN
ERRAND		SEETHE
ERI		HIS
DOCTOR		NUGENT
SLEEPER		RESOLES
	DEVINE	SAILED
EVA	EVIL	EROSE
DATALE	EDAM	OSPREY
GLORE	ROAR	OWN
ALLEN	SNEERS	COIGN
RELANDS	OGRE	KRASNA
ESSENE	READ	CYSTS

LIGHTS!  
ACTION!  
CAMERA!



Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

The great stars of Hollywood have found their answer to the relentless cameras, the hot lights, the demand for glamour and loveliness at any hour of the day or night . . .

They have discovered the new

## SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by Elizabeth Arden

A complete line of preparations are available for professional—and taking a hint from the stars—for private use too. They are priced at a dollar (\$1.00) each, and sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden distributors everywhere.

The booklet "Professional Information" M-3, containing procedure of make-up application for effective use, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Laboratories, 5533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.





**YOUR BABY  
DESERVES THE BEST**

LOOK FOR  
THESE TWO SEALS. THEY  
MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY

57

ACCEPTED  
AMERICAN  
MEDICAL  
ASSN.

**N**OTHING is too good for the lord and master of the house—your baby! Serve him foods of the same high quality you enjoy—Heinz Strained Foods. They're cooked with dry steam and packed under vacuum to preserve flavor, color, vitamins, and minerals. And Heinz uses only the world's choicest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals. Make sure you're giving baby the best by ordering an assortment of Heinz 12 Strained Foods!



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**Relieves  
TEETHING PAINS  
within 1 minute**

**W**HEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

**JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS  
DR. HAND'S  
Teething Lotion**



Roland Young seems determined that this isn't going to be the one that got away, judging from his expression.

and nobody will be able to tell a thing, if you're careful and don't use too much.

I thoroughly expect the Editor to get a flock of indignant letters from indignant mamas asking what that buttinsky M. M. means by putting ideas into their children's heads. I don't mean to run counter to parental opinion, nor do I mean to put ideas into anybody's head. But I honestly feel that a girl, during the trying in-between years, needs every bit of help she can get in order to be a happy, normal individual and if a discreet make-up makes her look better and feel better, why not use it? I've certainly tried to stress the fact in this article that she shouldn't go too far and paint herself up like a freak.

Did I say that in-between years were tough on the gals? Well, they're pretty tough on mama, too, for she must use the nicest of judgment and be able to strike the most desirable balance between keeping Missy back too much and letting her go too far. It takes heaps of sympathy, tact, understanding and love—well, Mamas, a lot of it's up to you,

I was thinking, in connection with in-betweens, about some of our younger movie stars, as contrasted with the older girls. Kids like Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland. Their in-between years are so different from the similar periods of, say, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford.

**N**ORMA SHEARER, when she first went into pictures, had to wear painful braces on her teeth to straighten them. When Norma was a little girl, folks didn't go in for teeth straightening to such an extent as they do now. Such dental attention was very expensive and people of average means just didn't think it essential, that's all. It isn't dirt cheap even now, but with a little plotting and planning it can and should be managed.

And then there are our two famous in-betweens again, the Misses Garland and Durbin. Nice gals both, who offscreen look just like any two attractive, chockful-of-personality young people you'd find in high schools or boarding schools all over the country. A little make-up now and then, very nice clothes of good material and excellent cut, but always simple sweaters and skirts, plain tailored coats, simple accessories and hats. Remember that simple things are good for all ages. You won't look too kiddish in something

plain. And Deanna and Judy are in bed most nights by ten-thirty and in the studio commissary they're seen eating vegetable plates and lamb chops and liking it and ice cream once a week, so there.

Do I hear some in-betweens moaning that, really, they're just so hopeless that . . . well, all this applesauce I've been writing is okay with girls who stand any chance at all. But—"I really haven't a single redeeming feature—almost everyone in the world has something, but I haven't hair, eyes, skin or figure," cries another. Listen! Till she was going on fifteen, one of our best dramatic actresses—to wit, Bette Davis—was one of these pale, skinny kids, with pale blue eyes and pale lashes and pale hair which just wouldn't fix. There was no confusion about it—Bette was just drab looking. But there was a brain working all the while under that hair, a dramatic soul in the straight-up-and-down young body. Today, it isn't Bette's looks, attractive enough though they are, which intrigue you. It's her dramatic intensity, her personality force which gets you. Use the external aids I've told you about, you kids who think you're so uninteresting, but more important, develop inwardly and in a couple of years, see if anyone dares call you uninteresting.

I gotta go now. But first—I have a small present for you. It's an absolutely free crystal bottle of perfume, and you'll receive it right away if you'll just fill in this coupon. Be sure to check your favorite flower fragrance on the coupon so you'll get the one you like the very best. P.S. These perfumes are the glam in glamor. Bet, after you try one, you'll be buying all six!

**Mary Marshall,  
Modern Screen,  
149 Madison Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.**

Please send me my perfume, at no cost to me. I would like:

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lily O'Valley | <input type="checkbox"/> Gardenia  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lilac         | <input type="checkbox"/> Carnation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Violet        | <input type="checkbox"/> Sweet Pea |

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



## Nobody's Yes-Girl

(Continued from page 43)

pictures of the year, "Come and Get It" and "Ebb-Tide," her salary, with bonuses, still hovers around the four-hundred-dollar-a-week mark. And that doesn't go far in Hollywood toward keeping up a front.

VERY early in her picture career, Frances' Hollywood bosses became alarmed at the unpretentious way in which she was living. One day Phyllis Laughton, who was training talented newcomers at Paramount, called Frances into her private office, and said to her, "Frances, there's something I've got to tell you. It's . . . it's . . ." Miss Laughton seemed to find it hard to go on.

"Why are you afraid to tell me?" Frances asked. "You know I've never minded when you criticized my work."

"It's not that," Miss Laughton said. "It's the way you dress on the street. Never wearing a hat and the horrible slacks and that faded jacket. You're being groomed for stardom, and the fans expect stars to be glamorous-looking when they see them on the street."

"So that's it," said Frances, smiling. "You know, Phyllis, you don't give a darn about the way I dress, so obviously someone from the front office has been talking to you. Who was it?"

Phyllis Laughton looked uncomfortable. "Phyllis," Frances said, "do something for me, will you? Go to him and give him this message from me. Tell him if the executives at the studio paid as much attention to the parts they give their actresses as they do to the clothes they wear off the screen, we'd all make a lot more money."

Not for a moment did Frances stop to think that she was being impudent, and that she might imperil her brand-new career by being so frank. But if she had stopped to think of it, it wouldn't have checked her. For it isn't in the girl to bow and scrape and "yes" people to death.

There was the time, for instance, when a very powerful columnist asked her to appear on his program, so that he could introduce her to his listeners as the most promising newcomer of the year. Into the script he had put some pretty telling lines against Katharine Hepburn, which Frances Farmer was expected to deliver.

Now Frances likes and admires Katharine, and she didn't want to deliver those lines. At rehearsals, she tried to have them changed, but failed.

When the time came for her to broadcast, she didn't know what to do. Never in her life had she said something she didn't believe. On the other hand, she knew that if she antagonized this columnist, she might make a very dangerous enemy for herself, for his broadcasts were heard and his newspaper columns were read throughout the country, and it was said that he had a million fans.

When she got to the mike, the words she was really thinking about Hepburn tumbled from her lips in a flood; instead of condemning her, she praised her. All her life, Frances has been accustomed to saying exactly what she thought, and when she was put to a test, she couldn't do otherwise.

When she played with veterans in "Come and Get It," in a scenario written by a man who had had seventeen years' experience, directed by Howard Hawks, who had been directing box-office hits while she was going to college, she never hesitated to challenge the things these veterans said. At first they wondered at the gall of this young upstart who dared to say to the director, "What you suggested



THE Indians are on the warpath and the Cowboys are ready to fight—but Buffalo Bill can't take part. For he has a cold, and Mother is afraid to let him go out of the house.

Like every mother—every winter—she faces the problem of how to gain greater freedom from colds for her family. The right answer would mean less time lost from work, from school, and from play. It would mean less worry and less expense. It would mean better health for every member of her household—less danger from the after-effects of colds.

**THE ANSWER**—The right answer seems to be clearly indicated by the results of an extensive clinical study—in fact, one of the largest ever made on colds. This study included four series of tests. They were made under everyday living conditions, and included 17,353 subjects, more than 7,000 of them school children. In the course of the tests, a total of 37 physicians and 512 nurses and supervisors took part. The official summary of results shows not only fewer colds and shorter colds, but actually—

**Sickness from Colds Cut More than Half (50.88%)! . . . School Absences Due to Colds Cut Even More (57.86%)!**

These results were gained by following a simple plan that any mother can easily follow right in her home—Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This practical home

guide represents the 30 years' experience of Vick Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with colds. It includes a few sensible health rules and just two forms of specialized medication: Vicks VA-TRO-NOL, the scientific aid in preventing many colds; and Vicks VAPORUB, the family standby for relieving colds.

**IN YOUR OWN HOME**—What Vicks Plan can do for you and your family may be less—or even more—than what it did for thousands of people in these scientific tests. But its splendid record in this huge colds-clinic certainly makes it well worth trying in your own home.

Full details of Vicks Plan and its remarkable results come with each bottle of Va-tro-nol and each jar of VapoRub.

To help PREVENT many Colds  
**VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL**



Just a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze.

To help END a Cold sooner  
**VICKS  
VAPORUB**



Massage on throat, chest, and back. No "dosing" to upset the stomach.

53  
26  
17

2 BIG RADIO SHOWS: Sunday 7 P. M. (EST)—famous guest stars featuring JEANETTE MacDonald... Mon., Wed., Fri. 10:30 A. M. (EST) TONY WONS. Both Columbia Network.

OVER 17 MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS



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No matter how lovely your hair, its beauty is dimmed if you wear glaring, conspicuous bob pins.

Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins (made exclusively by Sta-Rite) blend perfectly with the natural hair and almost defy detection.

Smoothly finished on the inside, Blend-Rites slide in without pulling a hair. Once they're placed, their "Glare-Proof" finish hides them away like magic.

Ask your dealer for Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins by Sta-Rite. If he cannot supply you send 10¢ mentioning color wanted (brown, blonde, black or gray) to Dept. M1, Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Illinois.

## STA-RITE Hair Pins Bob Pins

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## SHAMED BY PIMPLES AT 17?

### Keep your blood free of pimple-making adolescent poisons

Don't let your face be blotched with ugly hickies! Stop being shunned and laughed at! Learn the cause of your trouble and start correcting it now!

Between the ages of 13 and 25, vital glands are developing, helping you gain full manhood or womanhood. These gland changes upset the system. Poisons are thrown into your blood . . . and bubble out of your skin in hated pimples.

Resolve to rid your skin of these adolescent pimples. Thousands have succeeded by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. Each cake is made up of millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants that fight pimple-making poisons at their source in the intestines and help heal your skin, making it smooth and attractive. Many get amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

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isn't right. I don't feel it. The line should be changed."

As they discovered that there was intelligence behind that wide brow of Frances, the attitude of these men changed gradually from resentment to respect.

"Did you once say in an interview, 'I have been a rebel all my life'?" I asked Frances.

"Hell, no," she answered.

"Didn't you say once that a lot of people dislike you?"

"Of course not. Even if those things were true, I wouldn't say them. You, of all people, oughtn't to believe the things you read. You're supposed to write them, not to read and believe them."

Nevertheless, she has been a rebel, ever since that day in grammar school, when she penned an essay called "God Dies," in which she tried to prove that the individual ought to fight his own battles and not depend upon a beneficent Providence for aid. Because of the sensational title of her essay, she was condemned by both students and faculty, and considered a dangerous firebrand.

IN college, she majored in drama and appeared whenever she could in the shows given at the Studio Theatre of the University of Washington. Since her parents had very little money, Frances had to earn her way through college by working at such odd jobs as typing, appearing in radio skits, assisting in a dye factory, acting as camp counsellor to campfire girls, and doubling as a waitress and a singer of Indian love songs for the guests at a Mt. Rainier resort.

More than anything else, she wanted to get stage experience, and she realized that New York was the center of the theatrical world. But the money she had earned had been just enough to see her through college. How was she going to get there?

Opportunity appeared in a strange guise. The *Voice of Action*, a radical newspaper, offered a trip to Russia to the person getting the most subscriptions for it. Frances hustled around and persuaded as many people as she could to subscribe; not because she was interested in going to Russia, but because she wanted to go to New York.

When she won, her friends in Seattle were horrified. She was considered a menace by most of the people there, and held up as a horrible example of the inroads Communism was making upon our American colleges. But it didn't matter. What did anything matter, so long as she got to New York? Now she could bombard the offices of all the theatrical producers.

That was what she thought. But she hadn't stopped to realize that it was mid-summer, and that most producers were out of town and wouldn't be back till September or October. In the meanwhile, on what was she going to live?

A man she had met on the boat going to Russia introduced her to Shepard Traube, who knew Oscar Serlin, at that time head of the talent scout department at Paramount. Amazed at finding an inexperienced actress, who was as beautiful and intelligent as Frances, Serlin suggested that she take a test.

"At the time I took the test I didn't take movies seriously," she said. "I didn't think I had a chance."

When Paramount offered her a contract, she realized that she would be a fool to turn it down, since such an opportunity might never come her way again.

During her first three months in Hollywood no one paid any attention to her, and she was restless. She made an average of two tests a day with unknown young men, and told the publicity department, "I prefer my own company to that of most of

the men in this town. If they want to pass me by, that's all right with me. I think all the boys in Hollywood are terrific bores. If I couldn't stand my own company, I'd be the unhappiest girl in the world, because I'm alone morning, noon and night."

If there were nights of desperate loneliness and days when even the career on which she had staked all her happiness didn't seem sufficient compensation for the emptiness of her personal life, no one knew about it. She held that proud head of hers high, and said that the only thing in the world she wanted was to become a fine actress.

Matched with her in some of the tests she made and at rehearsals in the dramatic classes was a handsome, tall young actor named Leif Erikson, who was as ambitious as she was. After meeting him, it was no longer possible for her to feel that all the young men in Hollywood were bores.

WHEN they first began to slip over to Frances' apartment for additional rehearsals, it never occurred to her that anything else motivated them save the fierce desire both had to get ahead with their careers. But the other newcomers noticed that when they were teamed together in a scene, their work took on new fire, as though each caught inspiration from the other.

One day they eloped to Yuma and were married very quietly.

She and her husband stayed away from night clubs, gaudy premieres and the usual Hollywood social gatherings and spent most of their spare time practising their roles in the old-fashioned living-room of their home.

At first Frances was put into distinctly sappy roles, in pictures like "Too Many Parents" and "Border Flight," which were Grade B or worse. Just when Frances was beginning to feel she'd never get a break, Howard Hawks saw the test she'd made and asked if he could borrow her for the role of Evvie Glasgow in "Come and Get It."

Had Frances played that role she might never have gotten anywhere in pictures, but she prevailed upon Hawks to test her instead for the dual role of Lotta and Lotta's daughter. Given a silent test as Lotta, she registered a vital, unforgettable personality. Andrea Leeds was then given the bit role originally planned for Frances.

"Weren't you frightened playing such an important part after having done just bits and ingenues?" I asked Frances.

"No," she said. "It was too much of a relief to get something I could work at. I found it twice as difficult to do the dumb ingenue in 'Rhythm on the Range' as to play the dual role in 'Come And Get It.' It takes an awful lot to be a good ingenue. I guess I'm not the type, for it drives me crazy when I'm supposed to stand around looking pretty. I feel like such a chump doing it."

Frances is intensely loyal and when she heard that a woman who had been very kind to her had been fired from her job at the studio because of politics, she went straight to the executives and said, "I think that's a very dirty trick you've just pulled."

But when I asked her about it, she said, "I'd rather you didn't use the incident. She has a job with another company now, and the story couldn't possibly do her any good."

The idea that the story might do Frances Farmer some good, that it might help to clear up some of the fog of misunderstanding that has been built round her personality, never seemed to occur to her.

That simplicity of hers—the old clothes, the second-hand car, going around hatless, all that—is not an act. Frances Farmer can't pretend about anything.



# Wanna Wedding Ring

(Continued from page 45)

nailed. Or she has, if she'll have him. For Robert has no time for anybody else, and there have been plenty of beautiful women who have tried to capture not only his heart, but a wee mite of his attention. Strong odds are that Bob will marry Barbara which will automatically remove him from the eligibility list.

Tyrone Power. The newest skyrocket in the Hollywood horizon. Here is a catch, make no mistake. In addition to his movie salary, he has a radio contract for this year which will bring him thousands of dollars a week. Thoroughly charming, attractive, desirable, as beau or husband. He has had one of the most rapid rises to fame on record. A year ago last December, when "Lloyds of London" was premiered, marked his start.

However, Janet Gaynor seems to have "dibs" on Mr. Power now. After keeping the press—not to mention Sonja Henie—at fever heat for so long, Tyrone had no qualms about stepping out with Janet the minute Sonja took off for Europe, several months ago. And so Janet became No. 1 girl. Is Tyrone Power an eligible or does he class as out of circulation, is the question that's worrying more than one Hollywood belle.

Ho, hum. In Hollywood, as in Jones Center, New Orleans, Paris or London, eligibility is often reckoned upon the basis of what a young man has accomplished, how much money he has already or can potentially earn. Girls who want wedding rings don't pay as much attention

sometimes to the struggling young punks as they do to the boys who have received the breaks.

Take the case of Jon Hall. This gent, about whose brawny chest the publicity laddies have been raving, ever since he was cast in "Hurricane," automatically blossomed as a romantic as soon as the ink on his contract was dry. His name has been linked with Andrea Leeds. Publicity, you say? Perhaps.

Wayne Morris, six foot two, blond, blue-eyed giant, introduced to fans in "Kid Galahad," has been around Hollywood most of his life. He graduated from Los Angeles High School, started his acting at Pasadena Community Theatre, his movie career and his romantic career simultaneously (by beaung alternately Lana Turner and Linda Perry) at Warners. Better work quickly, girls. He's a first-rate eligible.

Here are a few more "in circulation" names to conjure with. Cary Grant. Since divorcing Virginia Cherrill, his name has been linked with many women. Things looked almost serious once with Mary Brian. Of late he spends all of his time with Phyllis Brooks, that blonde beauty.

Johnny Downs. Alternately beaus and squabbles with Eleanore Whitney. In his early twenties, has started to collect annuities already and will undoubtedly be a good husband for some girl.

Ronald Colman. If anybody can hook him. Best bet to date is Benita Hume. However, Mr. Colman is a wary feller who likes his pipe, his books, his tennis and his European travels minus female accompaniment.

Michael Whalen. Irish, good-looking, likes fun, parties, girls, is on his way up.

John Howard. Young, sensitive, idealistic, an actor to his finger tips, ambitious to become a great artist. Good to his parents. Won Phi Beta Kappa key at

college. Doesn't go to many parties.

Recently slashed from bachelor ranks and removed from eligibility classification: Gene Raymond. Withstood the blandishments and flattery of literally thousands of women before he fell and went to the altar in one of Hollywood's biggest matrimonial splashes—speaking in publicity terms.

Yeah, I suppose you know, Jeanette MacDonald was the girl who drew the lucky number.

Tony Martin. Eloped with Alice Faye after a stormy period of courtship during which it looked as if the two would never get together on account of racial and religious differences.

John Howard Payne. Captured practically before he had his feet firmly on the ground in Hollywood, by demure, seventeen-year-old Anne Shirley.

Randolph Scott. Long-time bachelor crony of Cary Grant. Wed to a Dupont of the Wilmington, Delaware, Duponts, who specialize in Society, Wealth and Horses.

Fred MacMurray. The actor who was true to his former sweetheart, his love of the days when he was just an orchestra player, beautiful Lillian Lamont and who was repeatedly urged by his studio to delay his marriage lest it interfere with his amateur standing as a romantic.

There's Henry Fonda, who married Frances Brokaw, a New York blue blood. But then we could go on and on enumerating the married gents. There are just too many of them to make it any fun for the gals who wanna wedding ring.

For my part, I am looking forward to the day when Mickey Rooney grows up a little more. I am going to grab him early—that is if Judy Garland doesn't steal my thunder. Oh, well, there are still the Mauch twins.

WHAT FOOLS WIVES ARE  
TO LET THEMSELVES GET  
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

MARRIED TEN  
YEARS, BUT...

LOOK WHAT BOB  
GAVE ME ON OUR  
ANNIVERSARY!  
ISN'T HE  
WONDERFUL?

YOU'RE PRETTY  
WONDERFUL, TOO...  
KEEPING YOURSELF  
SO YOUNG AND  
LOVELY! I'D GIVE  
ANYTHING TO  
HAVE A COMPLEXION  
LIKE YOURS

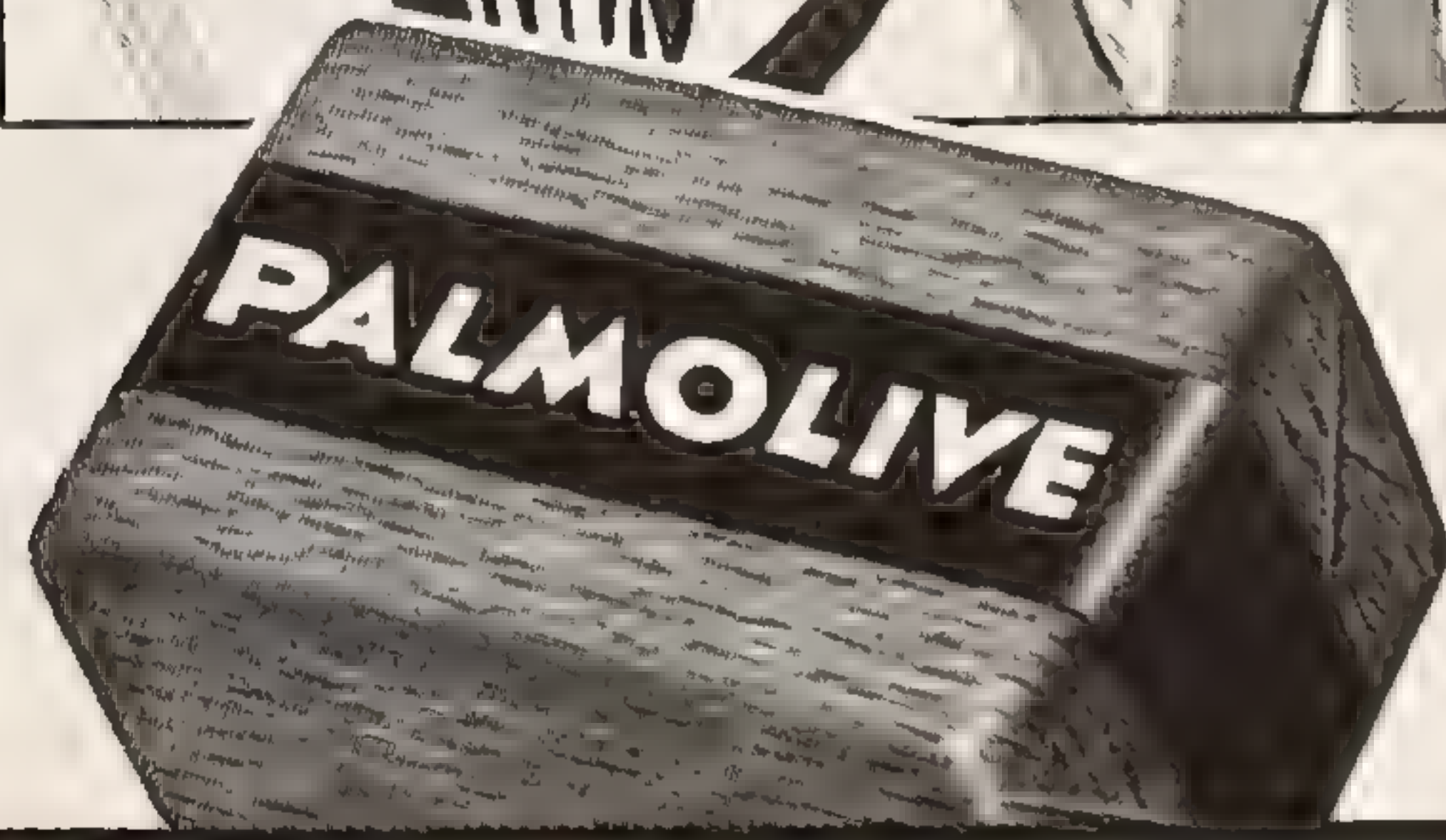
I'M SURE YOU CAN,  
MADGE! FOR A LONG TIME  
MY SKIN WAS SIMPLY AWFUL!  
SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-  
LOOKING... REGULAR  
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN  
LUCKILY I TRIED PALMOLIVE...

PALMOLIVE  
SOAP?  
WHY IS IT SO  
MARVELOUS?

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM A  
SPECIAL BLEND OF NATURE'S FINEST  
BEAUTY AIDS, OLIVE AND PALM OILS.  
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO  
GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN.  
IT SOFTENS,  
SMOOTHS,  
REFINES  
SKIN  
TEXTURE!

WELL I'M  
GOING TO  
CHANGE TO  
PALMOLIVE  
RIGHT  
AWAY!

BOB SAYS I'M SO MUCH PRETTIER  
SINCE I'VE BEEN USING PALMOLIVE,  
THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO  
KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!





## Mystery Woman No. 1

(Continued from page 35)



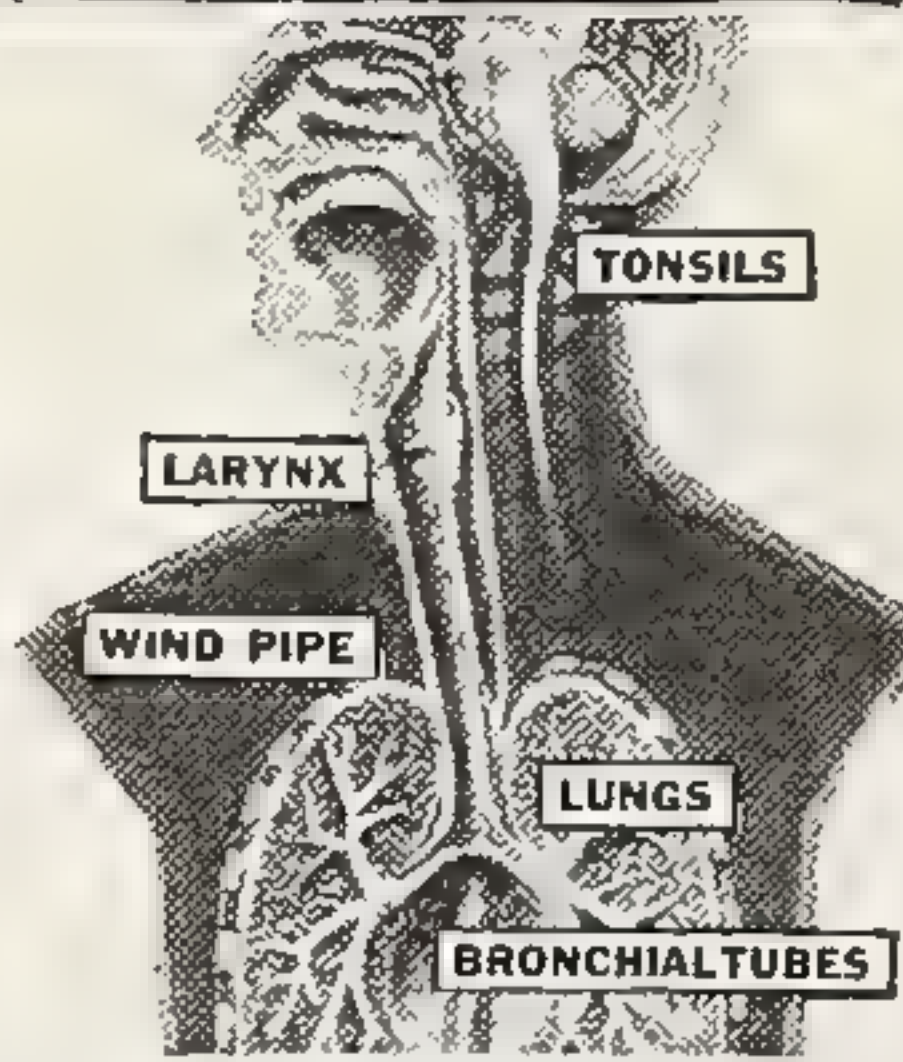
Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because *it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.*

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

## Respiratory System

What makes you COUGH?



WHEN YOU catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

## PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

## SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST Use DERMOIL (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6 Northwestern Station, Dept. 602, Detroit, Mich.



SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Yet I happen to know a story that Hollywood doesn't know—that paints a completely different picture.

There is a script girl named Gertrude Wellman, better known as Trudy. She is a glowing girl who, with different training, might have landed in front of the cameras, instead of behind them. She worked with Hepburn on "A Woman Rebels."

As the picture progressed, Katie noticed that Trudy began to look haggard and drawn. Finally, one day, she said, "You look awfully dragged out. What's the matter?"

Trudy confessed that she had been ill for weeks. "I've been going to a doctor, and he says that I need an operation, but I'm afraid. Besides, I can't make up my mind that I need one."

"If you feel uncertain about this doctor's advice, would you go to mine, and see what he says?"

Trudy went. Katharine's doctor confirmed the original diagnosis. But that didn't make Trudy any less frightened of an operation. She told Katharine so. Katie talked with her, selling her the idea of the operation.

"You're probably worried about the cost, as much as anything else," she said. "But don't think of the cost. You can't afford not to go through with it."

Trudy went to the hospital, asking for the lowest-priced room. She was amazed at the size and cheerfulness of the room she was given. Katharine sent her flowers, called on her. Finally, Trudy was well enough to leave. She asked for her bill. There was none. No one would tell her who had paid it. But Trudy knew—even though Katharine has never admitted it. Pennywise Hepburn can also be generous.

Hollywood coddles its stars, but Katie refuses to be coddled. She has courage of an uncommon kind. She is the only feminine star who has never had a double, no matter how difficult a stunt the character she was playing had to perform. There still is a great deal of the tomboy in her. Any physically difficult feat is like a dare to her. She doesn't want to miss the fun of trying to do it.

In "Sylvia Scarlett," for example, it was Katharine, not a double, who swam through a turbulent sea to the rescue of Natalie Paley. Everybody else called it foolhardy courage.

It was Katharine, not a double, who hung by her fingertips to a high window-ledge for another movie scene; Katharine, herself, who fought the tempestuous mock duel with Douglass Montgomery in "Little Women;" Katharine, who ran down a forty-foot flight of stone steps in high heels and a gown weighing fifteen pounds, in "Mary of Scotland;" Katharine, never in a side-saddle before in her life, who rode the spirited horse in the same picture.

WHEN she first arrived in Hollywood, Hepburn realized that she had to do something to attract attention. In a town where glamor girls drove swanky cars, she drove a station wagon. In a town where the height of informal attire was slacks, she wore overalls. In a town where poise was considered all-important, she sat on studio curbstones reading her mail. She exhibited a fiery independence new to Hollywood. She got attention.

But, having got attention, she didn't know what to do with it. She didn't know how to cope with it. She fled from it. She ran away from news cameramen, re-

porters, even admirers.

On her stage tour, she broke down and talked to reporters. But back in Hollywood, to co-star in "Stage Door" with Ginger Rogers, she gave no interviews.

Her independence of the Hollywood Press was no act in the beginning. She was not "trying to pull a Garbo," as the Press intimated. She was expressing a bitter resentment.

After her overnight success in "A Bill of Divorcement," she gave interviews. She was thrilled at being asked to give them. But one of her first interviewers happened to be a sob-sister, looking for sultry details of the Hepburn private life. The impertinence of her questions amused Katharine, new to Hollywood's prying curiosity. She answered the questions facetiously.

The sob-sister published, as sober facts, Katharine's facetious statements about her private life and past. "This is the finish," Katharine said, when she read the story. "If the interviewers aren't any brighter than that, why bother with them?"

Katharine is impatient with stupidity. Yet she has patience with newcomers who don't know what screen acting is all about. She hasn't outlived her memories of how she, herself, was helped.

Yet she can be unreasonable about being helped today. For example, the studio came to her for her signature on a publicity stunt that would have spread her name on posters throughout America. For some reason she refused. Yet, the next day, on her own, she took time to autograph a picture for a crippled child.

She lives alone, except for servants. She golfs alone, swims alone, rides horseback alone, goes for long walks alone. The ordinary person would suspect her of loneliness—if it weren't for the cocky perk of her chin, a characteristic of the self-sufficient. She looks confident of getting along by herself.

You would never expect such a girl to have a horror of being alone. Or, if she did, you would expect her to have too much pride to reveal it openly, publicly. You would expect her to mask her emotions, play the game to the end—if only in self-defense.

Yet she is incapable of putting on that particular mask.

She never appears in public alone, if she can help it. Alone, in public, she feels defenseless, helpless. Even on a walk across her own studio lot, she always has someone with her. Her stand-in, perhaps, or a studio maid, or a wardrobe woman. But someone. Always.

And even in the studio commissary, she will not eat alone. Along with two other women on the lot—Ginger Rogers and Jane Loring, production assistant—she has the privilege of sitting at the table around which the producers and directors gather. Katharine, unlike the other two, never sits anywhere else. Time after time, I have seen her step into the commissary, and glance quickly at the big corner table. If no one is there, she turns around and goes out, and doesn't return until someone is at the table. In private, she is self-sufficient. But, in public, she isn't.

To have a driving urge toward self-expression, a person needs great ego. Katharine has her share. She believes in herself and her abilities. She is more wrapped up in her acting, probably, than any other actress in Hollywood. Also, she is more high-strung, more short-tempered



than any other actress in Hollywood. Yet she has no Narcissus complex, no complex about having all eyes focus on her.

Other famous women stars have been known to "kill off" promising leading men, by submerging them to their own personalities. Hepburn has had only one masculine co-star in her entire screen career. But go down the list of Hepburn leading men—Douglass Montgomery, John Beal, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray are a few of them—and you will discover that every one of them has gone forward, not backward, after appearing with her. For all her temperament, she gives the other fellow a break. That isn't like a glamor queen.

And, for all her ego, she abominates flattery. It is useless to try to coax her to do anything—to tell her, for instance, that if she does a scene thus and so, she will look beautiful. But try explaining that if she plays the scene thus and so, she will get an effect that she won't get otherwise, and you may have results.

Because of her fiery independence (which isn't all an act), because of her insistence on thinking for herself, she is not easy to get along with. At the same time, however, she has a sense of humor.

THE other day, on the set, she was having a verbal battle with her cameraman. He wanted her to do a scene a certain way, and Katharine, who knows something about camera angles herself, was putting up an argument. This went on for five minutes, their voices becoming louder and angrier every moment.

Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, Katharine paused, laughed, and said, "Of course, you know you've been right all along."

"My God, Kate," he said, bewilderedly, "then what have you been going on like this for?"

"Argument is good for the soul," she retorted, "and, besides, I wanted to be sure that you were convinced, yourself."

How are you going to make out a girl like that?

She gives the impression of being a person who wants her way. Yet she also gives the impression of being a person who wants people to argue with her, if they don't agree with her. Another baffling contradiction!

Like a few other stars, she bars all visitors from her sets. Yet she erects no screens around the camera and herself for even the most intimate love scenes. She doesn't object to five hundred extras watching her. She doesn't hide away between scenes. She never goes to her dressing-room except for changes of costume. Her dressing-table is on the side of the set, in plain view of everyone.

She seems to have a passion for privacy; she doesn't want people around. Yet, once the sound-stage doors are locked, she is at ease, no matter how many people are on the set.

Still another mystifying Hepburn contradiction!

In Hollywood, success usually depends, to a large extent, upon how well you play your politics. Katharine is a sophisticate; she knows that. Yet she is persistently blunt and brusque. Despite the veneer of Bryn Mawr, New York and Hollywood, she still is New England through and through.

She is proud, yet she has little pride of personal appearance, except with her hair. She takes great care of that.

On the screen, she doesn't object to unflattering clothes. Off-screen, she usually goes around in slouchy slacks. Yet every designer who has worked with her says that she has the shrewdest clothes sense of any woman he has ever encountered. She

# Don't let time darken your\* hair!

"Marchand's will restore and enhance your blonde loveliness . . . just as it keeps my hair naturally light and golden, always."

*says Judith Allen,  
starring in "Telephone Operator,"  
a Marchand Production*

## \*60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE

If your hair has turned shades darker with the years . . . here's a quick, easy way to regain all the natural loveliness that is rightfully yours. Buy a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today. Use it according to the simple directions and see how quickly it restores the sunny lightness of your hair . . . how it brings back all the golden radiance that time has stolen.

Marchand's is recommended by lovely women everywhere to protect and enhance the charm of blonde loveliness. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is not a dye . . . and will not interfere with permanents or harm the hair in any way.

If you would like a free copy of "Help Yourself to Beauty," written by world-famous Robert of Paris Avenue, send a Marchand's Golden Hair Wash carton top, together with your name and address, to Department C, CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City.

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## GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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## ONE LAST GLANCE and "ALL Set TO GO"

Superset is the ideal waving lotion. Easily applied, it holds soft, lustrous, alluring waves in



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Two formulas—regular (green) and the new No. 2 (transparent and fast-drying).



your hair as though nature had placed them there. Superset is non-greasy, does not become "tacky" and spreads smoothly and evenly. It never leaves any flaky or chalky deposit on your hair. Use Nestle Superset for those sparkling occasions when you want to sparkle too! Superset was perfected for you by Nestle, originator of the permanent wave. Look for the yellow-and-black label on Nestle hair beauty aids.

**Nestle SUPERSET**  
WAVING LOTION

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... says beautiful  
**RUTH COLEMAN**  
Paramount Player

Hollywood stars insist on the best of care for their precious complexions. No wonder so many of them—as well as fastidious women everywhere—choose SITROUX TISSUES. They cleanse the skin better because they're softer... more absorbent... and, unlike ordinary tissues, won't "come apart" in the hand. You'll like these superior Sitroux Tissues, too! Take a beauty hint from the stars. Ask for "Sit-true" face tissues—in the blue and gold box.

**TWO SIZES**  
**10¢ AND 20¢**  
AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

has an instinct for "the right touches."

She could be one of the best-dressed women in the world, if she wanted to be. But she doesn't want to be. Apparently, she doesn't even care about a reputation for being well-dressed. No woman in Hollywood can explain that. Can you?

She rates as the queen of her studio, yet her dressing-room is the smallest and plainest of any on the lot. It is in the rear of the stars' building, not the front. Recently, the studio decided that the dressing-rooms needed refurbishing, and offered to make any changes that the stars desired. Ginger Rogers, Ann Sothorn, Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, all were thrilled at the chance to get new drapes and new furniture of their own choice. But not Hepburn. She left the redecoration entirely to the studio.

It's the same with the house she rents. For all her vivid personality, she doesn't strive for vivid settings for it. Her ego doesn't run in that direction. She is almost masculine in her indifference to her surroundings. Yet, at home, she is her most feminine self. There she wears satin negligees.

She is intensely interested in music, yet plays no instrument well. She travels only by plane, yet owns no plane and flies none. She is an outdoor girl who shoots man's golf (her score is in the 80's), rides, swims, walks—yet her only collection hobby is fine-blown glass figures. She has about four hundred of them.

She is provocative and unpredictable, this Katharine Hepburn—a mystifying collection of contradictions. She is Hollywood's most baffling question mark. Sometimes she must even mystify herself.

## Cream of the Crop

(Continued from page 50)

approval as well as his talent puts Wayne among the cream of the crop.

Some folks don't believe in miracles, but Mr. R. H. Cochrane, President of Universal, did, once he met Deanna Durbin, Canada's young canary.

Deanna at the ripe old age of fourteen was in Hollywood, unknown to moviegoers, even though people tuned in on the radio to thrill to her lovely voice. The movie moguls had heard about this young Miss, but thought her too young to consider seriously. After all, it is difficult to cast a fourteen-year-old girl.

There was one person who believed in Deanna however, and he succeeded in getting Mr. Cochrane to listen to her sing.

"I decided to hear Deanna as a favor to this friend," said Mr. Cochrane. "We went into a rehearsal hall. What I saw was a little disheartening, for in this dismal room with a few chairs scattered around and a piano at one end stood a frightened little girl. She looked anything but movie material. Then Deanna began to sing. I forgot my surroundings. In fact, I forgot everything except that lovely voice. Needless to say, when she finished, we adjourned to my office and then and there signed her contract without so much as a make-up test."

It needed only her first rushes to show the studio that they had another star on their hands and, with the release of "Three Smart Girls," the fan mail began to pour in. That picture started her and "100 Men and a Girl" cinched the deal.

And so we present the cream of the crop, the successes of 1937, and predict that they will be big stars before 1938 ends. What do you think about it?



It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



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ELEANOR FISHER... Paramount Player



★ Here is Eleanor Fisher, charming beauty contest winner, who came to Hollywood to play in Paramount's new picture "True Confession." Among many interesting things Eleanor discovered in Hollywood was that in the studios, in the stars' dressing rooms and in the famous beauty shops... HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are "tops"! That's because Hollywood Curlers make lovely curls that look better and last longer. No springs to pinch, crack or pull the hair. Rubber end holder... a disc, not a ball... permits free air circulation that assures rapid drying. Easy to remove... curler slips off readily without spoiling curls. No springs or weak elastic parts to wear out. For a beautiful hairdress of soft flattering curls... use Hollywood Curlers in your own home tonight. Insist on the genuine Hollywood Curlers.

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## Reviews

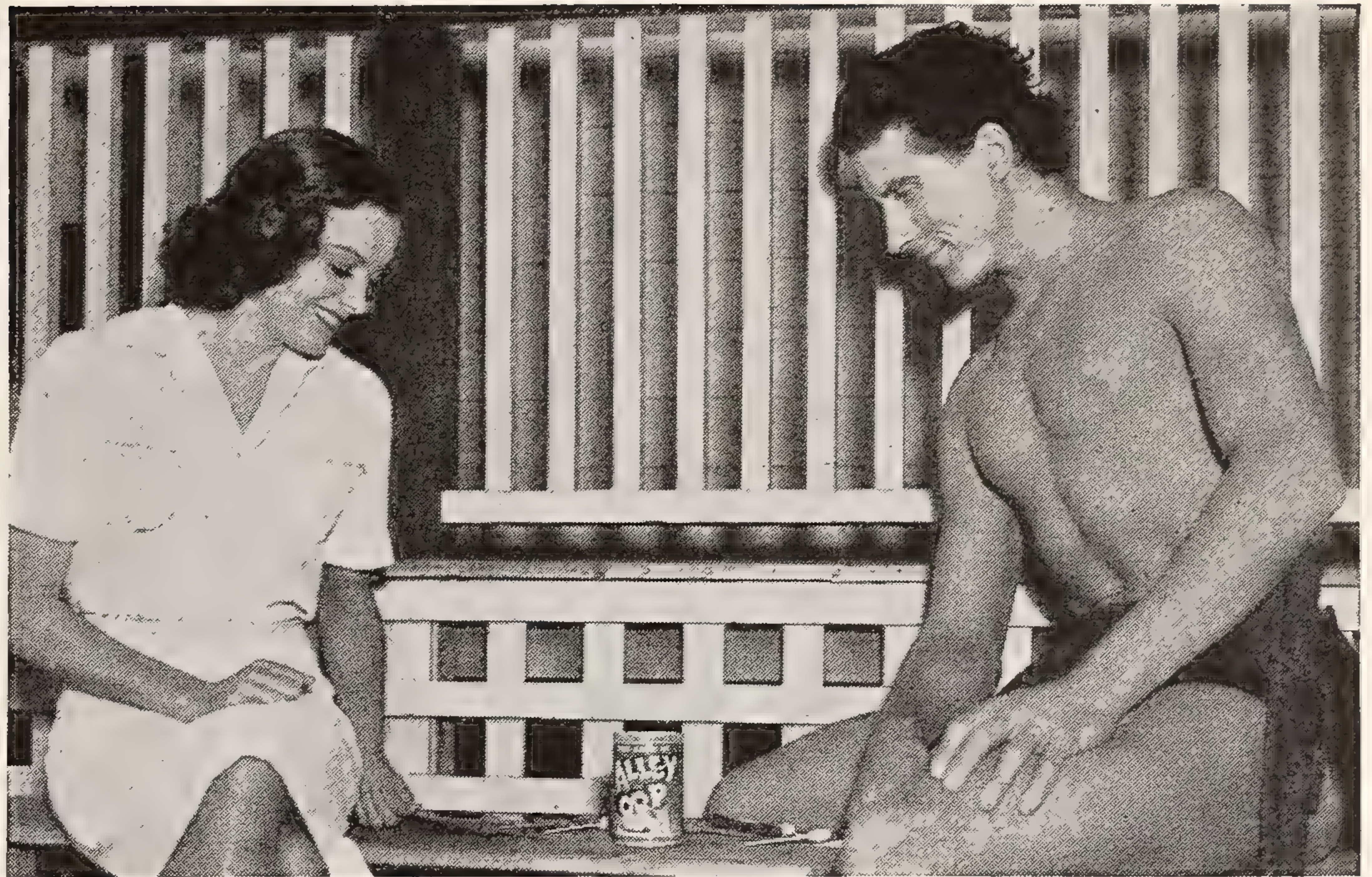
(Continued from page 13)

## ★★ Boots and Saddles

When a Hollywood preview audience applauds a horse opera, it's news. Gene Autry, however, rates the handclapping accorded him at the preview of his latest thriller, for "Boots and Saddles" is a fast-moving epic of the open spaces with a story that gets away from the run-of-the-hills stuff usually associated with westerns.

The crooning outdoor hero is foreman of a ranch inherited by a twelve-year-old young man from England. The young Briton is, of course, arrogant and high-handed, but a few weeks with good old Gene and the gang changes him over completely. In order to save the ranch from a dastardly villain, Gene must sell a herd of horses to the commandant of a nearby army outpost. The commandant also has a comely daughter, so you know what happens. During the course of events there is enough hard riding, clean living and straight shooting to warm up even the most sophisticated of movie-goers.

Gene Autry spends a good deal of his time engaged in singing, but he throws aside his trusty guitar long enough to save the ranch and win the beautiful gal, competently played by Judith Allen. Ra Hould is the young Britisher and Gordon Elliott goes to a villain's end with a proper sneer on his smirking pan. Smiley Burnette, who appears in all the Autry dramas, gets laughs with his broad comedy. Directed by Joseph Kane.—*Republic*.



Glenn Morris and beauteous Eleanor Holm, the newest Tarzan team, take time out for a little relaxation from work on their picture, "Tarzan's Revenge."

## ★★ Submarine D-1

Having exhausted all other branches of U. S. military service, Warners now examine the men who go down in the sea in submarines. As propaganda for the submarine service, the picture is a distinct failure—the submarine in the title does nothing but get into trouble—but as screen entertainment it has its moments of excitement and interest.

Plot is the customary one—two men in love with a girl. Pat O'Brien's rival is

Wayne Morris, a personable young gent whose performance will gratify those who predicted a future for him after "Kid Galahad." George Brent is also involved in the proceedings, but he's not in the romantic goings-on, for he's a stern submarine captain who has no time for such frivolity. Of course, everyone knows who eventually wins the girl and who (Pat O'Brien) wishes them all the luck in the world. The girl, incidentally, is Doris Weston. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Bros.*

# HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



**SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY**

## NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

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Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast.

Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, pep and charm.

### Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need



—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

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### ★ Boots Mallory

The Lovely star with Eric Linden in Here's Flash Casey, says—"I use Tayton's Cream to cleanse and keep my skin smooth and youthful looking."

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Make your skin smooth and alluring like the Stars do. . . . TAYTON'S CREAM releases precious triple-whipped emollients that cleanse and also dissolve dry, scaly skin cells that cause roughness, your powder to flake off, skin to shine, look parched and old. Lubricates dryness. Flushes blackheads. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Thousands praise it. Get TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store, Drug and Dept. Store. Cleanse with it, also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, fresher and younger looking after first application your money will be refunded.

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Also test TAYTON'S new glamour face powder the stars use. Send your name and address to Tayton Company, Dept. B, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. and generous samples of all six shades will be sent you free so you can choose your most flattering shade.



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## Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

### ★★ Navy Blue and Gold

The embattled and much-photographed grounds of the United States Naval Academy once more act as a backdrop for a drama in which the traditional cocky young plebe gradually loses his individuality and emerges, stamped, sealed and delivered as standard product of the institution, while bands play and thousands cheer. In this case the young man is Robert Young, and he reminds one of the golden—or "Anchors Aweigh"—era of the screen, when Dick Powell used to win the Admiral's daughter.

The film brings several additional characters to the usual story. There is Tom Brown, a young socialite from New York, and Jimmy Stewart, an ordinary seaman, who has come to the Academy to clear the name of his father, who had been dishonorably discharged from the Navy. While Mr. Brown and Mr. Stewart are there for the glory of it all, Mr. Young, the more practical member of the trio, has come to the Academy to play football and to meet an heiress who'll be impressed by his uniform. While Robert Young maintains his incorrigible mood, the picture is lively and a bit off the beaten track, but toward the end, along about the time Lionel Barrymore says to him, "My boy, you're Navy!" everything returns to familiar ground. Directed by Sam Wood.—M-G-M.

### ★★ Second Honeymoon

Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, who achieved matrimony in "Cafe Metropole," continue their romancing in this first-rate bit of light comedy. Something evidently happened to the idyllic bliss promised them in "Cafe Metropole," for when "Second Honeymoon" opens, we find they've been divorced and Miss Y. has already signed up with a new husband (Lyle Talbot). Number Two is a hardheaded business man, who probably wouldn't have taken his wife to Miami for a vacation if he'd known Number One would be lurking about. At any rate, Miss Young and Mr. Power meet again and discover they're still in love. After a series of sometimes hilarious events, the two of them hop off on a second honeymoon, an incident which must have puzzled Lyle Talbot—not to mention Mr. Hays—since the young lady in question was still his wife.

The two principals prove themselves an engaging romantic team, both of them playing their roles with charm and humor. Stuart Erwin furnishes excellent comedy as Power's valet, and here are fine performances by J. Edward Bromberg and Claire Trevor. A newcomer, Marjorie Weaver, is a surprise hit. Playing a bright-eyed but naïve young acquaintance of Power's, she romps away with several of the picture's best scenes. Directed by Walter Lang.—20th Century-Fox.

### ★★ The Last Gangster

"The Last Gangster" is exactly what the title implies. Although a foreword states that all characters are fictitious, it is plainly evident that the title role has been patterned after the career of Al Capone. It follows the life of that once-eminent citizen so closely, in fact, that Edward G. Robinson, who plays the central character, is transported off to Alcatraz for the same offense—income tax evasion—that sent Capone there.

The Robinson portrayal will remind audiences of his "Little Caesar" of a few seasons ago. His role is that of a gang chieftain with a Napoleon complex. He

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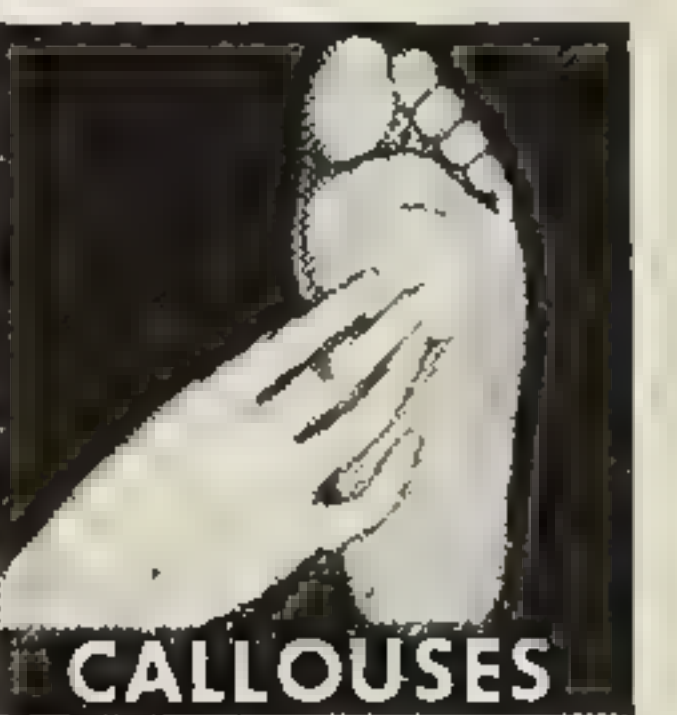


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marries a strapping foreign girl for the sole purpose of providing himself with a son and satisfying his ego. When he is carted off to Alcatraz his wife divorces him and marries a newspaper man who has befriended her. Robinson spends ten years behind bars plotting revenge, and when freedom comes he sets out to find his family. Climax of the picture contains its most exciting moments.

"The Last Gangster" is not up to the standard of the old Robinson mobster films, but it has much to recommend it. Robinson, of course, plays with his customary skill. A newcomer, Rose Stradner, lends vitality to the role of the wife, and there are good performances by John Carradine, as a vengeful prison inmate, and Lionel Stander, as Robinson's aide. Jimmy Stewart, as the newspaper man, does what he can with a weak assignment. Directed by Edward Ludwig.—*M-G-M.*

### ★ Blossoms on Broadway

The blossoms implied in the title fail to bloom in the picture's unreeling, and what emerges is a dull and uninspired screen musical, the good moments of which are all too rare.

Story has Shirley Ross, with the help of Edward Arnold, impersonating a mysterious "Death Valley Cora" in a scheme to relieve a gold-hoarding millionaire of some of his capital. "Cora" is supposedly the owner of a gold mine, but Miss Ross' interpretation of the gal from the plains, unfortunately, is not the comedy riot of the season. Nor is Edward Arnold completely convincing as a big-time crook. Miss Ross, however, partly redeems herself by singing several songs pleasingly, the best one being the title number. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*Paramount.*

## Manhattan Movie-Go-Round

(Continued from page 6)

dith on his fine performance in "The Star Wagon."

Meredith is, perhaps, the most startling young thespian of the day. He has the Midas touch when it comes to picking plays. He claims Luck plays a big part, that a fellow can't go wrong if he chooses Maxwell Anderson's works in which to appear. He loves the theater, does Burgess. He likes the movies. There is a difference in affection there that the words convey.

"If you're on the stage, you've got to be in the best," he avers. "If you're in a mediocre picture, somehow it doesn't seem to matter so much."

"Somehow, it's not that way on the stage. Gosh, I was in four flops. None of them lasted two weeks, but you'd be surprised to know how many people saw me in them."

Meredith's latest movie is "There Goes the Groom." Ann Sothern was the lady in the case, and for Annie, Burgess has nothing but praise. "She showed me the picture ropes," he said gratefully. "And there's plenty of angles to learn about the business. Gosh, when I'd see the rushes after the day's work, I'd say, 'Never let me see that face again! Surely, I don't look like that!' But I did. So I gave up seeing the rushes and was a whole lot happier. But you can't discourage me! I'm going right back to make another!"

And who, we ask, would want to discourage so fine an actor as Burgess Meredith, or such excellent entertainers as Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Janet Gaynor? Certainly not us—nor you.



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YOUR CAKE and  
MY RAISINS**

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**NO!** You need not wash Sun-Maid Raisins. Special machinery has done it for you. Pour Sun-Maids directly from the package into recipe mixtures, or give them to children between meals for extra energy and food-iron.

**YES!** It's easy to get Sun-Maid Raisins. Just say "Sun-Maid" to your grocer, and look for the Girl on the package when you buy.

**\*CERTAINLY!** We'll send you free the recipe for Raisin Ice Box Cake, also a booklet of 50 other raisin recipes. Send your name and address to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Dept. I, Fresno, California.



Danielle Darrieux and Fernand Grävet arrive in Hollywood for film assignments and both seem pleased. Monsieur Grävet has already done one American picture, but this is Danielle's first venture here.



**BABY FEET**

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X-Ray of baby foot in new inexpensive Wee Walker shoe contrasted with foot in a more expensive but outgrown shoe.

Millions of baby feet are RUINED because shoes cost a lot, and mother lets baby wear them too long. Short, tight, outgrown shoes no matter what you paid, will twist and warp the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

It's best to buy inexpensive Wee Walker shoes, and change to new ones often. They have every feature baby needs. Made over live-model lasts they are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, made of soft, pliable leather you can be proud of. They cost very much less because they are made by the largest manufacturers of infants' shoes exclusively and are sold in stores where selling cost is lower. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

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*..don't they deserve a cough syrup specially formulated for them?*

**FOLEY'S** Honey & Tar COUGH SYRUP

## Talking Things Over

(Continued from page 17)

De Mille picture; well, then he just doesn't know his trade, which, in the final analysis, is what acting amounts to."

This seemed as good a chance as any to get a puzzling question answered. "Why," we asked, "do many stars play themselves in almost any role in which they're cast?"

Freddie March, who is the soul of tact, considered for a moment, and then went decidedly courageous, throwing discretion if not careers, to the wind.

"They are often not," he said deliberately, "encouraged to do otherwise." There's choosing your words!

"Of course, there's a reason for it, too," he amended. "Some producers claim that the public wants to see Joe Dokes playing Joe Dokes whether he's doing it in an eighteenth century costume drama or a twentieth century drawing-room comedy. Personally, I don't believe it. I think the movies have educated the public to appreciate acting. You can't fool people any more. They've become critical and discriminating."

"I learned about audiences a long time ago when I played in stock. Each week I played a different bill. Each week I tried to land an entirely different role and play it to the hilt. One week it was a romantic lead, the next a comedy part, the next a character man."

"At first the audience seemed to slightly resent this, but only slightly. That gave me the needed courage. I thought if I could get them coming back by the 'surprise method', I'd really build up a following. They'd wonder what I was going to do next time and their curiosity would intrigue them into finding out. Yes, I was right. They did come back and they did seem to enjoy it."

March isn't interested in close-ups or prizes for best acting or luxurious living or most of the things many movie stars seem to live for. He has a comfortable home, not an estate, two adopted children and a talented wife. He met Florence Eldridge when they were both playing in Elitch's Gardens in Denver. They carried their make-believe romancing right off-stage to the preacher's and have been living happily ever since. They are doing a play on Broadway together this winter.

"Florence is getting a kick out of it," explained her husband, "because her conscience is clear. By that I mean that she is working in the evening when the children are asleep and so not stealing any time from them. She wouldn't do pictures because she'd have to be gone all day and wouldn't know who cheated on the spinach or who skipped off without wearing her rubbers. She's certainly as good a mother as she is an actress and that, in the vernacular of the theatre, is the tops!"

Looks like Mr. March approves of Mrs. March—eh, wot?

## Eddie Kids Mr. Horton

(Continued from page 10)

guffaws from the crew. With every rehearsal, with every take, he adds something new, some rib-tickling twist, some spontaneous bit of embroidery for which his co-workers are always on the watch. They rarely go unrewarded. This time the howls were particularly long and loud. Horton looked helpless for a moment, then

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responded with that modest smirk you know so well, lids drooped, lips coyly hushing his pleasure. "I thought I was rather juvenile in that," he admitted. Then, at a whispered remark of Lynn Overman's, he dropped out of character and really smiled. It banished from his features every trace of solemnity, it took fifteen years from his age, it was like the transformation of Sunny Jim after he ate whatever it was he did eat.

**W**HILE they were on location at Arrowhead the papers reported that Horton, Esther Dale and Lucien Littlefield had gone over a forty-foot cliff in a car and been gravely injured. They weren't injured, they didn't go over a cliff, they weren't anywhere near a car on the night in question. Horton's explanation of the rumored accident is worth hearing, nevertheless.

"I'd invited Miss Dale and Mr. Littlefield to have dinner with me down in the valley, where there's a very nice restaurant. Well, the company knew about it because we'd been lording it over them all day, 'ya-a-h, ya-a-h, we're going down to the valley,' 'n' that kind of glittering badinage, because things were a little dull and children must play. Came the dusk and somebody said: 'You're not going down tonight, are you?' 'We'd been thinking of it,' said I. 'Well, don't. There's a heavy fog coming up and it's going to be dangerous.'

"Now, however much I may look like a bold and dashing hero of adventure, appearances lie. Miss Dale, Mr. Littlefield and I dined together snugly on top of the mountain.

"Later we sat listening to the radio. Two girls, guests at the hotel, were listening too. Suddenly this report came in. The girls stared at me as if I'd been the ghost of Hamlet's father. 'But you're Mr. Horton, aren't you?' 'I am, and this is Miss Dale and this is Mr. Littlefield, how d'you do, how d'you do?' 'But then who went over the mountain?' 'Someone's imagination, probably,' I told them. Well, as it happened, there *had* been a trifling accident, nobody hurt. And somebody, hearing of it and knowing we had intended going down to dinner, logically concluded: 'Who could it be but Eddie Horton, the goof?'

**"PERSONALLY,** I'm glad it wasn't Eddie Horton. Been rather a pity at this stage of the game. Oh, yes, this is a crucial moment in my life. Didn't you know? My house is about to be finished. Only a year or two to go."

Horton's lovely home is the pride of his heart, and justifiably so. But he humbles his pride by mocking at it. He calls the place "Belleigh Acres," and directs visitors to "turn at the knoll and allow twenty minutes to laugh." To the architect's eye it's probably a monstrosity. "To mine it's been a jewel from the start," he declared. "I began it in a spirit of Christian modesty but picked up this regal complex along the way.

"Now we have twenty-two rooms. Don't ask me what they're for. We *seem* to be sitting around in them all the time. And then we have flocks of relatives whom we like to have come and stay. Oh, I mean that. We really do like it. And with twenty-two rooms, we can get away to another part of the house and talk about them in peace, and they can sit and talk about us in peace, and then we all meet happily again in the morning.

"There's one building I keep away from, and that's the barn. Not that I'm allergic to barns; you understand, but all the figures have been written down in a large book, and the book's in the barn, and I work on the theory that what I don't know won't

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bother me. I also comfort myself with the thought that if I'd put the money into a lot of stocks and bonds, there wouldn't even be room for them in the barn. When I put it into trees, at least I can see them. I need six more oaks right now, as a matter of fact. That'll be—let's see," fingertips joined, lips pursed, eyes aloft, he made mental calculations, "just about two and a half pictures. That's why I have to work so hard," he confided. "I have these trees to support."

"Not to mention a large four-footed family. Six dogs who wake me at four in the morning, baying at the moon. You'll find me at the window regularly, hurling epithets which I assure you don't go with the landscape. Two henna cats named Null and Void for obvious reasons, who are very nice to me till my mother comes along. Then they turn tail and leave me flat, also rather irritated and abused. Five cows, so the cats can have cream, and the family what's left. Four horses. If I bring sugar, they'll follow me down to the fence. If I don't bring sugar, they won't even bother to say hello. I'm just the guy that works around there."

ONE is a real Percheron plowhorse, mother of a colt named Shangri-la, because he was born during the making of 'Lost Horizon.' The colt's aunt died suddenly, and to replace her, my brother bought a lovely little henna pony that this farmer thought he had to get rid of. My brother came home and told us how the farmer's little boy and girl had stayed up all that last night with the pony, kissing him good-bye, and the pony kissed them good-bye. He actually did, just like Black Beauty. My impulse was to send him straight back to the kids, but I knew the farmer would promptly sell him elsewhere. So I compromised by inviting them to come over and visit whenever they felt like it. Not that I'm posing as any fairy godfather," he frowned, fearful lest he convey the notion that he's tender-hearted. "It was just as a favor to the pony and us. It keeps him happy, and we have the pleasure of frequent visits from a nice little boy and girl."

"Otherwise, I'm the only child on the place. And I'm a handful. At any rate, so they tell me, and I'm the docile kind who believes what he's told. I'm also the kind who craves advice for the purpose of not taking it. Fortunately or not, I have two practical brothers. When I find a pair of lovely Adam fireplaces, I beam and say: 'How about it?' 'Sure,' they say, 'that's fine. Now how about a few gold doorknobs and a diamond-studded wall or two?' 'Well, I think that would be carrying things a little too far,' I tell them. 'We'll just take the fireplace.'"

I asked him whether he ever yearned to play something other than what he calls a goof. He threw me a suspicious glance. "Do you mean 'Hamlet,' or 'Romeo?' They're out. My legs tangle in tights."

Then, for the first time, he talked, straight. "No, I like these parts. And I love this business. And I want to be part of it as long as I can. My place is as a supporting player, not a star. I'm not the kind of personality people glory in seeing. I lack what is now known as glamor, what used to be called 'S. A.' and before that 'It,' and what by any other name would smell as sweet. I don't break my heart over what I haven't got, but thank God and the public for what I have. My ultimate ambition is to play comedy grandfathers. I may realize it or not, but so long as people are satisfied to see me caper, I'll caper. When they turn thumbs down, I'll sit in my garden and watch the roses grow and think of the lovely life I've lived. If I had it to do over again, I don't know a thing I would have changed."



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# Hoo-Raye!

(Continued from page 11)

threw my arms around him. I didn't sit at his table because he had a young woman with him, and I was afraid she might not like it. Do you suppose that is what made him angry?

"The only other time I've seen him since then was at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York. That time I left my own table and went over to his. I said 'hello' to him, and though he had panned me in his column I tried to talk only of pleasant things. He was very cold and practically ignored me, so I had to excuse myself and go away.

"I certainly won't go down on my hands and knees to him. If he won't accept my friendship and my honest desire to find out what's wrong, then that's the end of it."

After seventeen years of struggle, Martha Raye has accomplished everything she ever hoped for. After years of hardship, going without food and wearing cheap clothes, she can, at last, have anything she wants. The furs, the fine clothes she dreamed about, the home she longed for when she sat in cold boarding houses.

But now that she can have everything she wants, the world criticizes her for taking it.

"Why don't you save your money?" the columnists scream at her. "Why are you buying all these things? Don't you know that you're just a vogue, that you can't last forever?"

"I know that I can't last forever," Martha Raye said to me. "But I also know that you can't take it with you when you die. Did you see the play, 'You Can't Take It With You'? Remember the old man who puts living pleasantly ahead of trying to accumulate a fortune? Well, he has the right idea.

"They say that I'm not saving my money. That's not true. I've put money away in annuities and government bonds. But it is true that I am not denying my mother or myself a thing.

"Why should I? When I was poor I bought five-dollar dresses in New York's cheapest shops. I used to think that if I could buy a dress in the swanky Fifth Avenue shops, I would go crazy with joy. Now that I can afford to go to those shops, that's just what I'm doing.

"If I saved my money, they'd say I was a miser. And since people will criticize you, anyway, I'd rather be criticized and have nice things than be criticized and have nothing."

Reports of Martha Raye's spending orgies have been exaggerated. Actually, she has one fur coat, a silver fox cape and a red fox cape. The day after she signed her contract she bought a white fox cape. When her mother admired it, she presented it to her. Shortly thereafter, her mother surprised Martha with the silver fox cape!

All her life Martha Raye had dreamed of having a town car and chauffeur. When she became successful, she bought herself a beautiful white car and hired a chauffeur. Now, it so happens that Sonja Henie also has a white car. In her case, it has been lauded as clever showmanship, but Martha Raye has been condemned.

"Newspapers asked, sneeringly, if I were doing a Garbo when I closed the 'Mountain Music' set to reporters one day. Well, I wasn't pulling a Garbo. While doing a very difficult adagio dance, I had sprained some ligaments in my arm. I went on working with a bandaged arm, but I hoped to keep the story out of the papers, because it might sound like a bid for sympathy.

"You see, I feel it's my job to entertain people. While they were watching me in 'Mountain Music,' I wanted them to enjoy themselves. I didn't want them to feel sorry for me. The set remained closed only one day, and was then opened again to reporters as usual."

Many of her fans are youngsters, and she has been rather sweet to them. One evening, as the curtain was going down, a boy and a girl rushed up to the stage and handed Martha a box of flowers. Terribly touched, she leaned down and kissed the boy and the girl. Then she invited them to visit her backstage.

To put them at their ease, she started to talk to them.

"I've noticed both of you," she said. "You've come back day after day and sat watching the show from early in the morning till late at night. What time do you get home?"

"Oh, around three-thirty or four in the morning," said the boy. "One of us lives in New Rochelle, the other in Newark, New Jersey."

"Oh, gosh," said Martha, "I hope you don't tell your mothers that it was on account of me you got home so late every night!"

Martha Raye was born in Butte, Montana, of a Jewish mother and an Irish father. Like so many other things in Martha's life, the devotion between her father and mother was destined not to last. Only recently her mother, Mrs. Maybelle Hooper Reed, won a divorce from Peter Reed.

When she was three, Martha was on the stage singing with her mother and father. At first the team was known as Reed & Hooper, with Martha thrown in for good measure. Buddy, her younger brother, was born when the family was stranded in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They had no money to pay for a doctor and chorus girls delivered the baby.

When Martha was sixteen, vaudeville was on its last legs, and she and her brother made just enough money to cover their meals. Since they had to hang on to their car to get them from town to town, they would sleep in it when they couldn't afford to go to a hotel. There were days when the whole family lived on a box of crackers, and, sometimes, two days would go by when they had nothing.

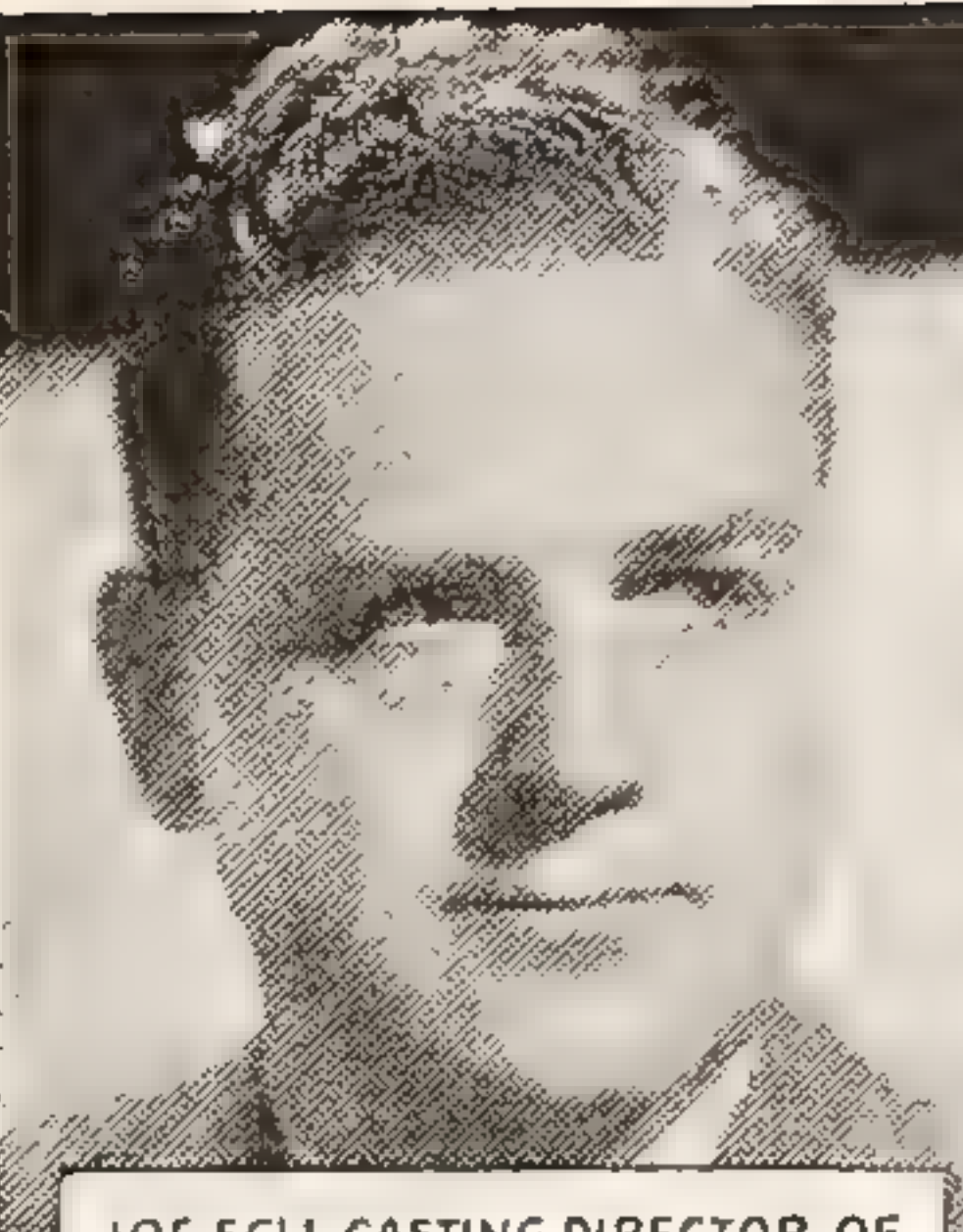
Vaudeville managers didn't always have the money to pay performers, and, sometimes, Martha and her family, having traveled all the way to some town to do their act, would be cheated of their pay. Martha grew expert at doing without things, but, being human, she indulged in day-dreams about a different sort of existence, in which she and her family would be able to live on the fat of the land and wear beautiful clothes and go to beautiful places.

Hollywood is a strange town. Sometimes it crucifies people. Then, when it's too late, it turns around and praises the very people it crucified.

Remember what Hollywood did to the late Jean Harlow—how bitterly it condemned her when Paul Bern died a suicide? For a time her career hung in the balance. But her fans remained loyal and, eventually, the critics capitulated.

You, the fans, saved Jean Harlow's career, and, today, you can save Martha Raye from heart-break. If you read a criticism or hear a criticism of her, know better than to believe it, unless there is definite proof. Give the kid a chance.

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## Part of Lily's Past

(Continued from page 15)

on its hind legs in his chair.

She had a canary, Tango, that she used to sing duets with. And then Tango broke his leg. His cage dropped out of the apartment window and fell five floors to the ground. Lily nearly died that time. She made a tiny splinter for his leg out of a matchstick and a sling for it and there she sat beside him. Not even for her meals would she budge.

Shortly after Tango recovered, Poppa took her to the zoo. On one of the high fences was a sign: Beware the Black Bears. "They are the most ferocious in all France," the caretaker explained.

"Do you hear that, Lily?" said Poppa. "But don't be scared. They can't get through the bars." And he looked around for her. They couldn't get through the bars, but Lily could. While the men had been talking, she'd quietly slipped into the pit and there she was, petting the bears and saying, "Nice doggy!"

AND then, abruptly, the little world of the Pons came to an end. It was very sultry, that summer night in 1914, when Mamma led the three little girls into the living room to say good-bye to their father, a strange figure in a blue uniform. "I hate war," said Lily.

"But you must do your bit," said her father gently.

Streams of wounded soon began pouring into Cannes. The Hotel Carleton was transformed into a hospital and Mamma became head nurse there. They put the insignia of a captain on Lily and made her Chief Entertainer. Every afternoon she played and sang for the men. Sang for hours on end, trying to outwit pain, to brighten those white exhausted faces.

One day she came to the hospital carrying one of the dreaded "official communiques" for her mother. She watched while Madame Pons read it and went gray with fear. "Your father, Lily, he's been hurt and gassed; they do not know if he will live."

Lily went out and took her usual seat at the piano. "You must do your bit," he had said. She had to start "Tipperary" three times before the words would come. Then suddenly she was singing to her father, singing as if her voice could help him through. She sat at the piano for four hours that afternoon. And at the end, she crumpled to the floor in a dead faint.

An echo of the war came in the form of a letter from India not long ago. An attache there wrote, "Are you the Lily Pons, I wonder, who used to sing for us poor devils back in Cannes? Maybe your voice wasn't so wonderful then, but no audience ever appreciated you more!"

SHE still sings for them. The first thing she does each time she returns to France is to give a concert for the cripples who were the first to applaud the voice that the whole world now recognizes.

It was the day of days when they brought her father home. He was never to be strong again, but he lived long enough to witness her opening in Paris. Days resumed something of their usual course.

The Pons were living in Paris and Lily was a student in the conservatory at the time she created her first major commotion. She came home one evening and announced calmly, "I'm an actress. See, I have a contract with Max Dearly."

It was almost too much to believe.



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With a whoop, she tossed her little beret in the air.

How she maneuvered an interview with him is still a mystery, but for two years he starred her in his "Varieties."

Her life is history from there on. Her meeting, and marriage, with the Dutch attorney, August Mesritz, on a vacation in Cannes. Her vocal studies and her subsequent debut in a benefit concert at the Hotel Ritz.

That was a night. The King of Greece was there and the then Prince of Wales and half of fashionable Europe. Lily came on, all sparkling and radiant in a cloth-of-gold gown—and bedroom sandals! In the excitement she had forgotten to change. And afterwards, as she went over to curtsy in front of the king, the sandals set up a little clap-clapping of their own!

Four days before she was to sail for her audition at the Metropolitan, her father died. It was her family who forced her to keep the all-important engagement. And once again Lily sang with tears in her heart.

THREE swift moving years. The glory of the Met at her feet. Brief moments home and the tragedy of divorce, due to separated interests. Triumphant tours throughout Europe, throughout America. She was in Rio de Janeiro when the invitation came from the mayor of Cannes. Her native city wanted her. Would she sing to them, to the people who had known her all her life? Lily cabled her acceptance and set a date. The proceeds were to go to "the boys" in the hospital. And then her South American tour was extended and there was no time to catch the boat home. But there was the Graf Zeppelin. "You can't sail on it. This is only the second trip it's made across the Atlantic and you risk your life!" protested her manager.

"Nevertheless, I sail!" said Lily Pons. And was sick all that night with the fear of it. During the two-day voyage she lost seven pounds, pounds she could ill afford to lose. But she arrived in Cannes on time. That was the important matter. A Cannes draped with flags and banners in her honor. They loaded her with flowers. And just before the concert Lily slipped away to place them all on her father's grave.

She found a cable awaiting her at home that evening. It was from a young man she had met in New York by the name of Andre Kostelanetz. "Congratulations," it read, "on the bravest thing a woman ever did." He knew how deathly scared she was of even airplanes. Two months later he became her musical director. Four months later they were engaged.

"He is a nice boy," said Madame Pons. "I hope they find time to marry when this picture is completed."

It was growing dark in the patio. From outside came the soft crunch of a car drawing up on the gravel drive. Somebody called, "Mamma. Nanette, where are you?"

Lily Pons had come home.

## Good News

(Continued from page 70)

On the set of "Beg, Borrow or Steal," we stood on the sidelines with Frank Morgan and watched John Beal and Florence Rice emote. In the scene, Beal kisses Miss Rice with considerable enthusiasm. When it's finished, Frank Morgan sighs. "Yesterday," he says, "I had to give her a fatherly kiss."

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There's never a dull moment when Mischa Auer is around. The Missus is in on this bit of nonsense, too.

Simone Simon may be wonderful and beautiful and terrific and divine to Walter Winchell, as he reports her, but, alas, that is not always the final test. Why shouldn't she be nice to Mr. W? He has lovely long columns of space in which to print people's names. But you get a different slant on the diminutive Mademoiselle by listening to some of the Hollywood shopkeepers who have had contact with her. We know one who offers up a nightly hope that the little lady will never darken his door again. Whenever she comes in all the clerks run for cover.



There's considerable excitement going on about Marjorie Weaver, the young lady who created a surprise hit in "Second Honeymoon." Right now she's in "Sally, Irene and Mary," with Alice Faye and Joan Davis, and chances are she'll go on to stardom. Her case is interesting because she's one of the few contest winners ever to get anywhere in pictures. Two years ago she won a contest and a contract at Warner Brothers. After a few bit roles the studio dropped her. She was about to return home to Louisville when Darryl Zanuck signed her, and it looks now as though Louisville will have to get along without her.



Poor Ginger Rogers. She really deserves

Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, snapped at the Opera. This duo continues to keep the rumor hounds guessing.



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond joined film-dom's elite at the San Francisco Opera Company's opening.

No matter how auspicious the occasion, Hollywood always manages an air of informality. Jeanette and Gene munched popcorn during intermission!

pity this month, for she's just received second billing to an ape. A Los Angeles theatre resurrected one of her old pictures and ran it in conjunction with an "educational" feature. The ads read: "The Love Life of a Gorilla"—and Ginger Rogers in "The Thirteenth Guest."



Prosperity Note: When Claudette Colbert finishes work on "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," she's going abroad on one of the luxury liners with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. Last time Claudette ventured onto the high seas she made the trip on a tramp steamer with Norman Foster.



In "College Swing" you'll find Martha Raye and Ben Blue too chummy for words. Well, times certainly do change. It wasn't so long ago that Martha was hitch-hiking back to Chicago from Fargo, North Dakota, having been fired from Ben Blue's vaudeville circuit in that prairie town. Incidentally, it's Dave Rose with whom Martha's being constantly seen. He's a New York music arranger, and Martha did a little arranging to get him to switch to Hollywood.



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